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THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

FRONTISPIECE TO THE DUNCIAD.

(Quarto Edition of 1729.)

[*Frontispiece.*

THE WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE.

NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING

SEVERAL HUNDRED UNPUBLISHED LETTERS, AND OTHER NEW MATERIALS.

COLLECTED IN PART BY THE LATE

RT. HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY

REV. WHITWELL ELWIN,

AND

WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE, M.A.

VOL. IV.

POETRY.—VOL. IV.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1882.

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PREFACE.

THE general reader is apt to pass lightly over the "Dunciad," as if it were merely the poetical record of a literary quarrel between Pope and a number of obscure writers, of whom little is known, and less deserves to be remembered. And, from a moral point of view, this judgment is sound enough, but it requires to be considerably qualified. Those who look beneath the surface will find in this Satire a very remarkable picture of human nature, exhibiting, as it does, the friendships, the hatreds, the sensibilities, the deceptions, no less than the art, of a great poet, and throwing, at the same time, a strong light on an interesting epoch in our political, social, and literary history. Pope's workmanship is here even more than usually minute; his slightest touches are intended to heighten his general effects; and if we would do him full justice, we must give to understanding his work something of the pains which he spent on producing it.

An attempt has accordingly been made in this volume to restore, as far as possible, their old vitality to the details of the "Dunciad," which have been hitherto passed over by the commentators as insignificant or inexplicable. The task has involved considerable labour, but it has been lightened by the generous support I have met with from numerous admirers of Pope's poetry. I wish especially to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. W. J. Thoms, who has allowed me to reprint his valuable Notes on the Editions of the "Dunciad;" and of Colonel Grant, whose further investigations on the same ground have probably supplied all that was required to make the treatment of the subject exhaustive. Whatever success has attended my efforts to discover the meaning of the veiled allusions in verses 585—596 of the Fourth Book of the "Dunciad" is largely due to the liberal assistance I have received from Mr. E. Ford, of Old Park, Enfield, whose wide antiquarian knowledge has greatly aided my researches. Mr. R. Garnett has also again shown unfailing patience and courtesy in facilitating my access to the resources of the British Museum.

In natural connection with these acknowledgments, I take the opportunity of thanking the many critics of the volume last issued—and among these more particularly the Rector of Lincoln

College, Oxford—who, while speaking of the work with ungrudging liberality, have pointed out various errors which it contains. These mistakes have been duly noted, and will be corrected, with any others that may hereafter be discovered, in the last volume of the edition.

W. J. C.

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THE DUNCIAD.

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE DUNCIAD.

To appreciate the full moral and poetical significance of the 'Dunciad,' we ought to compare Pope's account of its origin with its real history, as revealed partly in the poet's correspondence with Swift and others, and partly in the various alterations which the satire underwent before it assumed its final shape. In the year 1732 Savage published a volume containing the different pieces in verse and prose which had been written on Pope's side during the war with the Dunces, and dedicated it to the Earl of Middlesex, with a preface which, Johnson says, was generally considered to be the work of Pope himself.[1] The history of the quarrel is given in this preface as follows:

"When Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope thought it proper, for reasons specified in the preface to their 'Miscellanies,' to publish such little pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the treatise of the 'Bathos, or the Art of Sinking in Poetry.' It happened, that in one chapter of this piece, the several species of bad poets were ranged in classes, to which were prefixed almost all the letters of the

[1] That it was so is hardly doubtful, as a great part of Savage's Preface had already appeared in Pope's notes to the Preface to the First Edition of the 'Dunciad,' appended to the quarto edition of 1729. See Appendix I., p. 229.

alphabet (the greatest part of them at random) but such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself: all fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers) were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise. A liberty no way to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled license of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure.

"This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them, either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the 'Dunciad,' and he thought it a happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to this design.

"On the 12th of March, 1729, at St. James's, that poem was presented to the King and Queen (who had before been pleased to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole: and some days after, the whole impression was taken and dispersed by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction.

"It is certainly a true observation, that no people are so impatient of censure as those who are the greatest slanderers: which was wonderfully exemplified on this occasion. On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law, and battery, nay, cries

of treason were all employed, to hinder the coming out of the 'Dunciad:' on the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great efforts to procure it: what could a few poor authors do against so great a majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came.

"Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; some recommending the 'Edition of the Owl,' and others the 'Edition of the Ass;' by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the 'Dunciad.'"

From this narrative it would appear that the 'Dunciad' was the immediate offspring of the attacks made upon Pope in retaliation for his 'Bathos;' that it was ushered into the world with pomp and ceremony; and that it was not published till the 12th of March, 1729. But this authoritative version of the story—which is evidently what Pope wished the public to receive—is by no means consistent with the account of the origin of the satire which he gave to his friends, or with the actual circumstances under which the 'Dunciad' made its first appearance.

In a letter addressed to Sheridan, October 12, 1728, Pope ascribes the existence of the poem to Swift. "It had never been writ," says he, "but at his request, and for his deafness, for had he been able to converse with me, do you think I had amused my time so ill?" This is only saying in prose what Swift himself says in verse, in his address to Pope on the publication of the 'Dunciad,' where he humorously gives half the credit of the poem to his own unsociability:

> For had this deaf divine
> Been for your conversation fit,
> You had not writ a line.

And again, writing to Sir C. Wogan in September, 1732, the Dean says: "I had reason to put Mr. P. on writing the poem called 'The Dunciad.'" His letter and his poem alike must refer to one of the two visits which he paid to Pope at Twickenham, in 1726, and in the early part of 1727; so that, by the concurrent evidence of Swift and Pope, the design of the 'Dunciad' must have been formed some time before the appearance of the 'Bathos;' for the 'Miscellanies,' in which that piece was first printed, were not published till the latter part of 1727. And this evidence is further confirmed by Pope's statement in his note to Book I. ver. 1: "This poem was written in 1726."

But the idea of the satire had doubtless a yet earlier date. Pope tells us, in the preface to the first authorised edition of the 'Dunciad' (1729), "that the first sketch of the poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him therefore it was inscribed." Hence it would appear that, when Swift says he "put Mr. P. on writing the 'Dunciad,'" he only meant that he encouraged him to proceed with a design which was already partly executed. Now the Dean had not always been so eager for a poetical war with the Dunces. In October, 1725, Pope had written to him: "I am sorry poor Philips is not promoted in this age, for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all poets the most miserable. I am also sorry for another reason; if they do not promote him, they will spoil a very good conclusion of one of my satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus:

> But what avails to lay down rules for sense?
> In [George's] reign these fruitless lines were writ,
> When Ambrose Philips was preferred for wit.

Swift wrote back warning Pope against attaching too much importance to bad writers by mentioning them in his verse, and Pope answered in a way that showed he acquiesced in the justice of his friend's opinions. "Let Gildon and Philips," said he, "sleep in peace." Nevertheless the third of the

lines quoted above is preserved towards the end of the Third Book of the 'Dunciad.' It is possible, therefore, that Pope, when he affected to burn "the sketch" of the 'Dunciad,' was making a show of executing the sentence which Swift and he had previously pronounced against the "satire" containing the allusion to Ambrose Philips; while Swift, on the other hand, by "snatching it from the fire," practically reversed his former judgment.

However this may be, the 'Dunciad' was commonly said[1] to be a metamorphosis of an earlier satire, entitled 'The Progress of Dulness,' and many circumstances in the poem itself seem to confirm the truth of the rumour. In the first edition the Publisher says, in an Advertisement to the Reader: "I have been well informed that this labour was the work of full six years of his (the author's) life." This sentence the Dunces laid hold of, and ridiculed the pains which had been spent for so trivial a result, whereupon Pope reproached them for their dulness in not perceiving that the Advertisement was ironical. One or two circumstances, however, point to the conclusion that the statement in question may have been at first seriously intended. The action of the poem begins when Thorold was Lord Mayor, that is to say in 1720, two years after Eusden had been made Poet Laureate; and many, indeed most, of the libels recited in the 'Testimonies of Authors,' date from before the year 1720. Again, in a note to the line in the first authorised edition, "But chief in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast," Pope hints that the idea at least of the 'Dunciad' had been conceived before Theobald made his attack upon him in the pamphlet called 'Shakespeare Restored.' "Probably," he says, "that proceeding elevated Tibbald to the dignity he holds in this poem, *which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren.*" The line in Book I. (first edition), "But what can I my Flaccus cast aside," though applied to Theobald, raises a suspicion that some other person,

[1] Preface to "One Epistle," by Welsted and Smyth.

perhaps Welsted, was originally aimed at, since Theobald never published any Translation of Horace. And as to the author's practice, which he continued till his death, of changing the names at his pleasure, the publisher is made to say in the first edition (1728): "Whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. And I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither we thrust new ones into the chimney."

If it be legitimate to form a conjecture in the matter, I should infer from all these circumstances, that the part of the poem first written was the Third Book, which seems to answer to the description of the 'Satire' mentioned in Pope's letter to Swift of October, 1725. The Vision of Dulness forms a separate episode in itself; it has satirical references both to Gildon and Philips; and it "corrects the taste of the town" for pantomime. At all events it is evident that the 'Dunciad' was not, as Pope would have us believe, the product of a sudden inspiration, prompted by the desire of "doing good by detecting and dragging into light the common enemies of mankind;" but a plan of vengeance, long meditated, carefully matured, and skilfully executed by the poet, in repayment of the bitter attacks which his enemies for years past had been making upon his reputation.

Not more consistent with the actual facts of the case is the account which Pope, or his spokesman, Savage, gives of the first appearance of the poem. When Pope brought out his first authorised edition of the 'Dunciad' in 1729, he included in it a preface which had already appeared in what he called "the five first imperfect editions of the 'Dunciad' in three books, printed *at Dublin* and London in octavo and duodecimo," and, in the edition of 1736, he added as the date of these imperfect editions, '1727.' This was a mere blind, intended to carry on the mystification originally started in what was doubtless the first edition of the 'Dunciad,' viz., the one

published in London on the 28th May, 1728, with the following title-page:

THE
DUNCIAD.
AN HEROIC POEM

IN
THREE BOOKS.

DUBLIN Printed, LONDON Reprinted for A. DODD. 1728.

Now it is true that (including the edition just mentioned) five "imperfect" editions of the 'Dunciad' (*i.e.*, editions wanting the Notes Variorum and the Prolegomena), were published between the 28th May, 1728 and 12th March, 1729, when the first complete edition was presented to the King by Walpole; but no editions are known to exist bearing the date 1727, and, even reckoning the year to begin with the 25th of March, it appears from Pope's correspondence that, for some time after that date, the poem was safe in his own keeping. Swift writes to him, on the 10th of May, 1728, "You tell me of this 'Dunciad,' but I am impatient to have it, *volitare per ora;* there is now a vacancy for fame; the 'Beggar's Opera' has done its work; *discedat uti convica satur.*"

As the correspondence between Pope and Swift affords a key to the secret history of the 'Dunciad,' and explains the transformations through which it passed, it will be advisable to give in full those passages in it which bear on the question. The first reference to the progress of the satire is made on the 22nd of October, 1727: "My poem," writes Pope to Swift, "(which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of for fear of the Curlls and Dennises of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of traitors, our friends and admirers), my poem, I say, will show you what a distinguishing age we live in. Your name is in it, with some others, under a mask of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that

company. Adieu, and God bless you and give you health and spirits.

> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
> Or in the graver gown instruct mankind,
> Or, silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

These two verses are over and above what I have said of you in the poem."

In January, 1727–8, he sends another letter to the Dean, from which it appears that the satire was originally meant to bear another title, and that the inscription was somewhat differently drafted. "It grieves me to the soul," he says, "that I cannot send you my *chef-d'œuvre* the poem on 'Dulness,' which after I am dead and gone will be printed with a large commentary, and lettered on the back, 'Pope's Dulness.' I send you, however, what most nearly relates to yourself, the inscription to it, which you must consider, and re-consider, criticise, hypercriticise, and consult about with Sheridan, Delany, and all the *literati* of the kingdom,—I mean to render it less unworthy of you.

> Incipit propositio :
> Books and the man I sing, &c.
> And thou, whose sense, whose humour, and whose rage,
> At once can teach, delight, and lash the age,
> Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
> Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
> Praise courts and monarchs, or extol mankind,
> Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind ;
> Attend whatever title please thine ear,
> Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver.
> From thy Bœotia lo ! the fog retires,
> Yet grieve not thou at what our isle acquires ;
> Here Dulness reigns with mighty wings outspread,
> And brings the true Saturnian age of lead, &c."

In the following month Bolingbroke still further raised the Dean's expectations by writing to him: "In the meantime Pope's Dulness grows and flourishes as if he was there (in Dublin) already." Still, however, the satire did not appear. and on Feb. 26, 1727–8, Swift writes to Gay: "Why does not Mr. Pope publish his Dulness? The rogues he mawls

will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends; and so there will be neither punishment or reward."

What delayed the appearance of Pope's satire was no doubt the popularity of the 'Beggar's Opera,' which, having been first acted on Jan. 29, 1728, had enjoyed a run of sixty-three nights, and engrossed conversation to such an extent, that, as Swift wrote to Pope (March 28, 1728) it had "knocked down Gulliver." Meantime Pope had begun to make certain alterations in his original design. The first of these he announced to Swift in a letter dated March 23, 1727–8: "As for those scribblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my 'Dulness' (which, by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, the 'Dunciad'), how much that nest of hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the 'Bathos.'" A more important change was in contemplation, and was confidentially announced to Swift on the eve of the publication of the 'Dunciad.' "The Doctor (Delany)," writes the Dean to Pope, on the 1st June, 1728, "told me your secret about the 'Dunciad,' which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it."

The meaning of these words is explained by the form in which the 'Dunciad' made its first appearance. As we have already seen, when the poet formed the design of the satire, he intended to publish it in his own name, with a commentary, and an inscription to Swift. But when it was first published there were no notes, the inscription to Swift was omitted, and not only did Pope's name not appear on the title-page, but an Advertisement from the publisher to the reader insinuated that he was not the author. After stating that the writer of the poem, finding that no voice was raised to protest against the repeated slanders by which the author of the 'Bathos' was assailed, had thought it right to step forward in his defence, the publisher proceeds to make the following mysterious announcement: "That he (the writer) was in his (Pope's) particular intimacy, appears from the knowledge he

manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this poem attacked no man living, who had not before printed and published against this particular gentleman. How I became possessed of it is no concern to the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained this publication: since those names which are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it soon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition I have my end. . . . . Who he is I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish or discover him." The names of the persons satirised were in most cases suppressed in this edition, their places being supplied by asterisks or initial letters.

The words "Dublin Printed, London Re-printed," on the title-page, were a disguise intended to raise the idea that there had been a previous edition published in Dublin—an impossibility, as appears from the correspondence between Swift and Pope already quoted; while the inscription to Swift was suppressed lest it should too evidently indicate the author. These mystifications were doubtless the fruit of Pope's fears. As the time approached for the publication of a relentless satire directed against already exasperated enemies, he recoiled from the consequences of his daring. On the one hand, he was uncertain of the reception the 'Dunciad' would meet with from the public; on the other, he must have known that he was exposing himself to the most malignant vengeance the Dunces could inflict. Hence his elaborate scheme to disguise his connection with the poem. If it proved a success with the public, he would have no occasion to disavow the authorship, already indicated not obscurely beneath the transparent veil of the Advertisement; if it were disapproved of, he might shelter himself behind the strict letter of the publisher's notice, or at least deny that the poem had been published with his consent. He was soon relieved of one half of his apprehensions: the public read the poem with avidity, and

Pope felt his position sufficiently strong to warrant him in boldly advancing to the attack. On the 28th of June, 1728, he writes to Swift: "The 'Dunciad' is going to be printed in all pomp with the inscription which makes me proudest. It will be attended with Proeme, Prolegomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum, and Notes *Variorum*. As to the latter I desire you to read over the text, and make a few in any way you like best, whether dry raillery upon the style and way of commenting of trivial critics, or humorous upon the authors in the poem; or historical of persons, places, times; or collecting the parallel passages of the ancients."

Here we have the first announcement of the approaching publication of the quarto edition of the 'Dunciad,' which, as is stated in Savage's Preface, was presented to the King by Sir Robert Walpole on the 12th March, 1729. But Pope was yet far from proceeding with the open boldness which the narrative in that Preface suggests. He still withheld his name from the title-page; and in the Publisher's Advertisement to the new edition, he kept up the fiction that he was not the author. For the change in the form of the poem he made the Publisher offer the following explanation: "I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and (what was worse) to abuse his friends by an impression at Dublin." This Advertisement was followed by the letter to the Publisher, signed 'William Cleland,' in which the writer, while sending notes on the poem for insertion, takes the opportunity of expanding what had been said in the first edition as to the Dunces being the aggressors, and apologises for the satire on the ground of its justice and morality.

For some time Pope was too cautious to permit any open sale of the poem. On the 8th of April, 1729, he

sends Caryll a copy, observing: "It would have been a sort of curiosity had it reached your hand a week ago, for the publishers had not then permitted any to be sold, but only to be dispersed by some Lords of their and my acquaintance, of whom I procured yours. But I understand that now the booksellers have got them by consent of Lord Bathurst." That it was he himself, rather than his publisher, who contrived this method of secret distribution, appears from his letter to Lord Oxford of March 27th, 1729, in which he says: "I beg your lordship to send about twenty books to Cambridge, but by no means to be given to any bookseller, but disposed of by your own order at six shillings by any honest gentleman or head of a house." The demand for the poem doubtless encouraged him to let the booksellers proceed to an open sale; but, even when he had made up his mind to this final step, he was still anxious about the consequences. "The gentlemen of the 'Dunciad,'" he writes to Lord Oxford on the 18th of April, 1729, "intend to be vexatious to the bookseller, and threaten to bring an action of I cannot tell how many thousands against him." He therefore begs Lord Oxford to set his name, which was to be accompanied with those of other noblemen, to the following certificate: "Whereas a clamour hath been raised by certain persons, and threats uttered against the publisher or publishers of the poem called the 'Dunciad' with notes *variorum*, &c., we, whose names are underwritten, do declare ourselves to have been the publishers and dispersers thereof, and that the same was delivered out and vended by our immediate directions." It does not appear that Lord Oxford ever signed the certificate, but, in November, 1729, a new edition of the 'Dunciad' was entered at Stationers' Hall as assigned by the author to Lord Burlington, Lord Oxford, and Lord Bathurst, who again assign it to the publisher Gilliver. This precaution, though it of course still left the publisher exposed to the risk of an action for libel, was probably thought likely to minimise the danger, as any person desiring to prosecute would understand

that the real defendants were rich and powerful noblemen, and that a jury, even if they were to convict, would be likely to award only nominal damages.

The complete edition of the 'Dunciad,' published under these auspices, comprised the following 'Pieces Contained in the Book;' 'The Publisher's Advertisement;' 'A Letter to the Publisher Occasioned by the Present Edition of the "Dunciad";' 'The Prolegomena of Martinus Scriblerus;' 'Testimonies of Authors;' 'A Dissertation on the Poem;' 'Dunciados Periocha;' 'Index of Persons Celebrated;' and 'Index of Things to be Found in the Notes.' It had also the following 'Pieces Contained in the Appendix;' 'Preface of the Publisher prefixed to the Five First imperfect Editions;' 'A List of Books and Papers in which the Author was Abused;' 'William Caxton, His Proema to Æneidos;' 'Virgil Restored;' 'A Continuation of "The Guardian" (No. 40) on Pastoral Poetry;' 'A Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope;' 'A List of All our Author's Genuine Works;' and an 'Index of Memorable Things in the Book.' This edition remained substantially unaltered till the year 1735, when the authorship was first acknowledged by the appearance of the satire in the second volume of Pope's Poetical Works in quarto, published by Lawton Gilliver. Several alterations now appeared in the text of the poem, which I have noted in their proper place; three of the Appendices which were printed with the edition of 1729 were omitted, viz., Caxton's Proem, Virgil Restored, and the Paper in 'The Guardian;' while an index of the authors of the notes was inserted. In 1736 the poem was reissued in a separate form, with a very noticeable variation at the end of the First Book, inserted in consequence of the poet's quarrel with Lord Hervey. The Appendices, though differently arranged, were substantially the same as those published after the Collected Poems in 1735, with the addition of the 'Declaration—By the Author.'

No further alterations appear to have been made in the 'Dunciad' till 1742, when the Fourth Book was first added.

The *Fourth* member of this Book had been for some time in existence. On March 25, 1736, Pope wrote to Swift: "If ever I write more epistles in verse, one of them shall be addressed to you. I have long numbered it and begun it, but I would make what lines your name is inscribed as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the 'Essay on Man:'— 1. of the extent and limits of human reason and science; 2. a view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the unuseful, and therefore unattainable, arts; 3. of the nature, ends, and application, and use of different capacities; 4. of the use of learning, of the science of the world, and of wit. *It will conclude with a satire on the misapplication of all these, exemplified by characters, characters, and examples.*" The execution of a design requiring steady and systematic thought was contrary to Pope's genius, and such fragments of verse as he composed on the subject lay by him unused till 1741, the year following that in which he made Warburton's personal acquaintance. Warburton had once been closely allied with the Dunces, and had spoken disparagingly of Pope's powers; but having afterwards defended the 'Essay on Man' against the attack of Crousaz, he had acquired the poet's gratitude and affection. Being naturally anxious to give the 'Dunciad' a more general moral, he urged Pope to work up his available materials into a new book. The latter, though in failing health, was stimulated by his encouragement, and by the bitterness of his own political feelings. "If I can prevail on myself," he writes to Warburton, on the 20th September, 1741, "to complete the 'Dunciad,' it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my verses." He afterwards changed his mind, and what is now the Fourth Book of the 'Dun-

[1] A good deal of the Fourth Book must have been written before the death of the Queen in 1737. See ver. 403, Speech of the Florist; ver. 506, and note.

ciad' was first published in 1742, in a separate form, and with the title, 'The New Dunciad: as it was found in the year 1741, &c.' The title-page is followed by an Address to the Reader explaining the circumstances under which the poem was "found," and the edition concludes with a list of "Errata."

An incident soon occurred which caused a complete transformation in the character of the satire. In 1742 Colley Cibber published his famous letter, inquiring into Pope's reasons for so frequently mentioning the Laureate in his works, and giving certain particulars of the poet's life, not calculated to raise his credit with the public. Pope, in a fury of resentment, determined to avenge himself by dethroning Theobald, and elevating Cibber to the throne of the Dunces. It may easily be believed that Warburton, who doubtless felt some uneasiness from the remembrance of his connection with the original hero, encouraged him in his new design, which was executed in an edition of the 'Dunciad' inserted among the general works of Pope, published by Dodsley and Cooper in 1742. In this edition appeared the 'Prolegomena of Ricardus Aristarchus on the Hero of the Poem,' and four new Appendices—(1) the 'Advertisement to the First Edition, separate, of the Fourth Book of the "Dunciad";' (2) 'Of the Poet Laureate;' (3) 'Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730;' (4) the 'Proclamation deposing Theobald,' which is supposed to have been intended for a stroke at the House of Brunswick. The paper in 'The Guardian' on Pastoral Poetry, which had been omitted in the editions of 1735 and 1736, was now replaced. Besides the alterations required to suit the character of the new hero, several important additions were made to the text, viz., the lines on the Gazetteers in the diving-match (Book ii., ver. 305–314), written in 1738; the couplet on the "plunging prelate" (ver. 323–324); the attack on the clergy (ver. 353–358); and the allusion to Webster and Whitefield (ver. 258), evidently inserted to gratify the spite of Warburton.

The last stage in the history of the 'Dunciad,' as far as

Pope was concerned, was the publication of the edition of 1743 under the editorship of Warburton. "A project has risen in my mind," writes Pope to his friend in the 27th November, 1742, "to make you in some measure the editor of the new edition of the 'Dunciad,' if you have no scruple in owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of Dr Arbuthnot." It would appear that these "graver notes," written by Pope and signed by Warburton, were those which were added in the first three books, for we find from Pope's letter of 25th December, 1742, what we should have inferred from internal evidence, that many of the notes on the fourth book had been really written by Warburton. "I am willing," says Pope in the latter, "to conclude our whole account of the Dunces at last, and therefore stayed till it was finished. The encouragement you gave me to add the Fourth Book first determined me to do so, and the approbation you seemed to give it was what singly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes, and your Discourse in the name of Aristarchus, have given its last finishings and ornaments." As the notes to the Fourth Book, in the edition of 1743, are almost identical with those in the edition of 1742, we may conclude that Warburton was the actual writer of all those to which in the edition of 1751 he attaches the initial "W." To the edition of 1743 was prefixed the "Advertisement to the Reader" now printed in the Appendices, and the poem was followed by the Appendices inserted in the edition of 1742 and by the "Declaration" before John Barber, Mayor.

From all these facts—the first mention of the satire by Pope in his correspondence with Swift, the mysterious subterfuges attending its publication, the frequent alterations made in its form, and lastly, the violent change of its hero—it is evident that the 'Dunciad' cannot be credited with the lofty moral purpose which is claimed for it in Savage's Preface. It must be regarded simply as the culminating incident in a war of authors. Like all Pope's

satires its distinguishing feature is its personality. For better or worse, this is what determines the whole character of the poem. Pope himself, his power, his weakness, and his passion, is felt in every line. As Ducket, after the appearance of the first authorised edition, put it, not unfairly, what was really in question was the supremacy of Pope Alexander. The Dunces who rebelled against that supremacy were no doubt both stupid and malignant, but the only evidence Pope offers of their stupidity is their failure to appreciate his own genius; the only proofs of their malignity are their libels on his character.

In certain obvious particulars the intense personality of the 'Dunciad' is injurious both to its moral and artistic design. It gives an air of unreality to some of its finest declamation; a fault of which Pope himself was by no means insensible, and for which he sought to apologise. For instance, after the spirited address of Settle at the close of the Third Book, he has a note to the line beginning, "Proceed, great days": "It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning, as is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem; but do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of these instruments. Remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflowed, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a water-rat." Time has proved that the fears of the poet had no grounds but in his own imagination.

Another palpable objection to the 'Dunciad' is the frequent obscenity of its images. Here again Pope felt that he was obliged to stand on his defence, and accordingly he appended a note to the words, "Obscene with filth," in verse 75 of the Second Book: "Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil: the very words 'ὄνθος' and 'fimus' are used by them, though our

poet, in compliance to modern nicety, has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this episode and in the following one of Eliza." And then, after citing the example of Dryden, he proceeds: "But our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his 'Georgics') 'tosses about his dung with an air of majesty.' If we consider that the exercises of his authors could with justice be no higher than tickling, chattering, braying, or diving, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of booksellers. In Homer and Virgil, the persons drawn in this plight are Heroes; whereas here they are such with whom it would have been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between libellers and common nuisances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble, and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since it was levelled at such as understood no delicate satire. Thus the politest men are obliged sometimes to swear when they have to do with porters and oyster-wenches." Now, even admitting that there was any necessity for Pope to take notice of the "porters and oyster-wenches" who had abused him, it is evident that his plea is only good so far as his satire was directed to the extermination of such people. But the 'Dunciad' was a poem, not only ridiculing real dunces, but appealing to the highest faculties of the imagination. Juvenal has been blamed not unjustly for the elaborate filth of his details; but it may be contended in his excuse that this minuteness is indispensable to the effect of his portraits. Pope, on the other hand, by the poetical treatment of his subject, gave to the persons he attacked a dignity which they did not possess in themselves, and, so far is he from being entitled to any credit for refining his imagery by his art, that he only brings the nauseous nature of his materials into stronger relief by the beauty of the form under which he presents them. What-

ever is to be urged in his behalf—the coarse standard of his own age, and the bad traditions sanctioned by Dryden in the preceding one—must be said in explanation, not in defence, of his indecency.

Again, it is undeniable that the personality of the 'Dunciad' injures it, to a certain extent, as a work of art. Dennis, with perfect justice, maintained that it was not what it professed to be—a true mock-heroic poem, because the essence of an epic poem is action, and the 'Dunciad' has no action. Boileau's 'Lutrin' and Pope's 'Rape of the Lock' both satisfy the condition which Dennis requires; that is to say, they celebrate a trivial action in a lofty style. The 'Dunciad' professes to do the same. Martinus Scriblerus says: "The great power of these Goddesses (Dulness and Poverty) was to be exemplified in some one great and remarkable action: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, viz., the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night by the ministry of Dulness their daughter, in the removal of her imperial seat from the city to the polite world: as the action of the 'Æneid' is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium." But the action of the 'Æneid' is exhibited in the acts of Æneas the hero; in the 'Dunciad,' on the other hand, we are told only of one action of the hero, viz., the preparations to burn his works in the First Book; the Second Book is entirely episodical; in the Third Book the hero merely dreams; and in the Fourth he is asleep. The truth is, that the alleged action of the 'Dunciad' is not a recognised fact, like that of the 'Lutrin,' the 'Rape of the Lock,' and the 'Secchia Rapita,' but only an inference which Pope chose to found on the real actions of the various persons whom he satirises. As there was no unity in these actions, all that the poet could do was to string together a series of episodes, parodying the heroic style of Homer, Virgil, and Milton. Though the parodies in the first three books are admirably contrived for the purpose of bringing particular dunces into contempt, they have little relevancy to

the proposed action of the poem; on the other hand, the Fourth Book—in which the satire is more general, and the objects ridiculed might at any rate be supposed to argue the progress of Dulness in the polite world—has no kind of connection with what has gone before.

The machinery of the poem suffers from the same cause. To elevate Dulness into a Goddess, and satirise the Dunces as her prophets and votaries, was in itself a happy design, Pope, however, having no real action to celebrate, and desiring above all things to ridicule his enemies, frequently lets us see that his allegorical machinery is introduced merely for the sake of intensifying his satire. Thus, in the First Book he makes Bayes say to the Goddess:—

> Me, emptiness and dulness could inspire,
> And were my elasticity and fire.

On this Warton remarks, "This first speech of the hero is full of an impropriety that one could hardly believe our author would fall into; it being contrary to all decorum, character, and probability, that Bayes should address the Goddess Dulness, without disguising or mistaking her as a despicable being; and should even call himself fool and blockhead; it is in truth outrageously unnatural and absurd." Roscoe, who will never allow Pope to be in error, undertakes his defence. He says: "If Warton had paid sufficient attention to the nature of the poem, he would have perceived that Bayes was endeavouring to recommend himself to the Goddess of Dulness; that emptiness and stupidity were therefore his best qualifications; that to be a fool and a blockhead could alone entitle him to her favour; and that to have set up any pretence to real wit and sound sense on such an occasion would indeed have been 'outrageously unnatural and absurd.'" It is strange that Roscoe should not have seen that, in this apology, he was not confuting Warton's argument, but only re-stating it in other words. Warton does not overlook the fact that Dulness is a goddess; he only says, that it is a mistake to represent her as a deity whose influence men consciously recognise, and

that no man would ever boast of being dull. It was, indeed, Pope, and not Warton, who "paid insufficient attention to the nature of the poem." In his eagerness to satirise his enemies, the poet neglected the conditions of the mock epic which he had made the vehicle of his satire. The same objection applies to the speeches of Bentley and of the "gloomy Clerk" in the Fourth Book.

These defects, inseparable perhaps from the personal nature of the subject, must be allowed to detract from the perfection of the 'Dunciad' as a work of art. But this is only one aspect of the question. Regarded from another side, the very personality of the poem gives it its greatest interest. That a satire on such a trivial subject should have produced so vast an excitement in the literary world, that it should have been translated into foreign languages, that frequent editions of it should have been demanded during Pope's lifetime, and that a century and a half after his death it should be read with scarcely diminished interest—all this speaks of itself to the astonishing character of the performance. And when a study of the work reveals the causes of its permanent popularity, astonishment will be exchanged for admiration of the poet's resources. The felicity of invention, which assigns to each of the multitude of Dunces his place and order in the Temple of Infamy, the propriety of the parodies, the strength, vividness, and at times the grandeur of the imagery, the terseness of the language, and the harmony of the verse, must cause all genuine lovers of poetry to subordinate their sense of the faults of the poem to their appreciation of its overpowering excellence.

Nor is the satire admirable for its form alone; indeed, it may be said that its wit and beauty cannot be fully appreciated till we have fully mastered all the elaboration of its details. It is full of biographical and historical interest. Much light is thrown upon Pope's character by a review of the various causes which procured for each of the Dunces his particular punishment. And as for his ridicule of things and persons,

though some of the colour has of course faded out of the picture, enough remains to enable us to form a very distinct conception of a highly dramatic period in our literary and social history. Pope has fortunately supplemented his text with a large commentary, and even where his notes are intentionally ambiguous, his statement of circumstances is sufficiently explicit to discover his real meaning. Here and there he purposely leaves his allusions unexplained, and the sense of the satire can only be inferred constructively from the current literature of the period or from his own MS. In one characteristic passage, Curll's 'Key to the Dunciad,' taken in connection with the MS., has enabled me to identify the winner of the tickling match, and to explain the meaning of an episode, which is interesting from the light it throws both on Pope's methods of personal satire and on the social history of the time. Our appreciation of the Fourth Book depends largely upon the discovery of the particular allusions which are carefully concealed behind generalities of expression, and which have been passed over in silence by the commentators. And speaking broadly, if the reader seeks to enter fully into the spirit of the 'Dunciad,' and endeavours to approach the poem as nearly as possible with the eyes of Pope's own contemporaries, he will be repaid for his trouble. Such illustration of the details of the text, as seems to be required over and above Pope's commentary, is given in the Editorial Notes; but for the better understanding of the general character of the Satire, the following remarks may perhaps be found worthy of consideration.

First, as regards place and time. So vast have been the changes in the face of London, that we do not at first perceive the significance which the supposed action of the 'Dunciad'—the removal of Dulness from the City to the polite world—would have had for the men of the early part of the eighteenth century. The City was then clearly separated from the rest of London by its ancient wall, the seven gates of which were still standing. Within the City the Whigs found their

stronghold, and here were the headquarters of the moneyed interest, so obnoxious to the Tory party, and, as we see from the third Moral Essay, to Pope himself. Political, as well as literary reasons made the Poet regard the City as the chosen abode of Dulness. Just beyond the western and northern sides of the wall lay a district in which most of the Dunces themselves found their homes and their amusements. It lay within a circle drawn from Bedlam, through Moorfields, by the Artillery-ground, to Grub Street, and thence bending west to the Bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, and south-west through Smithfield Market (still famous for Bartholomew Fair), along the Fleet Ditch to the Fleet Prison. Proceeding westward, the centre of enlightenment, or, as Pope sarcastically called it, of "Pertness," was to be found among the Templars, who met for the discussion of all questions of taste and learning in the Grecian Coffee-house, not far from Temple Bar. The Strand, as the long thoroughfare between the City and the West End, was the chosen home of the booksellers; and at its western extremity, in a district exhibiting strange contrasts of wealth and squalor, Leicester Fields, Soho Square, and St. James's Square contained the houses of the principal nobility. This fashionable region was bounded on the north by the modern Oxford Street, or as it was then called, Tyburn Road, beyond which was open country, where the "brethren" of Tottenham Fields found ample pasture. To the extreme south-west, the Court of St. James's and Whitehall—where there was still some talk of completing the beautiful designs of Inigo Jones, and where Ripley was then building the new Admiralty—marked the limits of the polite world, over which, according to the Poet, the Goddess of Dulness was preparing to extend her empire.

The favourite temple of the Goddess was represented in the early editions as being in the neighbourhood of Rag Fair, a poverty-stricken spot near the Tower of London, where old clothes were sold. When Theobald, however, was dethroned in favour of Cibber, Pope, with great judgment, removed

her seat to Bedlam, which at that time stood in Moorfields, just outside the City wall, and the gates of which were adorned with the famous statues made by Cibber's father. Here the coronation of the hero takes place. The games in honour of the event, which are begun by the booksellers, are fittingly held in the Strand, the racers starting from the church of St. Mary-le-Strand, which had been then only recently completed. With equal propriety, the assembly next passes on through Temple Bar, and turns down between Bridewell and the right bank of Fleet Ditch, where the diving-match between the party writers and Grub Street libellers is decided. The aspect of London in the neighbourhood of this famous sewer at the period of the 'Dunciad,' may be imagined from the following description:—

"At the bottom of the hill, which, without Ludgate, is called Ludgate Hill, and, without Newgate, Snow Hill, formerly ran the rivulet Fleet, lately termed Fleet Ditch. This Ditch after the fire of London, was made navigable for barges to come up, by the assistance of the tide, as far as Holborn Bridge, where Turnmill Brook fell into this channel. The sides were built of stone and brick, with warehouses on each side, which ran under the street, and were designed to be used for coals and other commodities. It had five feet of water at the lowest tide at Holborn Bridge: the wharfs on each side of the channel were thirty feet broad, and were rendered secure from danger in the night by rails of oak being placed along the sides of the ditch. Over this canal were four bridges of Portland stone, viz., at Bridewell, Fleet Street, Fleet Lane, and Holborn."[1]

An illustration in Warburton's edition of 1751, represents the competitors leaping into the Ditch from a bridge, so that we may conclude the scene of the match to have been the bridge opposite Bridewell. To blacken the Dunces more effectually, Pope shows by the introduction of the "stranded lighter," that the contest took place at low water. The prize for this game

[1] Noorthouck's History of London, (1773), p. 641.

having been awarded, the assembly in the early editions of the satire (and, indeed, in the existing note to Book ii., ver. 270) are made to pass through Lud Gate to the Temple of the Goddess. In the final version, however, after passing through the gate, they turn back, for some unexplained reason—probably, forgetfulness of the locality on the part of the poet—into Fleet Street, where the sports are brought to a conclusion.

The time of the action is as significant as the place. Lord Mayor's Day, as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, was celebrated with something of its ancient splendour. The procession, coming to Westminster by water, returned by land, and the invention of the City bards was tasked to invest it with due magnificence of pageantry and poetry. But when the 'Dunciad' was composed, the familiar masque had been abandoned, and the occupation of the City Poet was gone. Elkanah Settle was the last of the race. The Goddess, therefore, is fitly represented as revolving the glories of the past, and seeking a worthy successor for the vacant throne.

The selection of the original hero of the poem was in itself judicious. Lewis Theobald was a type of the class whom Pope was resolved to crush. He was pedantic, poor, and somewhat malignant. He had attempted with equal ill-success original poetry, translation, and play-writing; and had, indeed, no disqualification for the throne of Dulness except his insignificance. Pope, as we have seen, admits this drawback, and candidly avows that the sole reason for Theobald's sudden elevation to the unwelcome dignity was the attack which the latter had made on his edition of 'Shakespeare.' At first sight, even this personal reason seems inadequate, for Theobald, in his preface to 'Shakespeare Restored,' speaks of the poet with studied respect. There was, however, a sting in his title,—'Shakespeare Restored, or an Exposure of the Blunders Committed and Unamended in Mr. Pope's late edition,'—which might not unfairly be cited by the poet as a proof of wanton malignity. To this we must add that it was malignity triumphant. Theobald was by nature better

qualified than Pope for the task which both had undertaken; and he had exhibited Pope to the world in a position of somewhat ridiculous inferiority. The sensitive poet naturally had course to his own weapon, satire, and viewed apart from its justice, nothing could have been more admirably effective than his retaliation. The vivid picture, on the one hand, of the exultation of Dulness, as she contemplates the thoughts of the various Dunces, and recognises the superiority of Theobald; and on the other, of the hero's despondency, as, unaware of his approaching greatness, he broods over his sunken fortunes; the description of his library; the agony with which he resolves to burn his works; the sudden intervention of the Goddess; the pompous coronation of the new monarch; all this is truly poetical, and the vivacity and humour of the satire are best measured by the fact that it inspired Hogarth's picture of the 'Distressed Poet.'

Warton and Bowles have blamed Pope for replacing Theobald by Cibber, on the ground that the character of the latter disqualified him for the throne of Dulness. This objection is not very well founded. It is true that Cibber, as his lively 'Apology' shows, was not a Dunce of the same kind as Theobald. But in the word "Dulness," Pope meant to include every sort of rebellion against right reason and good taste: the pert Templars are as much the subjects of the Goddess as the pedantic critics:

> Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
> She rules in native anarchy the mind.

Cibber is chosen as the type of pertness and impudence, and Pope's judgment on him was not simply arbitrary. As a writer he had openly proclaimed his slender acquaintance with literature; as a theatrical manager he had sanctioned exhibitions which lowered the character of the stage; and, as a laureate, he was allowed to be the worst that ever wrote a birthday ode. Besides, the notoriety of his character, and his public position, qualified him better than Theobald to be hero of a poem which had been considerably increased in moral

weight by the addition of the Fourth Book. The error, for which Pope may justly be censured, is his omission to re-cast the whole of the First Book to suit the character of the new hero. Unwilling to sacrifice the excellent lines in which he had satirised the dulness of Theobald, he overlooked, or sought to disguise, the fact that, when applied to Cibber, they lost their dramatic propriety. The main motive for the hero's despondency, which prompts him to burn his books and to turn to party writing, is poverty. In Theobald's case such a stroke of satire was perhaps cruel, but certainly effective. Cibber, however, was in easy circumstances; to represent him as sitting "supperless," was therefore idle; nor was there any more point in making him resolve to gain his living as a party hack. One of the best passages in the original satire, was the description of Theobald's antiquarian library; but this was entirely inapplicable to Cibber, who would certainly have committed the twelve volumes of Archæology to the flames without a single pang.

It remains very briefly to examine the meaning of the attacks on *classes* of persons and things made by Pope in the 'Dunciad.' The whole of the Second Book, and a large part of the Third, are occupied with the satire upon Grub Street. By this infamous name, the poet intends to stigmatise three classes of persons, who gained their livelihood by literature. The first are the writers of secret and defamatory scandal. Used in this sense, the word "Grub Street," is first found in Andrew Marvel,[1] and owes its origin to the operation of the Licensing Laws. These Laws, though dating from the reign of Mary, were most severely enforced under a *régime* sometimes supposed to have been favourable to liberty, namely, that of the Long Parliament. They were renewed after the Restoration. In 18 Car. II. (1666), it is laid down, that "the King by the Common Law hath a general prerogative over the printing-press; so that none

[1] In 'The Rehearsal Transprosed,' 1673.

ought to print a public book without his license." The Act of 1662 prohibited every private person from printing any book or pamphlet, unless entered at the Stationers' Company, and licensed, if of a legal nature, by the Chancellor or one of the Chief Justices; if historical or political, by a Secretary of State; if heraldic, by the Kings-at-Arms; if theological, medical, or philosophical, by the Bishops of Canterbury or London; or, if printed at one of the Universities, by the Chancellor. This Act, which was passed for three years, was twice renewed, expired in 1679, and was revived in 1685 for seven years. In 1692, it was allowed to die a natural death, for the simple reason that it failed to answer the purposes for which it was introduced. "Even during the Censorship," says Hallam, "a host of unlicensed publications, by the negligence or connivance of the officers employed to seize them, bore witness to the inefficacy of its restrictions. The bitterest invectives of Jacobitism were circulated in the first four years after the Revolution." As the occupation of illicit printing was attended with danger, it was carried on in cellars and garrets, generally by men of bad reputation and broken fortunes, and from the chief haunt of these writers and printers came the name of Grub Street. It was used to distinguish the baser productions of the press, intended to satisfy the appetite of that always considerable portion of the public which craves for gossip and scandal, from the better class of newspaper, in which soon after the lapse of the Licensing Laws, public opinion began to find expression. Pope applies it to all who, in a libellous manner, had reflected on his moral or literary reputation, and, as we see in the Dedication to the Earl of Middlesex, he ascribes the increase in the number of such writers to the absence of any Licensing Law. By classing his enemies as "Grub Street," he implied that their criticisms were inspired not by a sense of justice, but by venality or mere malignity; and indeed, though in some instances, as in the case of Dennis, Pope was himself the first aggressor, it is evident that most of the attacks made on his conduct, in regard to his

'Translation of Homer,' and his edition of 'Shakespeare,' were, if not baseless, at least unprovoked. It may not have been worth his while to take notice of such assailants, but the punishment they received scarcely entitles them to any compassion.

The second class of Dunces satirised under the name of "Grub Street," were the party writers. A great change had been effected in the relation of men of letters to politics since the days of Queen Anne. Under the reign of that monarch, swayed as she herself was by rival favourites, and in the absence of any great constitutional issues, the forces of the two great parties were pretty equally matched. To secure the assistance of those who could turn the balance of public opinion with their pens, became a matter of importance to rival statesmen, and preferment in Church or State was liberally bestowed by each party in payment for good service of this kind. Some of the best prose writing in our literature is, therefore, to be found in the party newspapers of this period. But after the accession of George I., the Tories, who had identified themselves with the Jacobite cause, were virtually annihilated as a party. The Whigs, on the other hand, now undisputed masters of the patronage of the State, had much less need of literary advocacy, while Walpole, who based his political system upon his arts of parliamentary management, wanted service which was naturally distasteful to men of independent spirit. Hence, party writers of the class of Addison and Swift are replaced under the Georges by venal hacks like Arnall, Ralph, and Gordon. The 'Examiner' is succeeded by 'Mist's Journal;' the 'Guardian' by the 'Flying Post.' These prints freely opened their columns to discussions of a personal nature, and it was in consequence of a letter against Pope, published in 'Mist's Journal,' that Theobald was represented in the original 'Dunciad' as resolving to betake himself to party writing. It is interesting to observe the rapid development of Pope's own party spirit, as displayed in the alterations made in

the later editions of the poem. When his satire first appeared, he was not actively engaged on the side of the Opposition, and his attacks on the Whig pamphleteers are prompted simply by personal resentment. Walpole himself, as Pope says, presented the first authorised edition of the 'Dunciad' to the King. The references to the King at the end of the First Book, in the edition of 1742; the appearance of Arnall—Walpole's chief tool—in the diving-match; the added lines on the Gazetteers in the same episode; the bitter attack on the clergy, which immediately follows; the frequent references to Walpole, the King, the Queen, and all the Court circle, throughout the Fourth Book: these are strokes that bear witness to the growth of party spirit in Pope's mind under the inspiring influence of Bolingbroke.

Lastly, there are the booksellers. The appearance of the bookseller, stationer, or publisher, among the Dunces is an interesting sign of the new phase into which English literature was then passing. Throughout the seventeenth century, readers were comparatively few, and were almost confined to the nobility. Books were generally published by subscription, and the bookseller made his profit merely from the commission on the sale. But the rapid rise of the moneyed classes after the Revolution of 1688, largely increased the demand for intellectual amusement. As Pope himself says, in his 'Epistle to Augustus':

> Now times are changed, and one poetic itch
> Has seized the Court and City, poor and rich;
> Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
> Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays.

Men of business began to perceive that property in books was valuable, and that there was room for a middle-man between the author and the public. Jacob Tonson, who purchased the copyright of 'Paradise Lost,' of Dryden's 'Miscellanies,' and of Pope's 'Pastorals,' seems to have been the first English publisher in the modern sense of the

word. His example was followed and, indeed, surpassed by Bernard Lintot, whose bargain with Pope for the property of the 'Translation of the Iliad' strikes us, even at this day, as an extraordinary piece of commercial enterprise. Yet Lintot appears in the 'Dunciad.' Pope put him there because he was dissatisfied with his conduct about the 'Translation of the Odyssey,' but such retaliation would have been ineffective, if the poet had not been afforded an opportunity of reflecting on the booksellers as a class in the person of Edmund Curll. This man was the genuine product of Grub Street. He had been sentenced to stand in the pillory for publishing obscene and blasphemous pamphlets. He made his profits from the publication of pirated letters and poems, and from the translations of literary hacks, whom he maintained in a state of semi-starvation. He boasted of his shameful exploits with brazen impudence. Nothing can be more significant of Pope's rancour, and of the intellectual condition of the times, than the fact that such a scoundrel as Curll should be classed in the 'Dunciad' with respectable tradesmen like Tonson and Lintot, as the type of the bookseller, whom Johnson afterwards asserted to be "the only Mæcenas of modern times."

A few words are required in explanation of the attack which Pope makes at the end of the Third Book and throughout the Fourth Book on the taste of the age, notably in respect of the stage, the opera, and the amusements of the *Virtuosi*. Though the motive of his satire on the stage is mainly personal, and is to be ascribed to the failure of 'Three Hours after Marriage,' the state of the theatre was such as to invite his strictures. The drama had been thoroughly purified since the accession of Queen Anne, but in becoming moral it had also become dull. The public sought for some more stimulating amusement than the authors of the day could provide; and, in default of good plays, they turned to raree-shows. Cibber, it is true, ascribes the rise of pantomime to the competition between the play-houses, and cites in support of his argument, the similar

experience of the two companies of actors who received patents after the Restoration. His plea is, of course, not altogether invalid; taste must always modify art. But after making due allowance for popular caprice, we can hardly doubt that if the age had produced dramatists like those of the Elizabethan, or even the Caroline period, the theatre would have continued to flourish. The society, however, that stimulated the genius of Pope was not favourable to that of Shakespeare, and the prevalence of the lower forms of the drama may fairly be attributed to the 'dulness' of the Georgian era. To hold Cibber solely responsible for this degenerate taste was unfair; but, as a theatrical manager, he must bear the odium which satire justly attaches to the procurer of corrupting pleasures.

In considering the character of Pope's attack on the Italian opera, we must remember, that like almost all the great writers of the early part of the eighteenth century, he was deficient in musical sensibility, and that he was carrying on the critical tradition which had been established by the essayists of the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator.' Opera, which took its rise in Italy in the beginning of the seventeenth century, had been slow in making its way to England. Pope, indeed, says in a note on v. 153 of the 'Epistle to Augustus,' that the first English opera was the 'Siege of Rhodes' produced in 1658; but it appears that this play, and others of the same kind, were only declamatory dramas, interspersed with airs and melodies, and wanting in the essential characteristic of opera, recitative. Italian operas were introduced into England in the first years of the eighteenth century, and were vehemently denounced both by Steele, who had a share in the patent of Drury Lane Theatre, the profits of which were threatened by the new entertainment, and by Addison, who was mortified by the ill-success of his own English opera, 'Rosamond.' Both of these eminent essayists criticise the opera as being *irrational:* Pope carries the censure one step farther, and condemns it as *effeminate.* To his embittered strictures he was doubtless led by his party

spirit. The growing demand for Italian music, in the first decade of the eighteenth century, attracted to England many of the most famous composers and singers of the Continent, and the rivalry between these artists was intensified by the eagerness with which party politicians entered into their quarrels. Whig and Tory had each their own musical faction, and cried down the side of their opponents. The feud extended into the highest circles. Lord Hervey compares it to the struggle between the Green and Blue factions at Byzantium, and relates how it widened the breach between the King and the Prince of Wales. Pope embraced the cause of Handel against Senesino, partly because the former was favoured by Lord Burlington and Arbuthnot, but still more, perhaps, because he was engaged in a struggle with the Whig nobility, most of whom were on the side of the Court. It will be observed that he sings the praises of the great musician at a moment when the latter, unable any longer to sustain the conflict with his opponents, retired to Dublin, whence he was so soon to return the acknowledged master of the musical world.

Party spirit again scarcely disguises itself in the satire on the amusements of the *virtuosi*. They are represented as unmanly and unphilosophical. To an age like our own, moved by an absorbing passion for the solution of scientific problems, such an attitude of mind is not easily understood; yet it was almost a part of the literary tradition of England in the first half of the eighteenth century. The Royal Society had been founded in 1660, by men wearied of the strife of faction, and though welcomed by the muse of Cowley and Dryden, it had from the first been regarded with suspicion both by politicians and men of letters. Butler had satirised the dreams of the philosophers in his 'Elephant in the Moon;' Addison had raised a mild protest on behalf of antiquaries, in his 'Dialogue on Medals,' only to show the extent of the public prejudice against them; while both Swift, in the 'Voyage to Laputa,' and Pope and Arbuthnot, in the 'Memoirs of Scriblerus,' had amused their countrymen with their ridicule of

the pedant. To conclude that the most distinguished writers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were men of narrow and illiberal opinions, would discover in ourselves a pettiness of view as characteristic as that which we impute to them. The fact is that the age was one of Revolution, and the most active minds in the country were engaged in the investigation of first principles in religion, morals, and politics. The pursuit of physical science or of archæology for their own sakes was an idea unintelligible to men accustomed to refer all things to final causes and to some general scheme of society; all questions in the minds of such men took a political tinge: and, as at Athens under Solon, the individual who stood aside from the party struggle was regarded as unpatriotic. But though this was the predominant feeling in English society, it did not extend to the reigning family. Queen Caroline was something of an *esprit fort;* many of the young nobility who surrounded her shared her taste for science: and it was Pope's object to exasperate the political feeling of the time against what he pretended to be the trifling or greedy dilettantism prevalent in Court circles.

A word of explanation remains to be said of the amusing commentary which accompanies the 'Dunciad.' It has already been pointed out that the fiction of the uncertain authorship of the poem, put forward by the publisher in the first edition, was originally adopted by Pope from simple caution. But when he thought that the danger had passed, he made use of the idea to heighten the satire. For some years, Bentley had been astonishing the world with the boldness of his conjectures respecting the texts of ancient authors; he had treated Horace with the same audacity he afterwards exhibited in his monstrous edition of Milton; and Theobald, without any of his genius, but with all his industry, had applied his method to the restoration of the text of Shakespeare. The notes to the 'Dunciad,' signed "BENTLEY" or "SCRIBLERUS," are of course intended to ridicule the new school of verbal criticism. Many of them appear to have been furnished by Swift and Arbuthnot;

Pope himself made frequent alterations and additions to them in the various editions of the satire; and Warburton wrote on the same principle, but with a much heavier hand, parts of the commentary to the 'New Dunciad' in 1742. When the latter published his edition of Pope's works in 1751, he appended initials to the notes to the 'Dunciad,' in order to distinguish Pope's notes from his own. But though he could not have written a note which appeared before 1742, he lays claim to many of those which appear in the earlier editions. Warton and Bowles follow him, without attempting to test his accuracy. Roscoe seems to be aware of the error into which his two immediate predecessors have fallen by trusting to Warburton, and to some extent repairs it by correcting the initials. Those, however, which he appends are often incorrect; and I have thought it advisable to place the matter beyond question, by giving after each note the date of the edition in which it first appeared. To all that were printed before the appearance of the 'New Dunciad' in 1742, I have added the name of Pope; while, as the authorship of the others cannot be positively ascertained, I have accepted the initials given by Warburton. Warton, Bowles, and Roscoe have mixed their own notes with Pope's, but as the commentary of the latter is an essential part of the satire, the additional notes supplied in illustration of the text are printed in this edition in a separate place. The variations of the existing text, which in other editions are given with the footnotes, are here placed under the text of the first edition, which is printed in an Appendix. It should be observed that the version which in Warton, Bowles, and Roscoe is published as the *first* edition, is really the text of the edition of 1736. This error, originated by Warton and perpetuated by his successors, has led both Mr. Croker, in his edition of Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs,' and Dr. Monk, in his 'Life of Bentley,' into some natural mistakes.[1] The poem in

[1] I am myself responsible for an erroneous statement in Vol. iii. p. 283. It

its original form, as it appeared in 1728, is now printed with the collected works for the first time. Those Appendices which appeared in different editions during Pope's lifetime, but were afterwards omitted by Warburton, have (with the exception of the Paper from the 'Guardian,' which will appear among the Prose Works) been replaced, and many readers will probably derive amusement from the humour of 'Virgilius Restauratus.'

is there stated (my information having been derived from Mr. Croker's Preface to Lord Hervey's 'Memoirs') that the couplet :

> And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
> Impatient waits till * * join the choir,

occurs in the *first* edition of the 'Dunciad.' I have cited it accordingly in support of the contention that the provocation in the quarrel had been given by Pope. The lines, however, first appear in the edition of 1736, and must therefore be regarded as part of the punishment inflicted by the poet on Lord Hervey, in retaliation for the 'Epistle to the Doctor of Divinity.'

THE

DUNCIAD.

IN

FOUR BOOKS.

WITH

THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM.

A

LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE

FIRST CORRECT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear, that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary: a Work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such *Notes* as have occurred to me, I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a Person, whose Friendship I esteem[1] as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth, than to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries, of which the inclosed *Notes* are the fruit.

I perceived, that most of these Authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first aggressors. They had tried, 'till they

[1] In edition of 1729, "I shall ever esteem."

were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: Nobody was either concerned or surprised, if this or that scribbler was proved a dunce. But every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr. POPE one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery: a stratagem, which would they fairly own, it might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful Superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill success in that had transported them to Personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his Friends. They had called Men of virtue and honour bad Men, long before he had either leisure or inclination to call them bad Writers: and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, 'till they were pleased to revive them.

Now what had Mr. POPE done before, to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of everybody, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laughed, and written the DUNCIAD. What has that said of them? A very serious truth, which the public had said before, that they were dull: and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure, or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it.

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only meddled with his Writings; since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trial by his Country. But when his Moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can secure the most innocent,—in a manner, which, though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accusers[1]; I mean by Authors *without names;* then I thought, since the danger was[2] common to all,

[1] In 1729, "accuser." [2] In 1729, "is."

the concern ought to be so; and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same who for several years past have made free with the greatest names in Church and State, exposed to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abused all, even to Women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exiled, and the Dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. POPE; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed, and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool, or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself.

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the Men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their Writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their Titles,[1] and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the Names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves,

[1] Which we have done in a List printed in the Appendix.—POPE.

rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, Obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: Law can pronounce judgment only on open facts; Morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left, but what a good Writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey, for lesser crimes than Defamation (for 'tis the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here[1]: for who[2] will pretend that the robbing another of his Reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty is here[3] the accident, not the subject: He who describes Malice and Villainy to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against Paleness or Leanness, but against Malice and Villainy. The Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* is poor; but is he therefore justified in vending poison? Not but Poverty itself[4] becomes a just subject of satire, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increases the public burden, fills the streets and highways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists.

But admitting that two or three of these offend[5] less in their morals, than in their writings; must Poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better consulted[6] than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

[1] In 1729, "it can here be none."
[2] In 1729, "since no man.'"
[3] In 1729, "here is."
[4] "Itself" is omitted in 1729.
[5] In 1729, "offended."
[6] In 1729, "taken care of."

They mistake the whole matter: It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers.

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for Satire; and the public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether Bread or Fame be their end, it must be allowed, our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections, supposing them good, and these I was sorry to see in such company. But if, without any[1] provocation, two or three Gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embarked; they cannot certainly, after they have been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his Friends. Surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot[2] persuade myself, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers I would gladly ask, if it lays him under a[3] personal obligation? At that rate he would be the most obliged humble servant in the world. I dare swear for these in particular, he never desired them to be his admirers, nor promised in return to be theirs. That had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are equally subsisting; for his works and theirs are the very same that they were.

[1] "Any" omitted in 1729.

[2] In 1729, "can't."

[3] In 1729, "any."

One, therefore, of their assertions I believe may be true,[1] "That he has a contempt for their writings." And there is another, which would probably be sooner allowed by himself than by any good judge beside, "That his own have found too much success with the public." But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of. If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satire, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary; nay, as much so as personal Deformity. But even this will not help them: Deformity becomes an[2] object of Ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome; and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit. They are not ridiculed because Ridicule in itself is, or ought to be, a pleasure; but because it is just to undeceive and[3] vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition; because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools, ought never to be made so, in complaisance to a few who are. Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topics of the most candid satirists, from the Codrus of JUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU.

Having mentioned BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his Talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his Judgment in the proper application of them; I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt him and our Author, in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune; in the distinctions shewn them by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their

[1] In 1729, "just."
[2] In 1729, "the."
[3] In 1729, "or."

respective nations.[1] But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abused by the ignorant pretenders to Poetry of their times; of which not the least memory will remain but in their own Writings, and in the Notes made upon them. What BOILEAU has done in almost all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare answer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had slandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last; and if ever he shall give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at last by BOILEAU.

In one point I must be allowed to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of Fortune or Success; he has lived with the Great without flattery; been a friend to Men in power, without pensions, from whom, as he asked, so he received no favour, but what was done him in his Friends. As his Satires were the more just for being delayed, so were his Panegyrics; bestowed only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observed in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise, if not begin to calumniate them,—I mean when out of power or out of fashion.[2] A satire, there-

[1] Essay on Criticism, in French verse, by General Hamilton; the same in verse also, by Monsieur Roboton, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King George I., after by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princess of Conti, Paris, 1728, and in Italian verse, by the Abbé Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, &c. His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, several times translated in French. Essay on Man, by the Abbé Reynel, in verse, by Monsieur Silhouet, in prose, 1737, and since by others in French, Italian, and Latin.—POPE.

[2] As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed against his book of Poems; Mr. Walsh, after his death; Sir William Trumbull, when he had resigned the office of Secretary of State; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving

fore, on writers so notorious for the contrary practice, became no man so well as himself; as none, it is plain, was so little in their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abused, namely the Greatest and Best of all Parties. Let me add a further reason, that, though engaged in their Friendships, he never espoused their Animosities; and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which, through Guilt, through Shame, or through Fear, through variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own.

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of Humanity, to see all along, that our Author in his very laughter is not indulging his own ill-nature, but only punishing that of others. As[1] to his Poem, those alone are capable of doing it justice,[2] who, to use the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his subject and his manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM. I am

Your most humble servant,
WILLIAM CLELAND.[3]

ST. JAMES'S, *Dec.* 22, 1728.

England after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his last decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South Sea year, and after his death; others only in Epitaphs.—POPE.

[1] "As" is omitted in 1729. [2] In 1729, "capable to do justice."

[3] This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar. He served in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the Peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having shown himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the Minister in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a person of universal learning, and an enlarged conversation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a sincerer attachment to the constitution of his country.—POPE.

And yet, for all this, the public will not allow him to be the author of this letter.—WARBURTON.

The correctness of the public judgment is proved not only by the unmistakable style of the composition, but by the minute revision to which it was subjected by the poet in its final form.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS:

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE DUNCIAD.

WITH

THE HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, REMARKS ON PR. ARTHUR.

I CANNOT but think it the most reasonable thing in the world to distinguish good writers, by discouraging the bad. Nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short profit and a transitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful.

CHARACTER OF MR. P. 1716.

The persons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the most part *authors*, and most of those authors, *poets*: and the censures he hath passed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, PREF. TO HIS NEW REHEARSAL.

It is the common cry of the poetasters of the town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expose the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magistrates may with full as good reason be reproached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution against a thief or impostor.—The same will hold in the republic of letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to scribbling pass on the world.

THEOBALD, LETTER TO MIST, JUNE 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled, either against failures in genius, or against the pretensions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, DED. TO THE AUTHOR OF THE DUNCIAD.

A satire upon Dulness is a thing that has been used and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. Scriblerus Lectori S.

Before we present thee with our exercitations on this[1] most delectable poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our poet: various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the testimonies[2] of such eminent wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection; but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious. Hereby thou mayest not only receive the delectation of variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the witnesses with each other, or of each with himself. Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the person as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our author: in which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him; I entreat thee to consider how minutely all

[1] In 1729, "the."
[2] In 1729, "testimonials."

true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other. Forgive me,[1] gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious: allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant; as another, whether his author was fair[2] or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock.

We purposed to begin with his life, parentage, and education: but as to these, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith,[3] he was educated at home; another,[4] that he was bred[5] at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third,[6] not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth,[7] that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith,[8] he was kept by his father on purpose; a second,[9] that he was an itinerant priest; a third,[10] that he was a parson; one [11] calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another,[12] a monk. As little do they agree[13] about his father, whom one[14] supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another,[15] a husbandman; another,[16] a hatter,[17] &c. Nor has an author been wanting to give our poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer,

[1] In 1729, "Forgive me, therefore."
[2] In 1729, "whether he was fair."
[3] Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol. ii. in his Life.—Pope.
[4] Dennis's Reflect. on the Essay on Crit.—Pope.
[5] In 1729, "bred abroad."
[6] Dunciad dissected, p. 4.—Pope.
[7] Guardian, No. 40.—Pope.
[8] Jacob's Lives, &c., vol. ii.—Pope.
[9] Dunciad dissected, p. 4.—Pope.
[10] Farmer P. and his son.—Pope.
[11] Dunc. dissected.—Pope.
[12] Characters of the Times, p. 45.—Pope.
[13] In 1729, "agree they."
[14] Female Dunc. p. ult.—Pope.
[15] Dunc. dissected.—Pope.
[16] Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729.—Pope.
[17] "Another, a hatter," omitted in 1729.

namely a Dæmon: For thus Mr. Gildon:[1] "Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil; and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, 'till authors can determine among themselves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his works, though not less uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Essay on Criticism, of which hear first the most ancient of critics,

Mr. John Dennis.

"His precepts are false or trivial, or both; his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common;—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean; instead of gravity, something that is very boyish; and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion." And in another place: "What rare *numbers* are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated Muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably."[2]

No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical historian,

[1] Character of Mr. P. and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4 and 8) that it was written by Dennis only.—Pope.

[2] Reflections critical and satirical on a Rhapsody, called, An Essay on Criticism. Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.—Pope.

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not say anything of the Essay on Criticism in verse; but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something *new* which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery.'

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED;

who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth:[2] "As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c., both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite. Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of commonplace. Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one."

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR. ADDISON.

"[3]The Art of Criticism," saith he, "which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees

[1] Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical History of England.—POPE.

[2] Preface to his Poems, pp. 18, 53.—POPE.

[3] Spectator, No. 253.—POPE.

them explained with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most received, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in them all the graces of novelty; and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinced of their truth and solidity. And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works: that wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touched upon by others; we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

"Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them: I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplified several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves." He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that "there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on Translated Verse; the Essay on the Art of Poetry; and the Essay on Criticism."

Of Windsor Forest, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

"[1] That it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham: The author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."[2]

But the author of the Dispensary,

DR. GARTH,

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion: "Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this."

Of the epistle of Eloisa, we are told by the obscure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That because Prior's Henry and Emma charmed the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise, *in opposition to it;* but forgot innocence and virtue: If you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himself, saying in his Alma,[3]

O Abelard! ill fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth.
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song:
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd

[1] Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717.—POPE.

[2] Printed 1728, p. 12.—POPE.

[3] Alma, Cant. 2.—POPE.

A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours: gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.,

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a "laudable translation."[1] That ready writer

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it:[2] "The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation.—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers: But when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes—that he alone raised and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground; just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands." Indeed, the same gentleman appears to have changed his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of Sinking in Reputation (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728), where he says thus: "In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there), and pretend to do him into English, so his version

[1] In his Essays, vol. i., printed for E. Curl.—POPE.
[2] Censor, vol. ii., n. 33.—POPE.

denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8,

"That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr. Addison; insomuch that he employed a younger muse, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself." Whether Mr. Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words:—

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, No. 40.

"When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors.—We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and, what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem."

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this *younger muse* was an *elder:* Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employed by Mr. Addison to translate it *after him*, since he saith himself that he did it *before*.[1] Contrariwise that Mr. Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of

[1] Vid. Pref. to Mr. Tickel's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to. — POPE.

October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage. "Let him" (quoth one, whom I take to be

MR. THEOBALD, Mist's Journal, June 8, 1728)

"publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription." Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the Proposal below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8. "The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same. I believe the gentleman did *not* share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.

"After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey, and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some underlings to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY (printed by J. Watts, Jan. 10, 1724).

"I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr. Tonson; and that the benefit of this Proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work." But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728, saying, "That

he would not advise Mr. Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole." Behold! these underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance, verily those who set it on foot, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, "Mr. Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No sooner," saith the same journalist, "was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public." Grievous the accusation! unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause; the person in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr. Addison procured to

our author; let him stand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lie; witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr. Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr. Addison himself, and never made public, till after their own journals, and Curl had printed the same. One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH, GENT.

"[1]Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent; and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle.

"These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr. James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 172$\frac{6}{7}$, that "These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr. P. would not deprive it of them," &c. Surely, if we add the testimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel, Esq., and

[1] Daily Journal, March 18th, 1728.—POPE.

others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages.

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR. JAMES MOORE SMITH.

"[1] The Memoirs of a Parish Clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person who wrote in defence of our religion and constitution, and who has been dead many years." This seemeth also most untrue; it being known to divers that these Memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (Bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse. Most true it is, that Mr. Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who pressed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to assist him therein; and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that history came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse. But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble person there is, into whose company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it." This noble person is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the aforesaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and

[1] Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.—POPE.

rhymers; but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers to our author; the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

[1] And yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
Unless I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend;
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

[2] Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse?
Though each great ancient court thee to his shrine,
Though every laurel thro' the dome be thine,
Go to the good and just, an awful train!
Thy soul's delight.——

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe:

[3] O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise!
Blest in thy life and blest in all thy lays.

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[1] Verses to Mr. P. on his translation of Homer.—POPE.
[2] Poem prefixed to his Works.—POPE.
[3] In his poems, printed for B. Lintot.

Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine,
And ev'n thy life, be faultless as thy line.
Yet Envy still with fiercer rage pursues,
Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse.
A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd,
Views with just scorn the malice of mankind.

The witty and moral satirist

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtue:

[1] Why slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse's train,
Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain.

M. MALLET,[2]

In his epistle on Verbal Criticism:

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends his lays;
For wit supreme is but his second praise.

MR. HAMMOND,[3]

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.:

Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whose blameless life still answers to his song.

MR. THOMSON,[4]

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons:

Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his *life* the more endearing song.

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[1] Universal Passion, Sat. i.—POPE.

[2] This testimony is not in the edition of 1729. The 'Epistle on Verbal Criticism' was first published in 1733.

[3] This testimony is not in the edition of 1729.

[4] This testimony is not in the edition of 1729.

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME.

[1] Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own *life* transcribe th' unerring laws.

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:[2]

A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
By patriots, priests, and poets taught.
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells.
A genius for each bus'ness fit,
Whose meanest talent is his Wit, &c.[3]

Let us now[4] recreate thee by turning to the other side, and showing his character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could not know, though turned against him: First again commencing with the high-voiced and never enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS;

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them. He seems to have a particular pique to People of Quality, and authors of that rank. He must derive his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the Character of Mr. P. and his Writings (printed by S. Popping, 1716), he saith, "Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that "nevertheless, he is a virulent

[1] In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey.—POPE.
[2] These words and what follows are not in the edition of 1729.
[3] After Broome's testimony in the edition of 1729 are the following words: "And divers more with which we will not tire the reader."
[4] In edition of 1729, "rather."

Papist; and yet a Pillar for the Church of England." Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be; declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1728: "That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments." But, as to his pique against people of quality, the same journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728), "He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, "That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions; he is a beast, and a man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and the same time) of [1]Guardians and Examiners; an assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings; a Jesuitical professor of truth; a base and a foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very honest man; a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beast.[2] Another protests that he does not know what may happen; advises him to insure his person; says he has bitter enemies, and expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life.[3] One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himself.[4] But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the Government, repre-

[1] The names of two weekly papers.—POPE.

[2] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.—POPE.

[3] Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, pp. 14, 16.—POPE. In the edition of 1729 the sentence ran: "Another expressly declares it will be well if he escapes with his life."

[4] Gulliveriana, p. 332.—POPE.

senting him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution.[1] Mr. Dennis himself hath written to a minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdom;[2] and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monster, that will, one day, show as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meets.[3] Another[4] gives information of treason discovered in his poem.[5] Mr. Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with kings and princesses.[6] And one Matthew Concanen,[7] yet more impudent,[8] publishes at length the two most sacred names in this nation, as members of the Dunciad![9]

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange,[10] that in the midst of these invectives his greatest enemies have (I know not how) borne testimony to some merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, "he has so great an esteem for Mr. Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies; that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice, at the expense of that *other gentleman's* character."[11]

[1] Anno 1723.—POPE.—*i.e.*, Atterbury's Conspiracy.

[2] Anno 1729.—POPE.

[3] Preface to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12, and in the last page of that treatise.—POPE. In the edition of 1729 this sentence ended with the word "kingdom," the last clause as it stands in the text being omitted.

[4] In 1729, "a third."

[5] Pages 6, 7, of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.—POPE.

[6] Key to the Dunciad, 3rd edit. p. 18.—POPE. In 1728, what is now ver. 279, Book iii., ran: "Thy dragons * * and * * shall taste." Curll filled up the blank with the words "kings and princesses."

[7] In 1729, "another."

[8] In 1729, "yet bolder."

[9] A List of Persons &c., at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c.—POPE. The names added were "George and Caroline."

[10] In 1729, "no less strange."

[11] Introduction to his Shakespear Restored, in quarto, p. 3.—POPE.

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, "that Mr. Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car. Scrope. And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce anything truly and naturally written upon Love."[1] He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr. Pope hath said in his preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue; declares "the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer; and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only."[2]

THE AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO MR. CIBBER

says "[3]Pope was so good a versifier [*once*] that his predecessor, Mr. Dryden, and his cotemporary, Mr. Prior, excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to anybody's. And, that he had all the merit that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,[4]

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out:

> But in his other works what beauties shine!
> While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line.
> These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise,
> And bade them live to brighten future days.[5]

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[1] Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, pp. 97, 98.—POPE.

[2] In his prose Essay on Criticism.—POPE. In the edition of 1729 this testimony was omitted.

[3] Printed by J. Roberts, 1742, p. 11.—POPE.

[4] In the edition of 1729, Stanhope's testimony precedes Cooke's.

[5] Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.—POPE.

So also one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell,[1] in that poem, which is wholly a satire on Mr. Pope, confesseth:

'Tis true, if finest notes alone could show
(Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)
That we should fame to these mere vocals give;
Pope more than we can offer should receive:
For when some gliding river is his theme,
His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream, &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he says, "the smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit," yet that same paper hath these words: "The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification. In all his works we find the most happy turns and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown."

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns (p. 25) it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric,[2] which crowns all that can be said on this poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better poem of its kind than ever was writ;" but adds, "it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer. A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him. Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion."[3] Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satire on

[1] Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728.—POPE.

[2] This sentence with what follows down to "The said" (p. 72) is of course not found in 1729.

[3] Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, pp. 9, 12.—POPE.

every man in it, but *himself;* as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS AND MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p. 5) do in concert[1] confess, "that some men of good understanding value him for his rhymes." And (p. 17), "that he has got, like Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal (that is, like Mr. Dryden), a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse."

Of his Essay on Man,[2] numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously.

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS:

Auspicious bard! while all admire thy strain,
All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain;
I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew,
Must pay the tribute to thy merit due:
Thy Muse, sublime, significant, and clear,
Alike informs the soul, and charms the ear, &c.

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[1] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters from Gildon will plainly show that we are not writers in concert with each other:

"Sir,

"The height of my ambition is to please men of the best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my labour.

"Sir,

"I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

"CH. GILDON.

"Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them?"—Dennis, Rem. on the Dunc. p. 50. Mr. Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.—POPE.

[2] This, with what follows down to "his most inveterate enemies; and," was inserted after the publication of the first edition.

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote[1] to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay:—"I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet. Such, sir, is your work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it. If my testimony be of weight anywhere, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner," &c.

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate enemies; and to the success of them all[2] they do unanimously give testimony. But it is sufficient, *instar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! "A most notorious instance," quoth he, "of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this essay meets with.[3] I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit. This, though an empty, has been a popular scribbler. The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation.[4] If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spenser, Lord Bacon, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) have received from this country for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and show all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness;[5] and more

[1] In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.—POPE.

[2] In 1729, a fresh sentence beginning "To the success of all."

[3] Dennis, Pref. to his Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism.—POPE.

[4] Pref. to his Rem. on Homer.—POPE.

[5] In the edition of 1729 there is a footnote to this passage as follows:—"What this vast sum was Mr. Dennis himself, in another place, informs us (Pref. to his Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15), to wit, a hundred a year. Whereby we see how great he supposed the moderation of these extraordinary men; even greater than that of his friend, Mr. Giles Jacob, who said of himself:

One hundred pounds a year I think would do
For me, if single, or, if married, two.

squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men; the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centred in him alone. But if I should venture to assure him that the People of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) Ministry was designed by fate to encourage fools."[1]

But it happens that this our poet never had any place, pension, or gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers. All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription, for his Homer, of £200 from King George I., and £100 from the Prince and Princess.[2]

However, lest we imagine our author's success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer. Of this sort Mr. Dennis[3] ascribes to him two farces, whose names he does not tell,[4] but assures us that there is not one jest in them. And an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us, it is much more execrable than all his works.[5] The Daily Journal, May 11th, 1728, assures us, "he is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because," as that writer thinks, "the Marriage Hater matched, and the Boarding School are better than the What-d'-ye-call-it;" which is not Mr. P.'s but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p. 48, "That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey;" but it

[1] Rem. on Homer, pp. 8, 9.—POPE.

[2] This paragraph does not appear in the edition of 1729.

[3] Rem. on Homer, p. 8.—POPE.

[4] The two farces were the 'What d'ye Call it?' and the 'Three Hours after Marriage.' Both were mainly written by Gay, but Pope had a hand in the latter.

[5] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.—POPE. What this imitation was cannot be ascertained. The 'Sober Advice' was not written at the time.

afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's.[1] We are assured by another, "he wrote a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe;"[2] which proved to be one Dr. Wagstaff's.[3] Mr. Theobald assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, "that the treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and says, "the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliver."[4] [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men; knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

[5]We are assured, in Mist of June 8th, "That his own plays and farces would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr. Theobald; for he had neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which whether true or not, is not easy to judge; inasmuch as he hath attempted neither. Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abused, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the said Mr. Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself: "Now let any man judge," saith he, "by this concern, who was the true mother of the child?"[6]

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect, that it little availed our author to have any candour, since, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not

[1] Pope seems, however, to have meditated a play on the subject. See his letter to Cromwell of December 21, 1711.

[2] Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6.—POPE.

[3] Andrew Tripe was the assumed name of one William Wagstaffe. The pamphlet alluded to must have been either one written in 1714, and entitled 'A Letter from Andrew Tripe at Bath to Nestor Ironside,' or one published in 1719, and entitled 'A Letter from the facetious Dr. Andrew Tripe at Bath, to his loving brother, the profound Greshamite' (*i.e.*, Dr. Woodward). I suspect that it was the latter, and that it was ascribed to Pope on account of his known dislike to Dr. Woodward, which had been exhibited in 'Three Hours after Marriage.'

[4] Gulliv., p. 336.—POPE.

[5] In 1729, "Lastly, we are assured."

[6] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P., p. 19.—POPE. This sentence was of course added to the original testimony as it appears in 1729.

credited; as little to have any modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of boldness and madness to a prodigy:[1] if he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public.[2] The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the State or Church, satires[3] on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with booksellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders; of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed. If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed: if it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident; if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose. Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics have equally been supposed in him inherent. Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtless most commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very enemies would affirm, that his capacity was boundless, as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect master of all styles, and all arguments; and that there was in those times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself. But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to choose whether thou wilt incline to the testimonies[4] of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not.

[1] Burnet's Homerides, p. 1, of his translation of the Iliad.—POPE.

[2] The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking of the Odyssey.—POPE.

[3] In 1729, "satire."

[4] In 1729, "believe the testimonies of."

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

THIS poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulness; so is it of the most grave and ancient kind. Homer (saith Aristotle) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith Horace) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy. But, even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer composed, of like nature and matter with this of our poet. For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop Eustathius, in Odyss. x. And accordingly Aristotle, in his Poetic. chap. iv., doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first idea.

From these authors also it should seem, that the Hero, or chief personage of it was no less *obscure*, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors of our poem. Margites was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been *Dunce the first;* and surely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him was properly and absolutely a *Dunciad;* which though now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid. And thus it doth appear, that the

first Dunciad was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey.

Now, forasmuch as our poet had translated those two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort his duty to imitate that also which was lost: and was therefore induced to bestow on it the same form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem; with a title also framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad.*

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! since, in the opinion of the multitude, it might cost less pain and oil than an imitation of the greater epic. But possible it is also, that, on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Flecknoe.[1]

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a scourge for the sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and Printers so numerous, that a deluge of Authors covered the land: whereby, not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause, yea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, nor deserve the other. At the same time, the licence[2] of the Press was such, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either; for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, the authors being anonymous, and skulking under the wings of Publishers, a set of men who never scrupled to vend either Calumny or Blasphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.[3]

[1] In 1729, "a Flecknoe or a Tibbald."

[2] In 1729, "liberty."

[3] In 1729, this clause ran thus: "for they would forthwith publish slanders unpunished, nay, the immediate publishers thereof by skulking under the wings of an Act of Parliament assuredly intended for better purposes."

Now our author,[1] living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest Satirist, to dissuade the dull, and punish the wicked, *the only way that was left.* In that public-spirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt, or being slain) to render his dear country. First, taking things from their original, he considereth the causes creative of such Authors, namely, *Dulness* and *Poverty;* the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through self-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an *Allegory*[2] (as the construction of Epic poesy requireth) and feigns that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspired all such writers and such works. He proceedeth[3] to shew the *qualities* they bestow on these authors, and the *effects* they produce[4]: then the *materials*, or *stock*, with which they furnish them[5]; and (above all) that *self-opinion*[6] which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandise. The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of Industry, so is the other of Plodding), was to be exemplified in some *one, great* and *remarkable Action*[7]: and none could be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, *viz.* the restoration of the reign of Chaos and Night, by the ministry of Dulness their Daughter,[8] in the removal of her imperial seat from the City to the polite World; as the Action of the Æneid is the restoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to

[1] Vide Bossu, Du Poème Epique, ch. viii.—POPE.

[2] Bossu, chap. vii.—POPE.

[3] Book I. ver. 32, &c.—POPE.

[4] Ver. 45 to 54.—POPE.

[5] Ver. 57 to 77.—POPE.

[6] Ver. 80.—POPE.

[7] Bossu, chap. vii., viii.—POPE.

[8] In 1729, "viz., the introduction of the lowest diversion of the rabble in Smithfield to be the entertainment of the Court and Town; or, in other words, the action of the Dunciad is the removal of her imperial seat," &c.

Latium. But as Homer singing only the *Wrath* of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war; in like manner our author hath drawn into this *single Action* the whole history of Dulness and her children.[1]

A *Person* must next be fixed upon to support this Action. This *Phantom* in the poet's mind must have a *Name*[2]: He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of course the Hero of the Poem.[3]

The *Fable* being thus, according to the best Example, one and entire, as contained in the Proposition; the *Machinery* is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole Power, Ministry, and Empire of Dulness, extended through her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The Crowd assembled in the Second Book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well considered, seemeth to embrace the whole World. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers: The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of More; the second, the libellous Novelist, whom he styleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noisy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and so of the rest; assigning to each some *proper name* or other, such as he could find.

As for the *Characters*, the public hath already acknowledged

[1] After this sentence in the edition of 1729 was the following: "To this end she is represented at the very opening of the poem taking a view of her forces, which are distinguished into these three kinds: Party writers, dull poets, and wild critics."

[2] Ibid., chap. viii. Vide Aristot. Poetic. chap. ix.—POPE.

[3] In 1729: "He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the Journals, written bad plays or poems, and published low criticisms. He finds his name to be Tibbald, and he becomes, &c."

how justly they are drawn: the manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar[1] to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other or wiser personages would be exceedingly difficult: and certain it is that every person concerned, being consulted apart, hath readily owned[2] the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them, "a parcel of *poor wretches*, so many *silly flies*:" [3] but adds, "our Author's Wit is remarkably more bare and barren, whenever it would fall foul on *Cibber*, than upon any other Person whatever." [4]

The descriptions are singular, the comparisons very quaint, the narration various, yet of one colour: the purity and chastity of diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious, not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by ancient and classical authority (though, as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up), yea, and commented upon by the most grave doctors, and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a strict imitation of the ancients; insomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself; yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so altered and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our author, when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judg-

[1] In 1729, "particular."
[2] In 1729, "will readily own."
[3] Cibber's Letter to Mr. P., pp. 9. 12, 41.—POPE.
[4] This sentence is not in the edition of 1729.

ment, without diminishing the imagination: which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at forty. For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poesy: though since he hath altered it to sixty, the year in which he published his Alfred.[1] True it is, that the talents for criticism, namely, smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwise in poetry; witness the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reason, therefore, did our author choose to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad.

[1] See his Essays.—POPE.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE

HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated. But when he cometh to speak of the person of the hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates. For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what phantom of a hero, only raised up to support the fable. A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who first build their house, and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by assuring them, that, in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and consequently that the poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather

acknowledged, a hero, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceaseth not here her eagle-flight. For sometimes, satiated with the contemplation of these suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the goose and serpent kind. For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods, what an ancient master of wisdom affirmeth of the gods in general: *Si Dii non irascuntur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in utramque partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit, et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.* Which in our vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just. For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all. So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad; and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good; because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little Epic (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the phlegmatic), and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example. An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father of Epic poem himself affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets, his offspring; who in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us amongst the Tragedies of the poet Euripides. And what doth the reader suppose may be the subject thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy observation, the unequal contention of an old, dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-

directed Favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the hero of the greater Epic should be an honest man? or, as the French critics express it, *un honnête homme:*[1] but it never admitted of any doubt, but that the hero of the little Epic should be just the contrary. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the moral of that poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad. There must still exist some analogy, if not resemblance of qualities, between the heroes of the two poems; and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the Parody, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic. Thus it being agreed, that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic hero, are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springeth heroic virtue; it followeth, that those of the lesser Epic hero should be vanity, impudence, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage resulteth heroic Dulness, the never-dying subject of this our poem.

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wisdom to seek its chief support and confidence within itself; and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of will. And are the advantages of vanity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the

[1] Si un Héros Poëtique doit être un honnête homme. Bossu, du Poème Epique, lib. v. ch. 5.—Pope.

world (will such an one say) impute to me what folly or weakness they please; but till wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at."[1] This, we see, is vanity according to the heroic gauge or measure; not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to virtues we have not, but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those vices, which everybody knows we have. "The world may ask," says he, "why I make my follies public? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with them."[2] In short, there is no sort of vanity such a hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad; namely, "Whether it would not be vanity in him to take shame to himself for not being a wise man?"[3]

Bravery, the second attribute of the true hero, is courage manifesting itself in every limb; while its correspondent virtue in the mock hero is, that same courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, must needs have more force and spirit than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is without doubt the bravest character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was a high courage of blasphemy. And can we say less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed "his *summum bonum* in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess, but would likewise glory in," adds, "If I am misguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow her?"[4] Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his face "more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom," and his language to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring figure of speech, that which is taken from the Name of God.

[1] Dedication to the Life of C. C.—POPE.
[2] Life, p. 2, octavo ed.—POPE.
[3] Life, ibid.—POPE.
[4] Life, p. 23, octavo.—POPE.

Gentle love, the next ingredient in the true hero's composition, is a mere bird of passage, or, as Shakespear calls it "summer-teeming lust," and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our poet somewhere speaketh of. But when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth strength by old age, and becometh a lasting ornament to the little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use: for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by him who best knoweth its value. "Don't you think," argueth he, "to say only a man has his whore,[1] ought to go for little or nothing? Because, *defendit numerus*, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and, I believe, you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty."[2] But here he seemeth not to have done justice to himself. The man is sure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourscore. How doth his modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole well-spent life: not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the same he was from the beginning,

> —— *Servetur ad imum*
> *Qualis ab incepto processerat* ——

But here, in justice both to the poet and the hero, let us further remark, that the calling her his whore implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded. For how much self-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned in that society, where, according to this Political Calculator, nine in ten of all ages have their concubines?

[1] Alluding to these lines in the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot:

> "And has not Colly still his Lord and Whore,
> His Butchers Henley, his Free-Masons Moore?"

[2] Letter to Mr. P., p. 46.—POPE.

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent qualities of either hero. But it is not in any, or in all of these, that heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively qualities against one another. Thus, as from wisdom, bravery, and love, ariseth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic; so from vanity, impudence, and debauchery springeth buffoonery, the source of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as he well termeth it,[1] of the little Epic.

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this character; who deemeth that not reason, but risibility, distinguisheth the human species from the brutal. "As Nature," saith this profound philosopher, "distinguished our species from the mute creation by our risibility, her design must have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our happiness, as by our *os sublime* (our erected faces) to lift the dignity of our form above them."[2] All this considered, how complete a hero must he be, as well as how happy a man, whose risibility lieth not barely in his muscles, as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? And whose *os sublime* is not simply an erect face, but a brazen head, as should seem by his preferring it to one of iron, said to belong to the late King of Sweden![3]

But whatever personal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas show us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the gods; for the subversion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness. So weighty an achievement must require the particular favour and protection of the Great: who being the natural patrons and supporters of letters, as the ancient gods

[1] Letter to Mr. P., p. 31.—POPE. [2] Life, pp. 23, 24.—POPE.
[3] Letter, p. 8.—POPE.

were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished. To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have, in this excellent man, a professed favourite and intimado of the great. And look, of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern incense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness.

Thus have we essayed to portray or shadow out this noble imp of fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many and various graces go to the making up a hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read, who seeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accomplished person, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay, the world itself, might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what sham hero or phantom; but it was not so easy to impose on him whom this egregious error most of all concerned. For no sooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognised his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any associate or consort in empire), he loudly resented this indignity to violated majesty. Indeed, not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep; so misbeseeming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, should never doze nor slumber. "Hah!" saith he, "fast asleep, it seems! that's a little too strong. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom asleep as any fool."[1] However, the injured hero may comfort himself with this reflection, that though it be a sleep, yet it is not the

[1] Letter, p. 53.—POPE.

sleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will[1] live at least, though not awake; and in no worse condition than many an enchanted warrior before him. The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Merlin, the British bard and necromancer; and his example, for submitting to it with a good grace, might be of use to our hero. For that disastrous knight being sorely pressed or driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, "Patience, and shuffle the cards."[2]

But now, as nothing in this world, no, not the most sacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can escape the sting of envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clearness of our hero's title.

It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make a hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been goddess-born, and princes bred. What, then, did this author mean, by erecting a player instead of one of his patrons (a person "never a hero even on the stage,"[3]), to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulness, and achiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden could entirely bring to pass.

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, *fabrum esse suæ quemque fortunæ:* that every man is the *smith* of his own fortune. The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth still farther, and affirmeth that a man needeth but to believe himself a hero to be one of the worthiest. "Let him," saith he, "but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to achieve them." From this principle it follows that nothing can exceed our hero's prowess, as nothing ever equalled the greatness of his conceptions. Hear how he constantly paragons himself: at one time to Alexander the Great

[1] Letter, p. 1.—POPE.
[2] Don Quixote, pt. ii., bk. ii., ch. 22.—POPE.
[3] See Life, p. 148.—POPE.

and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the excess and delicacy of his ambition;[1] to Henry IV. of France, for honest policy;[2] to the first Brutus, for love of liberty;[3] and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power.[4] At another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements;[5] to Horace, Montaigne, and Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired;[6] to two Lord Chancellors, for law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of eloquence;[7] and, to say all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London himself, in the art of writing pastoral letters.[8]

Nor did his actions fall short of the sublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution[9] face to face in Nottingham, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array,[10] of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal odes. But he shone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution,[11] and was a gossip at her christening with the Bishop and the ladies.[12]

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to heathen god or goddess; but, what is as good, he was descended from a maker of both.[13] And that he did not pass himself on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault. For his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought nobody's son at all.[14] And what is that but coming into the world a hero?

[1] Life, p. 149.—POPE.
[2] P. 424.—POPE.
[3] P. 366.—POPE.
[4] P. 457.—POPE.
[5] P. 18.—POPE.
[6] P. 425.—POPE.
[7] Pp. 436, 437.—POPE.
[8] P. 52.—POPE. Gibson is not mentioned by Cibber; his pastoral letters were, however, celebrated.
[9] P. 47.—POPE.
[10] Presumably the Duchess of Marlborough.
[11] P. 57.—POPE.
[12] Pp. 58, 59.—POPE.
[13] A statuary.—POPE.
[14] Life, p. 6.—POPE.

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had, even for this we have a remedy. We can easily derive our hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men; and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior; a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman; a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful gamester. And who fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can anyone, till then, be pronounced a hero: this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of fortune and humour." But to this also we have an answer, that will, we hope, be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his vanity, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them. "Nature," saith he, "hath amply supplied me in vanity; a pleasure which neither the pertness of wit, nor the gravity of wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with."[1] Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly: "My superiors perhaps may be mended by him; but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the best part of my fortune."[2] And with good reason: we see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to buffoonery. "Is it," saith he, "a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my skin; I

[1] Life, p. 424.—Pope. [2] P. 19.—Pope.

have often tried, but they stick too close to me; nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth," &c.[1] Having then so publicly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law (I mean the law Epopœian), and devolveth upon the poet as his property: who may take him, and deal with him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero; that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity.

Nothing, therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words: "My dulness will find somebody to do it right."[2]

Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus.[3]

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[1] Life, p. 17.—POPE. [2] Ibid., p. 243, octavo ed.—POPE.
[3] Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.—POPE.

The Prolegomena of Aristarchus appears from Pope's letter to Warburton of the 28th December, 1742, to have been written by the latter. It is intended for a travesty of Bentley's theory respecting 'Paradise Lost,' in which that critic maintains that the existing text was tampered with by the editor of the poem, and should be amended in the manner he himself suggests.

THE DUNCIAD.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us vested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piece; where finding the style and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another Person the Crown of Poesy: WE have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the LAUREATE himself. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same.

GOD Save the KING.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK I.

THE proposition, the invocation, and the inscription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddess in the city, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four cardinal virtues. Then the poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past and to come. She fixes her eye on Bays to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive among his books, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her Empire: After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thulé. She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries; then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him successor.

THE DUNCIAD.[1] (*a*)

N.B.—*The letters refer to the Editor's Notes* (pp. 312—371) *as distinct from the footnotes, references to which are indicated by the numerals.*

BOOK I.

THE Mighty Mother, and her Son,[2] who brings

[1] The DUNCIAD, sic MS. It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading: Ought it not rather to be spelled *Dunceiad*, as the etymology evidently demands? *Dunce* with an *e*, therefore *Dunceiad* with an *e*. That accurate and punctual man of letters, the restorer of *Shakespeare*, constantly observes the preservation of this very letter *e*, in spelling the name of his beloved author, and not like his common careless editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two *ee's*, (as *Shakspear*) which is utterly unpardonable. "Nor is the neglect of a single letter so trivial as to some it may appear; the alteration whereof in a learned language is an achievement that brings honour to the critic who advances it; and Dr. Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander and Philemon."—THEOBALD [POPE, 1729].

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note; there having been since produced by an accurate antiquary, an autograph of Shakspeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first *e*. And upon this authority it was, that those most critical curators of his monument in Westminster Abbey erased the former wrong reading, and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same monument the first specimen of an edition of an author in marble; where (as may be seen on comparing the tomb with the book) in the space of five lines, two words and a whole verse are changed, and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hitherto done in paper; as for the future, our learned sister University (the other eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a *Total new Shakespeare*, at the Clarendon press.—BENTLEY. HYPERCRITICA [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

It is to be noted, that this great critic also has omitted one circumstance; which is, that the inscription with the name of Shakspeare was intended to be placed on the marble scroll to which he points with his hand; instead of which it is now placed behind his back, and that specimen of an edition is put on the

The Smithfield Muses [2](b) to the ear of Kings,

scroll, which indeed Shakspeare hath great reason to point at.—ANON. [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

See Editor's note.

Though I have as just a value for the letter *e*, as any grammarian living, and the same affection for the name of this poem as any critic for that of his author; yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another *e* to it, and call it the *Dunceiade;* which being a French and foreign termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and vernacular. One *e* therefore in this case is right, and two *e's* wrong. Yet upon the whole I shall follow the manuscript, and print it without any *e* at all; moved thereto by authority (at all times, with critics, equal, if not superior to reason). In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my good friend, the exact Mr. Tho. Hearne; who, if any word occur, which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the text with due reverence, and only remarks in the margin, *sic MS.* In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it *obiter*, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our ignorance or inattention. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

This poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was published at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London in octavo; and three others in twelves the same year. But there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto; which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint posterity, that this poem was presented to King George the Second and his Queen by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. — SCHOL. VET. [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

It was expressly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this poem was not published by the author himself. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up at their pleasure.

The very hero of the poem hath been mistaken to this hour; so that we are obliged to open our notes with a discovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was presented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the author directly tells us, his hero is the man

——— who brings
The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings.

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this prince conferred the honour of the *Laurel.*

It appears as plainly from the apostrophe to the *Great* in the third verse, that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an author in fashion, or caressed by the great; whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and chosen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his works at the earnest desire of persons of quality.

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a son so exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could justly be said of him

Still Dunce the second reign'd like Dunce the first.—BENTLEY.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] The reader ought here to be cautioned, that the *mother*, and not

I sing. (*c*) Say you, her instruments the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate:[4] (*d*)
You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first;[5] (*e*)
Say, how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,

the *son*, is the principal agent of this poem: The latter of them is only chosen as her colleague (as was anciently the custom in Rome before some great expedition), the main action of the poem being by no means the coronation of the Laureate, which is performed in the very first book, but the restoration of the Empire of Dulness in Britain, which is not accomplished till the last. — WARBURTON [1743].

Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former critics and commentators on this work! It breaks forth at the very first line. The author of the Critique prefixed to Sawney, a poem, p. 5, hath been so dull as to explain "the Man who brings," &c., not of the hero of the piece, but of our poet himself, as if he vaunted that kings were to be his readers; an honour, which though this poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more modesty.

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the Æneid, assuring him that Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of Æneas:

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora: multum ille et terris jactatus et alto, &c.

I cite the whole three verses, that I may by the way offer a conjectural emendation, purely my own, upon each: First, *oris* should be read *aris*, it being, as we see Æn. ii. 513, from the altar of Jupiter Hercæus that Æneas fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read *flatu* for *fato*, since it is most clear it was by *winds* that he arrived at the shore of Italy. *Jactatus*, in the third, is surely as improperly applied to *terris*, as proper to *alto*; to say a man is tost on land, is much at one with saying he walks at sea: *Risum teneatis, amici?* Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, *vexatus*. SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

[3] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose shows, machines, and dramatical entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the taste of the rabble, were, by the hero of this poem and others of equal genius, brought to the theatres of Covent Garden, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the Haymarket, to be the reigning pleasures of the Court and town. This happened in the reigns of King George I. and II. See Book iii.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] *i.e.*, by their judgments, their interests, and their inclinations.—WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[5] Alluding to a verse of Mr. Dryden, not in MacFleckno (as is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1), but in his verses to Mr. Congreve,

And Tom the second reigns like Tom the first.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night: [1] (*f*)
Fate in their dotage this fair Idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave, (*g*)
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,[2]
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind.[3]
Still her old Empire to restore she tries,[4]
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies. (*h*)
O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver! (*i*)

[1] The beauty of this whole allegory being purely of the poetical kind, we think it not our proper business, as a scholiast, to meddle with it: but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the reader; remarking only that *Chaos* (according to *Hesiod's* Θεογονία) was the progenitor of all the Gods. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the reader, at the opening of this poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere stupidity, but in the enlarged sense of the word, for all slowness of apprehension, shortness of sight, or imperfect sense of things. It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) labour, industry, and some degree of activity and boldness: a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the understanding, and inducing an anarchy or confused state of mind. This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work; and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the importance of many of the characters, as well as of the design of the Poet. Hence it is, that some have complained he chooses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, like Domitian, in killing flies; whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass; or (as one saith, on a like occasion):

Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder rise,
Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies.—
BENTLEY.
—[POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

[3] The native anarchy of the mind is that state which precedes the time of Reason's assuming the rule of the passions. But in that state, the uncontrolled violence of the passions would soon bring things to confusion, were it not for the intervention of DULNESS in this absence of Reason; who, though she cannot regulate them like Reason, yet blunts and deadens their vigour, and, indeed, produces some of the good effects of it: Hence it is that Dulness has often the appearance of Reason. This is the only good she ever did; and the poet takes particular care to tell it in the very introduction of his poem. It is to be observed indeed, that this is spoken of the universal rule of Dulness in ancient days, but we may form an idea of it from her partial government in later times.—WARBURTON [1743].

[4] This restoration makes the completion of the poem. *Vide* Book iv. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air, (*k*)
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair, (*l*)
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,[1]
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind;[2]
From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires, (*m*)
Mourn not, my SWIFT, at aught our Realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.[3] (*n*)
Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, (*o*)
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,[4]
Great Cibber's brazen, (*p*) brainless brothers stand;
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,[5]

[1] After verse 22 in the MS. :

Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
Or silent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be understood, as the poet says, *ironicè*, like the 23rd verse. —WARBURTON [1743].

[2] *Ironicè*, alluding to Gulliver's representations of both.—The next line relates to the papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's copper coin in Ireland, which, upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recall.—POPE [1729].

[3] The ancient golden age is by poets styled *Saturnian*, as being under the reign of Saturn: but in the chemical language *Saturn* is lead. She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age; which is not produced completely till the fourth book.—POPE and WARBURTON [1729 and 1743].

See Editor's note.

[4] Mr. Caius Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet Laureate. The two statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam Hospital were done by him, and (as the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artist.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[5] The cell of poor Poetry is here very properly represented as a little unendowed Hall in the neighbourhood of the magnific College of Bedlam; and as the surest seminary to supply those learned walls with professors. For there cannot be a plainer indication of madness than in men's persisting to starve themselves and offend the public by scribbling,

Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town,

when they might have benefited themselves and others in profitable and honest employments. The qualities and productions of the students of this private academy are afterwards described in this first book; as are also their actions throughout the second; by which it appears, how near allied dulness is to madness. This naturally prepares us for the subject of the third book, where we find them in union, and acting in conjunction to produce the catastrophe of the fourth; a mad poetical Sibyl leading our hero through the regions of vision, to animate him in the present undertaking, by a view of the past triumphs of barbarism over science. — POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

The Cave of Poverty and Poetry.[1] (*q*)
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness.
Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain tied down,
Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies (*r*) spring, the weekly boast
Of Curl's chaste press and Lintot's rubric post:[2] (*s*)
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,[3]
Hence Journals, Medleys, (*t*) Merc'ries, (*u*) MAGAZINES;[4] (*v*)
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,[5]
And New-year Odes,[6] and all the Grub-street race.

[1] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our author to every one, who shall attentively observe that humanity and candour, which everywhere appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad poets. He here imputes all scandalous rhymes, scurrilous weekly papers, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court to ballads in the streets), not so much to malice or servility as to dulness; and not so much to dulness as to necessity. And thus, at the very commencement of his Satire, makes an apology for all that are to be satirized.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] Two booksellers, of whom see Book ii. The former was fined by the Court of King's Bench for publishing obscene books; the latter usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] Genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.
—Virg. Æn. i.

It is an ancient English custom for the malefactors to sing a psalm at their execution at Tyburn; and no less customary to print elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before.—POPE [1729].

[4] The common name of those upstart collections in prose and verse; in which, at some times,

——new-born nonsense first is taught to cry:

at others, dead-born scandal has its monthly funeral: where Dulness assumes all the various shapes of Folly to draw in and cajole the rabble. The eruption of every miserable scribbler; the scum of every dirty newspaper; or fragments of fragments, picked up from every dunghill, under the title of Papers, Essays, Reflections, Confutations, Queries, Verses, Songs, Epigrams, Riddles, &c., equally the disgrace of human wit, morality, decency, and common sense.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[5] Is a just satire on the flatteries and falsehoods admitted to be inscribed on the walls of churches, in epitaphs; which occasioned the following epigram,

Friend! in your Epitaphs, I'm griev'd,
So very much is said:
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.
—POPE and WARBURTON. [1729 and 1751].

[6] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being, to be sung at Court on every New Year's Day, the words

In clouded Majesty [1] here Dulness shone;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:[2]
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling sake:[3]
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jail:
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale, (*x*)
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,[4]
Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep, (*y*)
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third day, (*z*)
Call forth each mass, a Poem, or a Play:
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,

of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments. The New Year Odes of the hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our author to mention them here so particularly. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[1] The Moon
Rising in clouded Majesty.
—Milton, Book iv. POPE [1729].

[2] Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent.—Hor. —POPE [1729].

[3] "This is an allusion to a text in Scripture, which shews, in Mr. Pope, a delight in prophaneness," said Curl upon this place. But it is very familiar with Shakespear to allude to passages of Scripture. Out of a great number I will select a few, in which he not only alludes to, but quotes the very text from Holy Writ. In All's Well that ends Well, "I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, I have not much skill in grass." *Ibid:* "They are for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire:" Matt. vii. 13. In Much Ado about Nothing, "All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the garden:" Gen. iii. 8 (in a very jocose scene). In Love's Labour's Lost, he talks of Samson's carrying the gates on his back; in the Merry Wives of Windsor, of Goliath and the weaver's beam; and in Henry IV. Falstaff's soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the prodigal son.

The first part of this note is Mr. Curl's, the rest is Mr. Theobald's Appendix to Shakespear Restored, p. 144. —POPE [1729].

[4] That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the booksellers or the players bid most. These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, Cant. vi.:
Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
'Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.—POPE [1729].

Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,[1] (*a a*)
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes;[2]
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and Similes unlike.
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace; (*b b*)
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;[3]
How Time himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay Description Egypt glads with show'rs,[4]
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
There painted valleys of eternal green;

[1] It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these operations of Dulness out of the works of her sons, celebrated in the poem. A great critic formerly held these clenches in such abhorrence, that he declared, "he that would pun, would pick a pocket." Yet Mr. Dennis's works afford us notable examples in this kind: "*Alexander Pope* hath sent abroad into the world as many *bulls* as his namesake Pope *Alexander*.—Let us take the initial and final letters of his name, viz. *A. P—E*, and they give you the idea of an *Ape*.—*Pope* comes from the Latin word *Popa*, which signifies a little wart; or from *poppysma*, because he was continually *popping* out squibs of wit, or rather *popysmata*, or *popisms*." —Dennis on Hom. and Daily Journal, June 11, 1728.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] A parody on a verse in Garth, Cant. i.:

How ductile matter new meanders takes.
—POPE [1729].

[3] Alludes to the transgressions of the unities in the plays of such poets. For the miracles wrought upon time and place, and the mixture of tragedy and comedy, farce and epic, see Pluto and Proserpine, Penelope, &c., if yet extant.—POPE [1729].

[4] In the Lower Egypt rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nile being sufficient to impregnate the soil.—These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the descriptions of poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy images, though incompatible in one season, or in one scene.—POPE [1729].

See the Guardian, No. 40, par. 6. See also Eusden's whole works, if to be found. It would not have been unpleasant to have given examples of all these species of bad writing from these authors, but that it is already done in our treatise of the Bathos. — SCRIBLERUS. — POPE and WARBURTON [1729 and 1743].

In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.
All these and more the cloud-compelling Queen[1]
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene.
She, tinsell'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all. (*cc*)
'Twas on the day when * * rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave: (*d d*)
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains,[2] warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.[4]
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet ate, in dreams, the custard of the day;
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls
What City Swans once sung within the walls;

[1] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.—POPE [1729].

[2] Viz., a Lord Mayor's Day; his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem.—BENTLEY.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

The procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water.—Cimon, the famous Athenian general, obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and barbarians.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to "gold chains," shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Græcism, nay of figurative speech itself: *Lætas segetes*, glad, for making glad, &c.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

[4] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with poets in praise of poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr. Addison:

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry;
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Settle was poet to the City of London. His office was to compose yearly panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verses to be spoken in the Pageants: But that part of the

Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days.[1] (*ee*)
She saw, with joy, the line immortal run,
Each sire impress, and glaring in his son:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear. (*ff*)
She saw old Prynne in restless Daniel shine,[2] (*gg*)
And Eusden[3] (*hh*) eke out Blackmore's endless line;

shows being at length frugally abolished, the employment of City Poet ceased; so that upon Settle's demise there was no successor to that place.—POPE [1729].

[1] John Heywood, whose Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] The first edition had it,

She saw in Norton all his father shine:

a great mistake! for Daniel De Foe had parts, but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more justly is Daniel himself made successor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verses as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De jure divino*, &c., of De Foe, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies, on the other:

—— One lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant Verse here.
But it produced such base, rough, crabbed, hedge——
Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by William Prynn Esqui-re, the
Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for his high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle.

And both these authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been alike sentenced to the pillory.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] Laurence Eusden, poet laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous. Mr. Cook, in his Battle of Poets, saith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd,
By very few was read, by fewer prais'd.

Mr. Oldmixon, in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, pp. 413, 414, affirms: "That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this poet, which have as much of the ridiculum and the fustian in them as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense, which so perfectly confounds all ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind." Farther he says of him, "That he hath prophecied his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus; but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it, from what he hath lately published." Upon which Mr. Oldmixon has not spared a reflection, "That the putting the laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the judgment and justice of those who bestowed it." *Ibid.* p. 417. But the well-known learning of that noble person, who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screened him from this unmannerly reflection. Nor ought Mr. Oldmixon to complain, so long after, that the laurel would have better become his own brows, or any others. It were more decent to acquiesce in

She saw slow Philips (*ii*) creep like Tate's poor page,[1] 105
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage.[2] (*kk*)

the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter:

In rush'd Kusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it,
But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it?
Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd that 'till then he ne'er heard of his name.—Session of Poets.

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr. Cibber; and is further strengthened in the following epigram, made on that occasion:

In merry old England it once was a rule,
The King had his Poet, and also his Fool:
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet.

Of Blackmore, see Book ii. Of Philips, Book i. v. 262, and Book iii. *prope fin.*—POPE [1729 and 1743].

See Editor's note.

[1] Nahum Tate was poet laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest. Something parallel may be observed of another author here mentioned.—POPE [1729].

[2] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr. Dennis were really mad, according to the narrative of Dr. Norris in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies, vol. iii. No — it is spoken of that excellent and divine madness, so often mentioned by Plato; that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which Mr. D. hath, in his time, been highly possessed; and of those extraordinary hints and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in his preface to the Rem. on Pr. Arth. [See notes on Book ii. ver. 268.]

Mr. Theobald, in the Censor, vol. ii. N. 33, calls Mr. Dennis by the name of Furius. "The modern Furius is to be looked upon as more an object of pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt. Did we really know how much this *poor* man" [I wish that reflection on poverty had been spared] "suffers by being contradicted, or, which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised; we should, in compassion, sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill nature.—Poor Furius [again] when any of his contemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute, steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the ancients. His very panegyric is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some ladies do their commendations of a dead beauty, who would never have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company. His applause is not the tribute of his *heart*, but the sacrifice of his *revenge*," &c. Indeed his pieces against our poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his style may be satisfactory to the curious. "A young, squab, short gentleman, whose outward form, though it should be that of downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding. —He is as stupid and as venomous as a hunch-back'd toad.—A book through which folly and ignorance, those brethren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big and very dull, and strut and hobble, cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo, being led and supported, and bully-back'd by that blind Hector, Impu-

In each she marks her Image full exprest, (*ll*)
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast: (*mm*)

dence."—Reflect. on the Essay on Criticism, pp. 26, 29, 30.

It would be unjust not to add his reasons for this fury, they are so strong and so coercive: "I regard him (saith he) as an enemy, not so much to me, as to my king, to my country, to my religion, and to that liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life. A vagary of Fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemic madness of the times have given him *reputation*, and reputation (as Hobbes says) is *power*, and that has made him dangerous. Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am; to my country, of which I have appeared a constant lover; to the laws, under whose protection I have so long lived; and to the liberty of my country, more dear to me than life, of which I have now for forty years been a constant assertor, &c. I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do—you shall see what—to pull the lion's skin from this little ass, which popular error has thrown round him; and to shew that this author, who has been lately so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions."—DENNIS, Rem. on Hom. Pref. pp. 2, 91, &c.

Besides these public-spirited reasons, Mr. D. had a private one; which, by his manner of expressing it in p. 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his life from the machinations of the said Mr. P. "The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may hear it from Mr. Curl, my bookseller.—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his slander and his poison." Which last words of his book plainly discover Mr. D.'s suspicion was that of being *poisoned*, in like manner as Mr. Curl had been before him: of which fact see A Full and True Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge, by Poison, on the Body of Edmund Curl, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these remarks of Mr. Dennis were published. But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise, in which Mr. D. was also concerned, price two pence, called A True Character of Mr. Pope and his Writings, printed for S. Popping, 1716; in the tenth page whereof he is said "to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases which he himself gave them, by administring poison to them;" and is called (p. 4) "a lurking way-laying coward, and a stabber in the dark." Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have rendered him a terror, not to Mr. Dennis only, but to all Christian people. This charitable warning only provoked our incorrigible poet to write the following epigram:

Should Dennis publish, you had stabb'd your Brother,
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor you cannot take the Law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw:
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

For the rest; Mr. John Dennis was the son of a saddler in London, born in 1657. He paid court to Mr. Dryden: and having obtained some correspondence with Mr. Wycherly and Mr. Congreve, he immediately obliged the public with their

Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,[1]
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success. (*nn*)
Dulness, with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring she herself was Pertness once.[2]
Now (shame to Fortune!)[3] an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day: (*oo*)
Swearing and supperless the Hero sate,[4] (*pp*)
Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate;

Letters. He made himself known to the government by many admirable schemes and projects; which the ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private. For his character, as a writer, it is given us as follows: "Mr. Dennis is excellent at Pindaric writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound learning. That he is master of a great deal of penetration and judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate." From the same account it also appears that he writ Plays "more to get reputation than money."—DENNIS of himself. See Giles Jacob's Lives of Dram. Poets, pp. 68, 69, compared with p. 286.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his hero's character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity: he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a letter he wrote to our author. "Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me. What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever?" He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that "he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did; but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think; and concluded it must be merely to shew his wit, or for some profit or lucre to himself."—Life of C. C. chap. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. pp. 15, 40, 53. And to shew his claim to what the poet was so unwilling to allow him, of being pert as well as dull, he declares he will have the last word; which occasioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Tho' in Verse you foreclose,
I'll have the last Word; for, by G—, I'll write prose.
Poor Colly, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest,
For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] The poet had told us, v. 13, that this fair daughter of Night and Chaos was got by them in their dotage; a time of life when parents are most apt to spoil their children by too great indulgence. It is not to be thought strange therefore, that overmuch caressing should make even Dulness herself pert, especially in her youth; though her own natural alacrity was in sinking, or towards gravity. — SCRIBL. — WARBURTON [1743.]

[3] Because she usually shews favour to persons of this character, who have a threefold pretence to it.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[4] It is amazing how the sense of this hath been mistaken by all the former commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply that the hero of

Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound! (*q q*)
Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there;
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere despair.
Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay,
Much future Ode, and abdicated Play;
Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead,
That slipp'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit, (*r r*)
Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll,
In pleasing memory of all he stole,
How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug,
And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes,[1] (*s s*) and here
The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere;[2] (*t t*)
There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,[3]

the poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic poem to represent such hero under a calamity, to which the greatest, not only of critics and poets, but of kings and warriors, have been subject. But much more refined, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author: It was to give us, obliquely, a curious precept, or, what Bossu calls, *a disguised sentence*, that "Temperance is the life of Study." The language of poesy brings all into action; and to represent a critic encompassed with books but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates, and often totally neglects for the greater improvement of the other.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

But since the discovery of the true hero of the poem, may we not add, that nothing was so natural, after so great a loss of money at dice, or of reputation by his play, as that the poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the poet consulted his heroic character, in adding that he *swore* all the time!—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

See Editor's note.

[1] A great number of them taken out to patch up his plays.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] "When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linen, when she has not better employment."—Life, p. 217, octavo.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[3] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear. He was frequently liberal this way; and, as he tells us, "subscribed

Wish'd he had blotted for himself before.[1] (*uu*)
The rest on Out-side merit but presume,[2]
Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room;
Such with their shelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents drest in red and gold;
Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by Beauties not his own. (*xx*)
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great;[3] (*yy*)
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete:[4] (*zz*)
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:

to Mr. Pope's Homer, out of pure generosity and civility; but when Mr. Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke."—Letter to Mr. P., p. 24.

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's journals, June 8, "That to expose any errors in it was impracticable." And in another, April 27, "That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other editor, he would still give above five hundred emendations, that *shall* escape them all."—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[1] It was a ridiculous praise which the players gave to Shakespear, "that he never blotted a line." Ben Jonson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand; and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the actors only (and especially the daring hero of this poem) have made on the *stage*, but the presumptuous critics of our days in their editions.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] This library is divided into three parts; the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mangled; the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were gilded for shew, or adorned with pictures; the third class our author calls solid learning, old bodies of divinity, old commentaries, old English printers, or old English translations; all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness.—POPE and WARBURTON [1729 and 1743].

[3] "John Ogilby was one, who, from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with such excellent sculptures: And (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, and in a very good letter."—Winstanly, Lives of Poets.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to posterity in print three *ample volumes* of her studious endeavours."—Winstanly, *ibid.* Langbaine reckons up *eight* folios of her Grace's; which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

A Gothic Library![1] (3 *a*) of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.[1] (3 *b*)
But, high above, more solid Learning shone,[2] (3 *c*)
The Classics of an Age that heard of none;
There Caxton[3] slept, with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide;

[1] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birthdays, &c. 2. Banks was his rival in *Tragedy* (though more successful) in one of his tragedies. The Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, The Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he drest in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick fustian and thin prosaic; exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Cæsar in Egypt, and The Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a serving man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a *comedy* from his betters, or from some cast scenes of his master, not entirely contemptible. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] Some have objected, that books of this sort suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagine consisted of novels, plays, and obscene books; but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the dry bodies of Divinity, which, no doubt, were purchased by his father when he designed him for the gown. See the note on v. 200.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[3] A printer in the time of Edw. IV., Rich. III., and Hen. VII.; Wynkyn de Word, his successor, in that of Hen. VII. and VIII. The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis, as a history; of which he speaks, in his Proeme, in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known. "Happened that to my hande cam a lytyl book in frenche, whiche late was translated out of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerk Vyrgyle) which booke I sawe over and redde therein, How after the generall destruccyon of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all thystorye of his adventures that he had er he cam to the atchievement of his conquest of ytalye, as all alonge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenche, whiche I neuer sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playsaunt ne so well ordred; whiche booke as me semed sholde be moch requysite to noble men to see as wel for the eloquence as the hystoryes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of Eneydos wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especyally in ytayle and other places, which historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre." Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728, concerning a *straunge*

There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear;
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,[1] (3 *d*)
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends.[2] (3 *e*)
Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Inspir'd he seizes; these an altar raise;
An hecatomb of pure unsully'd lays
That altar crowns; A folio Common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base; (3 *f*)
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre;
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire;
Then he: "Great Tamer of all human art! (3 *g*)
First in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.[3]
E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,[4] (3 *h*)
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays: (3 *i*)

and mervayllouse beaste called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespear to mean rather than *Teucer*, the archer celebrated by Homer.—POPE [1736].

[1] Nich de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whose works, in five vast folios, were printed in 1472.—POPE.

See Editor's note.

[2] Philemon Holland, doctor in physic. "He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else; insomuch that he might be called Translator general of his age. The books alone of his turning into English are sufficient to make a Country Gentleman a complete Library."—WINSTANLY.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] A te principium, tibi desinet. —Virg. Ecl. viii.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε, Μοῦσαι.—THEOC.

Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende Camœna. —HORACE.

[4] The first visible cause of the passion of the town for our hero, was a fair flaxen full-bottom'd periwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in Fashion. It attracted, in a particular manner, the friendship of Col. Brett, who wanted to purchase it. "Whatever contempt," says he, "philosophers have for a fine periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but to live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him, could never fail of drawing to him a more partial regard and benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one. This, perhaps, may soften the grave censure, which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first

O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl, (3 *k*)
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still spread a healing mist before the mind;
And, lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky; (3 *l*)
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below:
Me Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity and Fire.
Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common sense: (3 *m*)
Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same;
This prose on stilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler lessons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unsuccessful prove?
The brisk Example never fail'd to move.
Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the State,[1]
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date.
Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,[2]
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand.

by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil enquiry into the price of it; and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle."—See Life, octavo, p. 303. This remarkable periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[1] Me si cœlicolæ voluissent ducere vitam. Has mihi servassent sedes.—Virg. Æn. ii. —POPE [1729].

[2] Si Pergama dextra Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.—Virg. *ibid.* POPE [1729].

What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,[1] (3 *n*)
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?[2]
Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod,
This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God?[3]
Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit,[4] (3 *o*)
Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit?
Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the same rope at diff'rent ends they twist;
To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist.)[5] (3 *p*)
Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the common weal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories,[6]

[1] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern critics, of a favourite author. Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, "Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien; c'est le même que Marc Tulle." But he had a better title to call Fletcher *his own*, having made so free with him.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] When, according to his father's intention, he had been a clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a Bishop of the Church of England. Hear his own words: "At the time that the fate of K. James, the Prince of Orange, and myself were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined: but had my father carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my imperfections into a capacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons, and Pastoral Letters?"—Apology for his Life, chap. iii.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[3] Dextra mihi Deus, & telum quod missile libro.
—Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.
POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[4] These doctors had a modest and upright appearance, no air of overbearing; but, like true Masters of Arts, were only habited in black and white: They were justly styled *subtiles* and *graves*, but not always *irrefragabiles*, being sometimes examined, and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open.—SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

This learned critic is to be understood allegorically: The DOCTORS in this place mean no more than *false Dice*, a cant phrase used amongst gamesters. So the meaning of these four sonorous lines is only this, "Shall I play fair, or foul?"—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[5] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying-post; Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory journal.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[6] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol; of which Virgil, Æn. viii.:

Atque hic auratis volitans argenteus anser
Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat.

A passage I have always suspected. Who sees not the antithesis of *auratis* and *argenteus* to be unworthy the

And cackling save the Monarchy of Tories?[1]
Hold—to the Minister I more incline;
To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine. (3 *q*)
And see! the very Gazetteers give o'er,[2]
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourself. (3 *r*) Still, still remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.[3]
This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear;
This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer:
This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights;
This Mess, toss'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town.

Virgilian majesty! And what absurdity to say a goose *sings! canebat.* Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly bird, in Ecl. ix.:

Argutos interstrepere anser olores.

Read it, therefore, *adesse strepebat.* And why *auratis porticibus!* does not the very verse preceding this inform us,

Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.

Is this *thatch* in one line, and *gold* in another, consistent? I scruple not (*repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis*) to correct it *auritis.* Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense,

Auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

And to say that *walls have ears* is common even to a proverb.—SCRIBLERUS.—POPE [1743].

[1] Not out of any preference or affection to the Tories. For what Hobbes so ingeniously confesses of himself, is true of all party writers whatsoever: "That he defends the supreme powers, as the *geese* by their *cackling* defended the Romans, who held the Capitol; for they favoured them no more than the Gauls, their enemies, but were as ready to have defended the Gauls if they had been possessed of the Capitol."—Epist. Dedic. to the Leviathan. — WARBURTON [1743].

[2] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii. ver. 316, who, on the very day their patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in politics—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[3] So indeed all the MSS. read, but I make no scruple to pronounce them all wrong, the Laureate being elsewhere celebrated by our poet for his great *modesty—modest Cibber* —read, therefore, at my peril, *Cerberian forehead.* This is perfectly classical, and, what is more, *Homerical;* the *Dog* was the ancient, as the *Bitch* is the modern, symbol of impudence: (Κυνὸς ὄμμαθ' ἔχων, says Achilles to Agamemnon), which, when in a superlative degree, may well be denominated from *Cerberus,* the *Dog with three heads.*—But as to the latter part of this verse, *Cibberian brain,* that is certainly the genuine reading. —BENTLEY [POPE, 1743].

"O born in sin, and forth in folly brought!' 225
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)
Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky,
My better and more christian progeny![2]
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets;[3]
While all your smutty sisters walk the streets. 230
Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland, (3 *s*)
Sent with a Pass,[4] and vagrant thro' the land;
Not sail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,[5]
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes: (3 *t*)
Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire; 235
Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your sire! (3 *u*)
O! pass more innocent, in infant state,
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest
In Shadwell's[6] bosom with eternal Rest! 240
Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return,
Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn."

[1] This is a tender and passionate apostrophe to his own works, which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction; and reflecting like a parent on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject.—POPE [1729].

[2] "It may be observable, that my muse and my spouse were equally prolific; that the one was seldom the mother of a child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a play. I think we had a dozen of each sort between us; of both which kinds some died in their infancy," &c.—Life of C. C., p. 217, 8vo edit. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

> Fælix Priamëia virgo!
> Jussa mori: quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
> Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
> Nos, patria incensa, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c.—Virg. Æn. iii.

—POPE [1729].

[4] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B. was a writer, and to send them *post free* to all the towns in the kingdom.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[5] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibrastic verse, but best known by the London Spy, in prose. He has of late years kept a public house in the City, (but in a genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the high-church party."—JACOB, Lives of Poets, vol. ii., p. 225. Great number of his works were yearly sold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falsity, protesting that his public house was not in the *City*, but in *Moorfields*.—POPE [1729].

[6] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel.—WARBURTON [1743].

With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!)[1]
Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face; (3 *x*)
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand,[2]
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes: (3 *y*)
The rolling smoke involves the sacrifice.
The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns:
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;[3] (3 *z*)
Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires;
King John in silence modestly expires;
No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims,
Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames.[4] (4 *a*)
Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.[5]

[1] It is to be observed that our poet hath made his hero, in imitation of Virgil's, obnoxious to the tender passions. He was indeed so given to weeping, that he tells us, when Goodman the player swore, if he did not *make a good actor, he'd be damn'd;* "the surprise of being commended by one, who had been himself so eminent on the stage, and in so positive a manner, was more than he could support. In a word (says he) it almost took away my breath, and (laugh if you please) fairly drew tears from my eyes."—P. 149 of his Life, octavo.—WARBURTON [1743].

[2] Ovid, of Althæa on a like occasion, burning her offspring:

Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
Cœpta quater tenuit.—POPE [1729].

[3] Jam Deïphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
Vulcano superante domus; jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.—POPE [1729].

In the first notes on the Dunciad it was said, that this author was particularly excellent at Tragedy. "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a rope." But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four tragedies (the names of which the poet preserves in these few lines); the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned; the fourth suppressed in fear of the like treatment. — POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[4] A comedy threshed out of Molière's Tartuffe, and so much the translator's favourite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the government:

Qui méprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi,
Et n'a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.
—BOILEAU.

He assures us, that "when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it. And this he doubts not *grieved* Mr. P."—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[5] See Virgil, Æn. ii. where I would

Rous'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule [1] from her bed;
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.
Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face: (4 *b*)
Great in her charms! [2] as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome: [3]
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home.
So Spirits ending their terrestrial race
Ascend, and recognize their Native Place.
This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall: [4] (4 *c*)

advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkyn. But I caution him alike in both to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what *Trojan Horse;* there never having been any such thing. For, first, it was not *Trojan*, being made by the *Greeks;* and, secondly, it was not a *horse*, but a *mare*. This is clear from many verses in Virgil:

Uterumque armato milite complent.
Inclusos *utero* Danaos.

Can a horse be said *Utero gerere?* Again,

Uteroque recusso,
Insonuere cavæ.
Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

Nay, is it not expressly said

Scandit fatalis machina muros
Fœta armis.

How is it possible the word *fœta* can agree with a *horse?* And indeed can it be conceived that the chaste and virgin goddess Pallas would employ herself in forming and fashioning the male of that species? But this shall be proved to a demonstration in our Virgil restored.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

[1] An unfinished poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed many years ago, by Amb. Philips, a northern author. It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it. Some critics have been of opinion that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire: But I rather think it an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing.—POPE [1729].

[2] Alma parens confessa Deam; qualisque videri
Cœlicolis, & quanta solet.—Virg. Æn. ii.
Et lætos oculis afflavit honores.—Id. Æn. i.
—POPE [1729].

[3] Where he no sooner enters, but he reconnoitres the place of his original; as Plato says the spirits shall, at their entrance into the celestial regions.—POPE [1729].

[4] Urbs antiqua fuit——
Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo: hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Si qua fata sinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque.—Virg. Æn. i.
—POPE [1729].

Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of Fools.
Here to her Chosen all her works she shews;
Prose swell'd to verse, verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of sense behind;
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail:
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A vast, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald,[1] or Ozell.[2] (4 *d*)

Magna mater, here applied to Dulness. The Quidnuncs, a name given to the ancient members of certain political clubs, who were constantly enquiring *quid nunc?* what news?—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and son to an attorney (says Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of some forgotten plays, translations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called the *Censor*, and a translation of Ovid. "There is a notorious idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the law, is become an under-strapper to the play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile translation, &c. This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper, called the Censor."—Dennis, Rem. on Pope's Hom. pp. 9, 10. POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) did go to school in Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge, in order for priesthood; but he chose rather to be placed in an office of accounts, in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in arithmetic, and writing the necessary hands. He has obliged the world with many translations of French plays."—Jacob, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell seems vastly short of his merits, and he ought to have further justice done him, having since fully confuted all sarcasms on his learning and genius, by an advertisement of Sept. 20, 1729, in a paper called the Weekly Medley, &c. "As to my learning, this envious wretch knew, and everybody knows, that the whole bench of Bishops, not long ago, were pleased to give me a purse of guineas, for discovering the erroneous translations of the Common-prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c. As for my *genius*, let Mr. Cleland shew better

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed.
And lo! her bird (a monster of a fowl,
Something betwixt a Heideggre and Owl)[1] (4*e*)
Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son: the promis'd land expects thy reign.
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise; (4*f*)
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers,[2] Ward, and Gildon rest,[3] (4*g*)
And high-born Howard,[4] more majestic sire,
With Fool of Quality completes the quire. (4*h*)
Thou, Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court.
Lift up your Gates, ye Princes, see him come!

verses in all Pope's works, than Ozell's version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleased with, that he complimented him with leave to dedicate it to him, &c., &c. Let him shew better and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket (*la Secchia rapita*). And Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's.—Surely, surely, every man is free to deserve well of his country!"—John Ozell.

We cannot but subscribe to such reverend testimonies, as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[1] A strange bird from Switzerland, and not (as some have supposed) the name of an eminent person who was a man of parts, and, as was said of Petronius, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[2] George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal, and abused the greatest personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him.—Winstanley, Lives of Poets.—POPE [1729].

[3] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the Oracles of Reason, &c. He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another, called the New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled the Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, &c.—POPE [1729].

Sound, sound, ye Viols; be the Cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding Bay, the drunken Vine;
The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join.[1]
And thou! his Aid-de-camp, lead on my sons,
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingsgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing, (4 *i*)
Gaming[2] (4 *j*) and Grub-street skulk behind the King.
"O! when shall rise a Monarch all our own,[3]
And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law;
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,
And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land:
Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,
And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine."
She ceas'd. Then swells the Chapel-royal throat:[4] (4 *k*)
"God save King Cibber!" mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, "God save King Colley!" cries; (4 *l*)
"God save King Colley!" Drury-lane replies:
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;[5] (4 *m*)

[1] Quorum Imagines lambunt,
Hederæ sequaces.—Persius.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] When the statute against gaming was drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at hazard one night in the year; and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular. Under this pretence, the groom-porter had a room appropriated to gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported the same practice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed gamesters in town.

Greatest and justest Sov'REIGN! know you this? [can know
Alas! no more, than Thames' calm head
Whose meads his arms drown, or whose corn o'erflow.—Donne to Queen Elis.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].
See Editor's note.

[3] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant II.:
Helas! qu'est devenu cet tems, cet heureux tems,
Où les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans: &c.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[4] The voices and instruments used in the service of the Chapel Royal being also employed in the performance of the Birthday and New Year odes.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].
See Editor's note.

[5] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whose

to the Devil the last echoes roll,' (4 *n*)
"Coll!" each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole. (4 *o*)
when Jove's block descended from on high
ings thy great forefather Ogilby)
l thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
the hoarse nation croak'd, "God save King Log!"[2]

prayer it was, that she get enough by her profession it off in time, and make her h God." But her fate was appy; for being convicted, n the pillory, she was (to the hame of all her great friends ries) so ill used by the popu- t it put an end to her days. and WARBURTON [1743]. litor's note.

Devil Tavern in Fleet Street, hese Odes are usually re- before they are performed at Upon which a wit of those ade this Epigram,

reates make odes, Do you ask of sort?
ask if they're good, or are evil?
judge—From the Devil they come e Court,
from the Court to the Devil.
nd WARBURTON [1743].

ditor's note.

Ogilby's Æsop's Fables, where, story of the Frogs and their his excellent hemistic is to be

uthor manifests here, and else- a prodigious tenderness for the *iters*. We see he selects the od passage, perhaps, in all er Ogilby writ; which shews ndid and patient a reader he ave been. What can be more d affectionate than these words reface to his Poems, where he to call up all our humanity giveness toward these unlucky y the most moderate represen- f their case that has ever been y any author? "Much may to extenuate the fault of bad What we call a *genius* is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination: and if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way than by that strong propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment, by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others: and if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the object of ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst authors might endeavour to please us, and, in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances: for their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere; and the rest of the world too well bred to shock them with a truth which generally their booksellers are the first that inform them of."—POPE [1729].

But how much all indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just reflection made on their constant conduct and constant fate, in the following Epigram:

Ye little Wits, that gleam'd a while,
When Pope vouchsaf'd a ray,
Alas! depriv'd of his kind smile,
How soon ye fade away!

To compass Phœbus' car about,
Thus empty vapours rise;
Each lends his cloud, to put him out,
That rear'd him to the skies.

Alas! those skies are not your sphere;
There He shall ever burn:
Weep, weep, and fall! for Earth ye were,
And must to Earth return.
—POPE [1736].

Two things there are, upon the

supposition of which the very basis of all verbal criticism is founded and supported: the first, that an author could never fail to use the *best word* on every occasion; the second, that a critic cannot chuse but know *which that is*. This being granted, whenever any word doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first, that the author could *never have used it;* and, secondly, that he must have used *that very one*, which we conjecture in its stead.

We cannot, therefore, enough admire the learned Scriblerus for his alteration of the text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which in all the former editions stood thus:

Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log.

He has, with great judgment, transposed these two epithets; putting *hoarse* to the nation, and *loud* to the thunder: and this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former; for which assertion of the just right of a critic, he merits the acknowledgment of all sound commentators.—POPE [1751].

ARGUMENT TO BOOK II.

THE King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c., were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss. xxiv., proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles). Hither flock the poets and critics, attended, as is but just, with their patrons and booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next, the game for a poetess. Then follow the exercises for the poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of dedicators, the second of disputants and fustian poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty party-writers. Lastly, for the critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read without sleeping: the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth; till the whole number, not of critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the games.

BOOK II. (*a*)

HIGH on a gorgeous seat, that far out-shone [1]
Henley's gilt tub,[2] or Fleckno's Irish throne,[3]
Or that where on her Curls [4] the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs, (*b*)

[1] Parody of Milton, Book ii.

High on a throne of royal state, that far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sate.—POPE [1729].

[2] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub; but that of Mr. Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it is this extraordinary inscription, *The Primitive Eucharist*.—See the History of this person, Book iii. POPE [1729].

[3] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the mechanic part of priesthood. He printed some plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our author took occasion to mention him in respect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defait de Bouts rimées of Sarazin.—POPE [1729].

It may be just worth mentioning, that the eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne;—ἐπὶ θρόνου τινὸς ὑψηλοῦ μαλα σοφιστικῶς καὶ σοβαρῶς. Themistius, Orat. i.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[4] Edmund Curl stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, in March 1727-8.—POPE [1729]. "This (saith Edmund Curl) is a false assertion—I had indeed the corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the long Robe are pleased jocosely to call *mounting the rostrum* for one hour: but that scene of action was not in the month of *March*, but in *February*." [Curliad, 12mo, p. 19.] And of the History of his being tost in a Blanket, he saith, "Here, Scriblerus! thou leeseth in what thou assertest concerning the blanket: it was not a *blanket*, but a *rug*," p. 25. Much in the same manner Mr. Cibber remonstrated, that his brothers, at Bedlam, mentioned Book i., were not *brazen*, but *blocks*; yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle that no way altered the relationship.

We should think (gentle reader) that we but ill performed our part, if

Great Cibber sate: The proud Parnassian sneer, (c)
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze: (d)
His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face.
So from the Sun's broad beam in shallow urns
Heav'n's twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their horns.
Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit,[1] (f)
Thron'd on seven hills, the Antichrist of wit.
And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims,
By herald Hawkers, high heroic games.
They summon all her Race: an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. (g)
A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags, (h)
In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in Rags, (i)

we corrected not as well our own errors now, as formerly those of the printer. Since what moved us to this work, was solely the love of truth, not in the least any vainglory, or desire to contend with great authors. And further, our mistakes, we conceive will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such persons and works as do ever shun the light. However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very words of our antagonists: not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the parties offended: for surely in this work, it hath been above all things our desire, to provoke no man. SCRIBLERUS, POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[1] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced *as a Buffoon* to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the *Laurel*; a jest which the court of Rome and the Pope himself entered into so far, as to cause him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a solemn festival on his coronation; at which it is recorded the poet himself was so transported as to *weep for joy*.* He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number.—PAULUS JOVIUS, Elog. Vir. doct. chap. lxxxii.—Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolusions.—POPE [1729].

* See Life of C. C., chap. vi., p. 149.

From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots: (*k*)
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.
  Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand. (*l*)
But now (so ANNE and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane. (*m*)
  With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all).
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke;
And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes,[1]
And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize;
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin;
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,[2]
Twelve starv'ling bards of these degen'rate days. (*n*)
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head: (*o*)
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;[3]
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain!

[1] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Æn. x.:

Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram
In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum!)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
Divini assimilat capitis——
  Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum—

The reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary: there seems to me a great propriety in this episode, where such an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting bookseller.—POPE [1729].

[2] Vix illud lecti bis sex——
Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.—Virg. Æn. xii.—POPE [1729].

[3] *i.e.*,

A trifling head, and a contracted heart,

as the poet, book iv., describes the *accomplished* Sons of Dulness; of whom this is only an *image* or scarecrow, and so stuffed out with these corresponding materials. — SCRIBLERUS.—WARBURTON [1743].

Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,[1]
A fool, so just a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom Moore.[2] (*p*)
All gaze with ardour: some a poet's name,
Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame.

[1] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of *Dulness* making a wit (which could be done no other way than by *chance*). The fiction is the more reconciled to probability, by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his pencil in despair at the picture, and happened to do it by that fortunate stroke.—POPE [1729].

[2] Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, affirmed this to be James-More Smith, Esq., and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the *Testimonies*) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a plagiary, or to pass for one himself. His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who, as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stolen his handkerchief. "Sir, (said the thief, finding himself detected) do not expose me, I did it for mere want; be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing." The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, "See, gentlemen, what a thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief!"

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr. Arbuthnot a paper called an Historico-physical account of the South Sea; and of Mr. Pope the Memoirs of a Parish Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev. Dr. Young,—F. Billers, Esq., and many others, as his own. Being applied to for them, he pretended they were lost; but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by an endeavour to hide it: unguardedly printing (in the Daily Journal of April 3, 1728): "That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) "occasion'd their being lost, and for that cause only not return'd." A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it. The plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following epigram:

More always smiles whenever he recites;
He smiles (you think) approving what he writes.
And yet in this no vanity is shown;
A modest man may like what's not his own.

This young gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a wit. Here is a very strong instance attested by Mr. Savage, son of the late Earl Rivers; who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr. Moore, wherein Mr. Pope was called *first of the tuneful train*, Mr. Moore the next morning sent to Mr. Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, "That Pope might now be the *first*, because Moore had left him unrival'd in turning his style to comedy." This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work; the town condemned it in the action, but he printed it in 1726-7, with this modest motto,

Hic cæstus, artemque repono.

But lofty Lintot[1] in the circle rose:
"This prize is mine; who tempt it are my foes;
"With me began this genius, and shall end." (*q*)
He spoke: and who with Lintot shall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless Curl;[2] "Behold that rival here!

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr. Evans: Cosmelia, by Mr. Pit, Mr. Jones, &c. The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr. W. The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend. Certain physical works on Sir James Baker; and some unowned Letters, advertisements, and epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal.

Notwithstanding what is here collected of the person imagined by Curl to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion; since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself, which every reader had done for him; since the name itself is not spelled *Moore*, but *More;* and lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well proved the contrary.—POPE [1729].

It appears from hence, that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious. *More* from μῶρος, *stultus*, μωρία, *stultitia*, to represent the folly of a plagiary. Thus Erasmus, *Admonuit me* Mori *cognomen tibi, quod tam ad* Moriæ *vocabulum accedit quam ea ipsa a re alienus.* Dedication of Moriæ Encomium to Sir Tho. More; the farewell of which may be our author's to his plagiary, *Vale*, More! *& moriam tuam gnaviter defende.* Adieu, More! and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly. —SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

See Editor's note.

[1] We enter here upon the episode of the booksellers: persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned world than those of the authors in this poem, do therefore need less explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil, rising just in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookseller printed the Rival Modes before-mentioned. — POPE [1729].

[2] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possessed himself of a command over all authors whatever; he caused them to write what he pleased; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among these; he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all possible dignity: he speaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the swift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favoured of the Gods; he says but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter: Though he loses the prize, he gains the victory; the great Mother herself comforts him, she inspires him with

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won;
"So take the hindmost, Hell,"[1] (he said) "and run."
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,[2]
He left huge Lintot, and out-stripp'd the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops:
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,[3]
Wide as a wind-mill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate. (*r*)
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna[4] (*s*) chanc'd that morn to make:

expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical: after this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

The tribute our author here pays him is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations: many weighty animadversions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private persons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verses to any other, he owed Mr. Curl some thousands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his Writings: witness innumerable instances; but it shall suffice only to mention the *Court Poems*, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a lady of quality; but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours since received from him: So true is the saying of Dr. Sydenham, "that any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but *seen* or *spoken* to a good or bad man."—POPE [1729].

[1] Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est.—Hor. de Arte. —POPE [1729].

[2] Something like this is in Homer, Il. x. v. 220, of Diomed. Two different manners of the same author in his similes are also imitated in the two following; the first, of the Bailiff, is short, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from familiar life; the second, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verse is likewise a literal translation of one in Homer. —POPE [1729].

So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' streight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. Milton, Book ii.
—POPE [1799].

[3] Milton, of the motion of the Swan,

—— rows
His state with oary feet.

And Dryden, of another's,—*With two left legs.*—POPE [1743].

[4] This name, it seems, was taken by one Mrs. —, who procured some private letters of Mr. Pope, while almost a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of

(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide;[1] loud shout the band,
And "Bernard! Bernard!"[2] rings thro' all the Strand.
Obscene with filth[3] the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid:
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare) (*t*)
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
"Hear, Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any God's, or more;
And him and his if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms."[4] (*u*)

either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He discovered her to be the publisher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those letters got abroad, which the author was ashamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis
Fusus humum viridesque super madefecerat herbas—
Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore.—Virg. Æn. v. of Nisus.
—POPE [1729].

[2] —Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.
—Virg. Ecl. vi.—POPE [1729].

[3] Though this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an epic poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil; the very words ὄνθος and *fimus* are used by them, though our poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enriched and coloured his language, as well as raised the versification, in this episode, and in the following one of Eliza. Mr. Dryden in *Mack-Flecknoe*, has not scrupled to mention the *Morning Toast* at which the fishes bite in the Thames, Pissing Alley, Relicks of the Bum, &c., but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer says of Virgil in his Georgics) tosses about his dung with an air of Majesty. If we consider that the exercises of his authors could with justice be no higher than tickling, chattering, braying, or diving, it was no easy matter to invent such games as were proportioned to the meaner degree of booksellers. In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight, are Heroes; whereas here they are such with whom it had been great impropriety to have joined any but vile ideas; besides the natural connection there is between libellers and common nuisances. Nevertheless I have heard our author own, that this part of his poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble and pleased him least; but that he hoped it was excusable, since levelled at such as understand no delicate satire: thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to swear, when they happen to have to do with porters and oyster-wenches.—POPE [1729].

[4] The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-keys, Lintot's.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,[1]
Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease.
There in his seat two spacious vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils.[2]
In office here fair Cloacina stands,[3] (*x*)
And ministers to Jove with purest hands.
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call,
From her black grottos near the Temple-wall,
List'ning delighted to the jest unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene; (*y*)
Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit,[4]
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,[5]
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along;
Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.[6] (*z*)

[1] See Lucian's Icaro-Menippus; where this fiction is more extended.

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasque, fretumque,
Cœlestesque plagas.—Ovid. Met. xii.
—POPE [1729].

[2] Alludes to Homer, Iliad, v.:

—ῥέε δ' ἄμβροτον αἷμα Θέοιο,
Ἰχὼρ, οἷος πέρ τε ῥέει μακάρεσσι Θεοῖσιν.

A stream of nect'rous humour issuing flow'd,
Sanguine, such as celestial sp'rits may bleed. Milton.—POPE [1729].

[3] The Roman Goddess of the common sewers.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] See the preface to Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.—POPE [1729].

[5] Alluding to the opinion that there are ointments used by witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c.—POPE [1729].

[6] Faciem ostentabat, & udo
Turpia membra fimo.—Virg. Æn. v.
—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand,
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade,[1] it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night.
To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care; (*a a*)
His papers light fly diverse, tost in air;[2] (*b b*)
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,
And whisk 'em back to Evans, (*c c*) Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey;
That suit an unpaid tailor snatch'd away.[3]
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter. (*d d*) Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior;[4]
Mears, Warner, Wilkins[5] run: delusive thought!
Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught.[6] (*e e*)

[1] Effugit imago
Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno. Virg. Æn. vi.—POPE [1729].

[2] Virgil, Æn. vi. of the Sibyl's leaves,

Carmina ——
Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.
—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] This line has been loudly complained of in Mist, June 8, Dedic. to Sawney, and others, as a most inhuman satire on the poverty of Poets: But it is thought our author would be acquitted by a jury of *Taylors*. To me this instance seems unluckily chosen; if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad *paymaster*, since the person to whom they have here applied it, was a man of fortune. Not but poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as *non-payment*; which Mr. Dennis so far asserts, as boldly to pronounce, that "if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because nobody would trust him."—Pref. to Rem. on the Rape of the Lock, p. 15.—POPE [1729].

[4] These authors being such whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary.—Besaleel Morris was author of some satires on the translators of Homer, with many other things printed in newspapers.—"Bond writ a satire against Mr. P—. Capt. Breval was author of the Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance to expose Mr. P., Mr. Gay, Dr. Arb., and some ladies of quality," says Curl, Key, p. 11. — POPE [1729].

[5] Booksellers, and printers of much anonymous stuff.—POPE [1729].

[6] I foresee it will be objected from this line, that we were in an error in our assertion on ver. 50 of this book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone:
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John;[1] (*ff*)
So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
To him the Goddess: "Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town:[2]
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries;) (*g g*)
Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
Cooke shall be Prior,[3] (*h h*) and Concanen, Swift:
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our Garth and Addison."[4]

by the poet as phantoms. So at first sight it may seem; but be not deceived, reader; these also are not real persons. 'Tis true, Curl declares Breval, a captain, author of a piece called The Confederates; but the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay: is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a satire on our poet: but where is such a satire to be found; where was such a writer ever heard of? As for Besaleel, it carries forgery in the very name; nor is it, as the others are, a surname. Thou may'st depend upon it, no such authors ever lived; all phantoms.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr. Gay's.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] It was a common practice of this bookseller to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors.—POPE [1729].

[3] The man here specified writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welsted were the Heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He also published some malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals; and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence. His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes and half-notes, which he carefully owned.

In the first edition of this poem there were only asterisks in this place, but the names were since inserted, merely to fill up the verse, and give ease to the ear of the reader.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers. He has in this very poem celebrated Mr. Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Atterbury, Mr. Dryden, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Garth, Mr. Addison; in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it; even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the Careless Husband). It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on this sub-

With that she gave him (piteous of his case,
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face) [1]

ject, yet he has found means to insert their panegyric, and has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it. It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr. Garth; both as his constant friend, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of satire. The Dispensary attacked the whole body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad poets; if in truth this can be a body, of which no two members ever agreed. It also did what Mr. Theobald says is unpardonable, drew in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his subject. Much more would Boileau have incurred his censure, who left all subjects whatever, on all occasions, to fall upon the bad poets (which, it is to be feared, would have been more immediately his concern).—POPE [1729].

But certainly next to commending good writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines addressed to our author:

The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.

Thus dirty knaves, or chatt'ring fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction ev'ry way.

With Ægypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious Mummy dead.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

Risit pater optimus illi.—
Me liceat casum miserari insontis amici—
Sic fatus, tergum Getuli immane leonis,
&c.—Virg. Æn. v.

[1] "The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his genius: An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, tho' he be deformed or poor. Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libelled a person for his rueful length of face!"—Mist's Journal, June 8. This genius and man of worth, whom an honest mind should love, is Mr. Curl. True it is, he stood in the Pillory, an incident which will lengthen the face of any man though it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr. Curl. But as to reflections on any man's face, or figure, Mr. Dennis saith excellently: "Natural deformity comes not by our fault; 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help than a monster can his deformity. There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of mankind are subject to.—But the deformity of this author is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself. 'Tis the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species: and they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature have given them, and have, in spite of it, by a senseless presumption ventured to be familiar with him, have severely suffered, &c. 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil," &c.—DENNIS, Character of Mr. P., octavo, 1716.—POPE [1729].

Admirably it is observed by Mr. Dennis against Mr. Law, p. 33: "That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of charity, nor consequently of Christianity." I should else be tempted to use the language of a critic; for what is more provoking to a commentator, than to behold his author thus portrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not

A shaggy Tap'stry,[1] worthy to be spread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;[2](*i i*)
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.

him; whereas to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it: therefore, though Mr. D. may call another a *little ass* or a *young toad*, far be it from us to call him a *toothless lion* or an *old serpent*. Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of *balatro, calcatum caput, scurra in triviis*, being phrases in good esteem and frequent usage among the best learned: but in our mother tongue, were I to tax any gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible; whereby Christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved. SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his humanity. But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr. Pope; yet never to be lamented, since they occasioned the following amiable verses:

While Malice, Pope, denies thy page
Its own celestial fire;
While Critics, and while Bards in rage,
Admiring, won't admire:

While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry;
These times tho' many a Friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.

But when the World's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame,
When with thy Homer thou shalt shine
In one establish'd fame:

When none shall rail, and ev'ry lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
That day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[1] A sorry kind of tapestry frequent in old inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff; like that which is spoken of by Donne—*Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings*. The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus, in Æn. v.—POPE [1729].

[2] Of Codrus the poet's bed, see Juvenal, describing his *poverty* very copiously, Sat. iii. v. 103, &c.

Lectus erat Codro, &c.

Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short Wife's short legs hung dangling out.
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd;
And to support this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay.
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost.
—DRYDEN.

But Mr. Concanen, in his dedication of the letters, advertisements, &c., to the author of the Dunciad, assures us, "that Juvenal never satirised the poverty of Codrus."

John Dunton was a broken bookseller, and abusive scribler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent satire on some ministers of State; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

Earless on high, stood unabash'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge below.[1] (*k k*)
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view;[2] (*l l*)
The very worsted still looked black and blue.
Himself among the story'd chiefs he spies,[3]
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies; (*m m*)
And "Oh!" (he cry'd) "what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!"[4] (*n n*)
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,[5] (*o o*)

[1] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper called the Observator: He was sentenced to be whipped through several towns in the west of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne. —POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately deserved to be cudgelled, and were so.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] The history of Curl's being tossed in a blanket, and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, see a full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm. Curl, &c., in Swift and Pope's Miscell.—POPE [1729].

Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
Constitit, & lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? Virg. Æn. i.—POPE [1729].

[4] A parody on these lines of a late noble author:

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
And run for ever purple in the looms.
—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[5] In this game is exposed, in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licentiousness of those shameless scriblers (for the most part of that sex, which ought least to be capable of such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults or misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin of public fame, or disturbance of private happiness. Our good poet (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the irony) where he could not shew his indignation, hath shewn his contempt, as much as possible; having here drawn as vile a picture as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoress of those most scandalous books called the Court of Carimania, and the new Utopia. For the *two babes of love*, see CURL, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleased to throw upon this lady, surely it was what from him she little deserved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for Reformation of manners, and declared herself "to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he considered the errors of his fellow creatures; that, though

Two babes of love close clinging to her waist; [1] (*p p*)
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dress'd.[2]
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
"The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky;
"His be yon Juno of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.[3]
"This China Jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home."[4]
Osborne[5] (*q q*) and Curl accept the glorious strife,
(Tho' this his Son dissuades, and that his Wife).

she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve."—Mrs. Haywood, Hist. of Clar. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] Cressa genus, Pholoë, geminique sub ubere nati.—Virg. Æn. v. —POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] Kirkall, the name of an engraver. Some of this lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dressed up before them. —POPE [1729].

[3] In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.—POPE [1729].

[4] Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.—Virg. Æn. v. —POPE [1729].

In the games of Homer, Il. xxiii. there are set together, as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a Jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad. Dacier is justly displeased. Mrs. H. is here treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.—POPE [1729].

[5] Osborne Thomas, a bookseller in Gray's Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving predecessor. This man published advertisements for a year together, pretending to sell Mr. Pope's subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copper plates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739: "How melancholy must it be to a writer to be so unhappy as to see his works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How, with honour to yourself, and justice to your subscribers, can this be done? What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honest poet that lived in 1738! and than whom virtue has not had a shriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed can be denied by none; but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact:" which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the author, but drew this just chastisement on the bookseller.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

One on his manly confidence relies;
One on his vigour and superior size.[1] (*r r*)
First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most.
So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign[2] that no spectator shall be drown'd).
A second effort brought but new disgrace:
The wild Mæander wash'd the Artist's face;
Thus the small jet, which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless Curl; impetuous spread
The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus[3] his humble fountain scorns;
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;[4]
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

[1] Ille—melior motu, fretusque juventa
Hic membris & mole valens.
—Virg. Æn. v.
See Editor's note.

[2] The words of Homer, of the Rainbow, in Iliad xi.:

— ἃς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ στήριξε, τέρας μερόπεσσιν ἀνθρώποις.

Que le fils de Saturn a fondez dans les nues, pour être dans tous les âges une signe à tous les mortels.—DACIER.
—POPE [1729].

[3] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. iv.:

Et gemina auratus taurino *cornua* vultu,
Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis.

The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed through the skies. Denham, Cooper's Hill:

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser currents lost;
Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods.

[4] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceased) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn, thro' half the heav'ns to flow;
His rapid waters in their passage *glow*.

This I cannot but think the right: for first, though the difference between *burn* and *glow* may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a *je ne scay quoy*, which is much easier to be conceived than explained. Secondly, every reader of our poet must have observed how frequently he uses this word *glow* in other parts of his works: To instance only in his Homer:

(1.) Iliad ix. ver. 726.—With one resentment glows.
(2.) Iliad xi. ver. 626.—There the battle glows.
(3.) Ibid. ver. 985.—The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow.
(4.) Iliad xii. ver. 45.—Encompass'd Hector glows.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day,[1]
And the pleas'd dame, soft smiling, lead'st away.
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home. (*s s*)
But now for Authors nobler palms remain;
"Room for my Lord!" three jockeys in his train; (*t t*)
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.
His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest,
"He wins this Patron, who can tickle best."
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace:

(5.) Ibid. ver. 475.—His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows.
(6.) Iliad xviii. ver. 591.—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms.
(7.) Ibid. ver. 654.—And curl'd on silver props in order glow.

I am afraid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent; but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which, therefore, let all future editions replace here.

I am aware, after all, that *burn* is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr. Curl's condition at this time: but from that very reason I infer the direct contrary. For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befall him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another. This note is half Mr. THEOBALD, half SCRIBLERUS.—POPE [1729].

[1] Some affirm, this was originally, *well p—st day;* but the poet's decency would not suffer it.

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger; he exclaims against all such conjectural emendations in this manner: "Let it suffice, O Pallas! that every noble ancient, Greek or Roman, hath suffered the impertinent correction of every Dutch, German, and Switz schoolmaster! Let our English at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of marble so solid, as not to be impaired or soiled by such rude and dirty hands. Suffer them to call their works their own, and after death at least to find rest and sanctuary from critics! When these men have ceased to *rail*, let them not begin to do worse, to *comment!* Let them not conjecture into

Rolli the feather to his ear conveys, (*u u*)
Then his nice taste directs our Operas:
Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes,[2] (*x x*)
And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes. (*y y*)
But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master,
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.[3] (*z z*)

nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion. Miserable fate! which can befall only the sprightliest wits that have written, and will befall them only from such dull ones as could never write!"—POPE [1736].

[1] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to some fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.—POPE [1729]. See Editor's note.

[2] Not spoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley. A taste of his *Classic Elocution* may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht. *Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar, adorare. O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatum tanto Heros Britaniam! Illi tali tantoque viro* DEUM *per* Omnia *adfuisse, manumque ejus & mentem direxisse,* CERTISSIMUM EST. *Hujus enim Unius ferme opera, æquissimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimium! bello, finem impositum videmus. O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicani Amor, Harleius.*

Thus critically (that is, verbally) translated:

"Thy Father, that most refulgent star of the Anglican Orb, we much desire to adore! Oh mighty Column of our Republick! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an Hero! That to such and so great a Man God was ever present, in every thing, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a Most Absolute Certainty! For it is in a manner by the operation of this Man alone, that we behold a War (alas! how much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, on the most just and most honourable Conditions. Oh Day eternally to be memorated! wherein All the Terrors of his Country were ended, and a Peace (long wished for by almost all Europe) was restored by Harley, the Love and Delight of the People of England."

But that this gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr. Pope, wherein several noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language, particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very peace which he here makes the *single work* of the Earl of Oxford, directed by *God Almighty*.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[3] Leonard Welsted, author of The

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein;
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair,[1]
Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
His sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As, taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary. (3 *a*)
"Now turn to diff'rent sports," (the Goddess cries)
"And learn, my sons, the wondrous pow'r of Noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With Shakespear's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Let others aim: 'tis yours to shake the soul[2]
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl,[3] (3 *b*)

Triumvirate, or a letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a satire on Mr. P. and some of his friends about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: And there was another in praise either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W., characterized in the treatise Περὶ βάθους, or the Art of Sinking, as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11, 1728. He was also characterized under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about at the same time:

Dear Welsted, mark, in dirty hole,
That painful animal, a Mole:
Above ground never born to grow;
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a Mole-hill all this strife!
It digs, pokes undermines for life.
How proud a little dirt to spread;
Conscious of nothing o'er its head!
'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into Light—and dies.

You have him again in book iii. ver. 169.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[1] The satire of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludes here with an excellent lesson to such men: that altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures, of such vain, braggart, puft, nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

[2] Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
Hæ tibi erunt artes.—POPE [1729].

[3] The old way of making thunder and mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them. Whether Mr. Dennis was

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell;[1] (3 *c*)
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand.
Improve we these. Three Cat-calls be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the monkey-tribe;[2] (3 *d*)
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic bass
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass."
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,[3]
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart,
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick.
"Hold!" (cry'd the Queen), "a Cat-call each shall win.[4]
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend."
As, when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait[5]
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray, (3 *e*)
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay.

the inventor of that improvement, I know not; but it is certain, that being once at a tragedy of a new author, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cried, "'Sdeath! that is *my* Thunder."—POPE [1729].
See Editor's note.

[1] A mechanical help to the pathetic, not unuseful to the modern writers of tragedy.—POPE [1729].
See Editor's note.

[2] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of critics to confound the poets of the theatre.—POPE [1729].
See Editor's note.

[3] See ver. 417.—J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels and some poems. See before, note on ver. 126.—POPE.

[4] Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic.—Virg. Ecl. iii.
—POPE [1729].

[5] A simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.—POPE.

So swells each wind-pipe; Ass intones to Ass;
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High Sound, attemper'd to the vocal nose;
Or such as bellow from the deep Divine;
There, Webster! peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield! thine.[1] (3 *f*)
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain;
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again.[2] (3 *g*)
In Tot'nham fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;[3]
Long Chanc'ry-lane[4] retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round; (3 *h*)
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,

[1] The one the writer of a newspaper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a field-preacher. This thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of spiritual madness: that, by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober clergy. From the small success of these two extraordinary persons, we may learn how little hurtful Bigotry and Enthusiasm are, while the civil magistrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it against the other.—WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] A figure of speech taken from Virgil:

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.—Georg. iii.

He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again.—COWLEY.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B., delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the sound of Armour, War, &c. In imitation of him, and strengthened by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.—Virg. Ecl. viii.
—POPE [1729].

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Westminster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virgil, Æn. vii., on the sounding the horn of Alecto:

Audiit et Trivise longe lacus, audiit amnis
Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fonteaque Velini, &c.
—POPE [1729].

[4] The place where the offices of Chancery are kept. The long detention of clients in that Court, and the difficulty of getting out, is humorously allegorized in these lines.—POPE [1729].

Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long.'

[1] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, knight, who (as Mr. Dryden expresseth it)

Writ to the rumbling of his coach's wheels;

and whose indefatigable muse produced no less than six Epic poems: Prince and King Arthur, twenty books; Eliza, ten; Alfred, twelve; the Redeemer, six; besides Job, in folio; the whole Book of Psalms; the Creation, seven books; Nature of Man, three books; and many more. 'Tis in this sense he is styled afterwards the *everlasting Blackmore*. Notwithstanding all which, Mr. Gildon seems assured, that "this admirable author did not think himself upon the *same foot* with *Homer*."—Comp. Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 108.

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times? p. 25, who says, "Sir Richard Blackmore is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents; and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers." Even Mr. Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr. Gildon: "Blackmore's Action (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality; and consequently he can have no Fable and no Heroic Poem: his narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful; his characters have none of the necessary qualifications; the things contained in his Narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic." Nay, he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no Genius; first laying down, that "Genius is caused by a furious joy and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint. Many men" (says he) "have their Hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits; and these we call cold writers. Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the forementioned motions, without the extraordinary hints; and these we call fustian writers. But he declares that Sir Richard had neither the Hints, nor the Motions."—Remarks on Pr. Arth. octavo, 1696. Preface.

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr. Dryden; and in his last, of Mr. Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of profaneness and immorality (Essay on Polite Writing, vol. ii. p. 270) on a mere report from Edm. Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm. Mr. Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it; which being very curious, we shall here transcribe. "It *was* he who burlesqued the Psalm of David. It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqued by a Popish rhymester. Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will, let them be rakes, let them be scoundrels, let them be Atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings. But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings; now shew me another Popish rhymester but he." This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr. Dennis; he has employed the same against Sir Richard himself, in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion: "All Mr. Blackmore's celestial machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common received opinion, so are they directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England; for the visible descent of an Angel must be a

This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end) [1] (3 *i*)
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames, (3 *k*)
The king of dykes! [2] than whom no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
"Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
"And who the most in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well. [3]
"Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
"The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound; [4]
"A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
"A peck of coals a-piece [5] shall glad the rest." (3 *l*)

miracle. Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceased a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world. Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are obliged to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human, but divine probability. But if the machines are sufferable, that is, if they have so much as divine probability, then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false. So I leave it to every impartial clergyman to consider," &c.—Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur.—POPE [1729].

[1] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipt in Bridewell.—This is to mark punctually the time of the day: Homer does it by the circumstance of the judges rising from court, or of the labourer's dinner; our author by one very proper both to the persons and the scene of his poem, which we may remember commenced in the evening of the Lord Mayor's day: The first book passed in that night; the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleet Street (places inhabited by booksellers), then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleet Ditch, and lastly, through Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
—— quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
In mare purpureum violentior influit
amnis. Virg.—POPE [1729].

[3] The three chief qualifications of party-writers: to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess.—POPE [1729].

[4] Papers of news and scandal intermixed, on different sides and parties, and frequently shifting from one side to the other, called the London Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c., the concealed writers of which for some time were Oldmixon, Roome, Arnall, Concanen, and others; persons never seen by our author.—POPE [1729].

[5] Our indulgent poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the *Poverty* of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices. Let any one but remark, when a thief, a

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands,[1] (3 *m*)
And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands;
Then, sighing, thus, "And am I now three-score?[2]
"Ah why, ye Gods, should two and two make four?"[3]
He said, and climb'd a stranded lighter's height, (3 *n*)
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd downright.

pick-pocket, an highwayman, or a knight of the post are spoken of, how much our hate to those characters is lessened, if they add a *needy* thief, a *poor* pickpocket, an *hungry* highwayman, a *starving* knight of the post, &c.—POPE [1729].

[1] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the most ancient critic of our nation; an unjust censurer of Mr. Addison in his prose Essay on Criticism, whom also in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric), he misrepresents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45, he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it; and in p. 304, is so injurious as to suggest, that Mr. Addison himself writ that Tatler, No. 43, which says of his own Simile, that "'Tis as great as ever entered into the mind of man." "In poetry he was not so happy as laborious, and therefore characterised by the Tatler, No. 62, by the name of *Omicron*, the *Unborn Poet.*"—Curl, Key, p. 13. He writ Dramatic works, and a volume of Poetry, consisting of Heroic Epistles, &c., some whereof are very well done," saith that great Judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 303.

In his Essay on Criticism, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our author. But the top of his character was a perverter of history, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical History of England, two volumes, octavo. Being employed by Bishop Kennet, in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the first of these books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History; which fact has been disproved by Dr. Atterbury, late Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falsified, produced since, after almost ninety years, in that noble author's original manuscript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place, which he enjoyed to his death. —POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[2] Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat inanes Herculeis similes, fluidos pendere lacertos. Ovid.—POPE [1729].

[3] Very reasonably doth this ancient critic complain: without doubt it was a fault in the constitution of things. For the World, as a great writer saith, being given to man for a subject of disputation, he might think himself mocked with a penurious gift, were any thing made certain. Hence those superior masters of wisdom, the Sceptics and Academics, reasonably conclude that two and two do not make four. — SCRIBLERUS. — WARBURTON [1743].

But we need not go so far, to remark what the poet principally intended, the absurdity of complaining of *old age*, which must necessarily happen, as long as we are indulged in our desires of adding one year to another. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.
  Next Smedley div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er[1] (3 *o*)
The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more,
All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost;[2]
"Smedley" in vain resounds thro' all the coast.
  Then * essay'd;[3] (3 *p*) scarce vanish'd out of sight,
He buoys up instant, and returns to light:
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames.
  True to the bottom see Concanen creep,[4] (3 *q*)
A cold, long-winded native of the deep;

[1] In the surreptitious editions, this whole episode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a person dipped in scandal, and deeply immersed in dirty work: whereas, Mr. Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing else in Book i. ver. 102. But the person here mentioned, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingsgate against Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas, in vain, resounds thro' all the coast.
—Lord Roscom. Translat. of Virgil's Ecl. vi.
—POPE [1729].

[3] A gentleman of genius and spirit, who was secretly dipt in some papers of this kind, on whom our poet bestows a panegyric instead of a satire, as deserving to be better employed than in party quarrels and personal invectives.—POPE [1735].

See Editor's note.

[4] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift), in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p. 7, accuses him of "having boasted of what he had not written, but others had revised and done for him." He was author of several dull and dead scurrilities in the British and London Journals, and in a paper called the Speculatist. In a pamphlet, called A Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verses (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what the gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others: To this rare piece somebody humorously caused him to take for his motto, *De profundis clamavi*. He was since a hired scribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was surprisingly promoted to administer justice and law in Jamaica.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,
Not everlasting Blackmore [1] this denies;
No noise, no stir, no motion canst thou make,
Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake. (3 *r*)
Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack,
With each a sickly brother at his back:
Sons of a Day! [2] just buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Ask ye their names? (3 *s*) I could as soon disclose
The names of these blind puppies as of those.
Fast by, like Niobe [3] (her children gone)
Sits Mother Osborne, stupefy'd to stone! [4] (3 *t*)
And Monumental brass this record bears,
"These are,—ah no! these were, the Gazetteers!" [5] (3 *u*)

[1] Nec bonus Eurytion præfato invidit honori, &c. Virg. Æn.—POPE [1729].

[2] These were daily papers, a number of which, to lessen the expense, were printed one on the back of another. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[3] See the story in Ovid, Met. vii., where the miserable petrifaction of this old lady is pathetically described. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[4] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers, who at last, being ashamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained silent. — POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[5] We ought not to suppress that a modern critic here taxeth the poet with an anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date. But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day. Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly.—SCRIBLERUS.

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the *Daily Gazetteer* was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expense of the nation. The authors were the same obscure men; though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers, bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for inquiring into the conduct of R. Earl of O., "That no less than fifty-thousand, seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings, were paid to authors and printers of newspapers, such as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants, Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteer-, and other political papers, between Feb. 10, 1731, and Feb. 10, 1741." Which

Not so bold Arnall;[1] (3 *x*) with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
With all the might of gravitation blest.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace, (3 *y*)
With holy envy gave one Layman place.
When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood;
Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.

shews the benevolence of one minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV. so much honour, in annual pensions to learned men all over Europe. In which, and in a much longer time, not a pension at Court, nor preferment in the Church or Universities, of any consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his learning separately from party-merit, or pamphlet-writing.

It is worth a reflection, that of all the panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great minister, not one is at this day extant or remembered; nor even so much credit done to his personal character by all they have written, as by one short occasional compliment of our author:

Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r!
Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[1] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this sort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal. At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices as his predecessor's. But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: Witness a paper, called the Free Briton; a Dedication intituled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it; not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report, that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings and eight pence, out of the Treasury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commission, and obliged his honourable Patron to disavow his scurrilities.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;[1]
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in:
How young Lutetia, softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vied for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was ravished long ago,[2]
Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx[3] here rises from the Shades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,
And wafting Vapours from the Land of Dreams,
(As under seas Alpheus' secret sluice
Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse) (3 z)
Pours into Thames: and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here brisker vapours o'er the Temple creep,
There, all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and sleep.
Thence to the banks where rev'rend Bards repose,[4]
They led him soft; each rev'rend Bard arose;

[1] Virg., Æn. vi., of the Sibyl:

Majorque videri,
Nec mortale sonans.—POPE [1729].

[2] Who was ravished by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, lib. iii. Argon. See Virgil, Ecl. vi.—POPE [1729].

[3] Οἵ τ' ἀμφ' Ἰμερτον Τιταρήσιον ἐργ' ἐνέμοντο
Ὅς ῥ' ἐς Πηνειὸν προΐει καλλίρροον ὕδωρ,
Οὐδ' ὅγε Πηνειῷ συμμίσγεται ἀργυροδίνῃ
Ἀλλά τέ μιν καθύπερθεν ἐπιῤῥέει ἠύτ' ἔλαιον.
Ὅρκου γὰρ δεινοῦ Στυγὸς ὕδατός ἐστιν ἀποῤῥώξ.—Homer, Il. ii. Catal.

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss. xxiv. See also Lucian's True History. Lethe and the Land of Dreams allegorically represent the stupefaction and visionary madness of poets, equally dull and extravagant. Of Alphæus's waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, see Moschus, Idyll. viii. Virg. Ecl.

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos.
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.

And again, Æn. iii.:

Alphæum fama est huc Elidis amnem,
Occultas egisse vias subter mare, qui nunc
Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.—POPE [1729].

[4] Tum canit errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum,
Utque viro Phœbi chorus assurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musæ,
Ascræo quos ante seni, &c.—POPE [1729].

And Milbourn[1] (4 *a*) chief, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, (4 *b*) and vest.
"Receive" (he said) "these robes which once were mine,
"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine." (4 *c*)
He ceas'd, and spread the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress.
Around him wide a sable Army stand,
A low-born, cell-bred, selfish, servile band,
Prompt or to guard or stab, to saint or damn,
Heaven's Swiss, who fight for any God, or Man. (4 *d*)
Thro' Lud's fam'd gates,[2] along the well-known Fleet, (4 *e*)
Rolls the black troop, and overshades the street;
'Till show'rs of Sermons, Characters, Essays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds, replenish'd from some bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and descend in snow.
Here stopt the Goddess; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.
"Ye Critics! in whose heads, as equal scales,
"I weigh what author's heaviness prevails;
"Which most conduce to soothe the soul in slumbers,
"My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers; (4 *f*)
"Attend the trial we propose to make:
"If there be man, who o'er such works can wake,

[1] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the fairest of critics; who, when he wrote against Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him justice in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him. —Append.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] King Lud repairing the city, called it, after his own name, Lud's Town; the strong gate which he built in the west part, he likewise, for his own honour, named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI. had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads upon their old bodies again. The 28th of Queen Elizabeth, the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded, with images of Lud and others, as afore."—Stow's Survey of London.—POPE [1729].

"Sleep's all-subduing charms who dares defy,
"And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye;[1]
"To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
"Judge of all present, past, and future wit;
"To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong;
"Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
Three College Sophs, and three pert Templars came, (4 *g*)
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,[2]
And smit with love of Poesy and Prate,[3]
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring.[4]
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum, (4 *h*)
'Till all, tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;[5]
Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose;
At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow:
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowsy God.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress[6]
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast. (4 *i*)

[1] See Hom. Odyss. xii.; Ovid. Met. i.—POPE [1729].

[2] Ambo florentes ætatibus, Arcades ambo,
Et cantare pares, & respondere parati.
—Virg. Ecl. vi.—POPE [1729].

[3] Smit with the love of sacred song.
—Milton.—POPE [1729].

[4] Consedere duces, & vulgi stante corona.
—Ovid. Met. xiii.—POPE [1729].

[5] "All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with which they proceed. It is impossible to any one, who has a poetical ear, to read them without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse, to imitate the action it describes. The simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject;" says an enemy, in his Essay on the Dunciad, p. 21.—POPE [1729].

[6] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea Scheme, &c. "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to Plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty."

Toland and Tindal,[1] (4 *k*) prompt at priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's No kingdom here.*[2] (4 *l*)
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome,
Slept first; the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes,
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle first, and then a second makes;[3] (4 *m*)
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion from one circle to the rest;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.[4]

Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. ii. p. 289. But this gentleman since made himself much more eminent, and personally well known to the greatest statesmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.—POPE [1729].

[1] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheist's Liturgy, called Pantheisticon, was a spy, in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of the Rights of the Christian Church, and Christianity as old as the Creation. He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl S—, which was suppressed while yet in MS. by an eminent person, then out of the ministry, to whom he shewed it, expecting his approbation: this doctor afterwards published the same piece, *mutatis mutandis*, against that very person.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc. to allude to a sermon of a reverend bishop. — POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[3] It is a common and foolish mistake, that a ludicrous parody of a grave and celebrated passage is a ridicule of that passage. The reader therefore, if he will, may call this a parody of the author's own sublime Similitude in the Essay on Man, p. iv. :

As the small pebble, &c.

but will any body therefore suspect the one to be a ridicule of the other? A ridicule indeed there is in every parody: but when the image is transferred from one subject to another, and the subject is not a poem burlesqued (which Scriblerus hopes the reader will distinguish from a burlesque poem), there the ridicule falls not on the thing imitated, but imitating. Thus, for instance, when

Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast,

it is, without doubt, an object ridiculous enough. But I think it falls neither on old king Edward, nor his armour, but on his armour-bearer only. Let this be said to explain our author's Parodies (a figure that has always a good effect in a mock epic poem) either from profane or sacred writers.—WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's ote.

[4] A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.—Blackm., Job.
—POPE [1729].

At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail;[1] (4 *n*)
Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale; (4 *o*)
Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er;[2] (4 *p*)
Morgan[3] and Mandevil[4] (4 *q*) could prate no more;

[1] Mrs. Susanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty. She writ many plays and a song (says Mr. Jacob, vol. i., p. 32), before she was seven years old. She also writ a Ballad against Mr. Pope's Homer, before he began it.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c.—William Law, A.M., wrote with great zeal against the stage; Mr. Dennis answered with as great: Their books were printed in 1726. Mr. Law affirmed, that "The play-house is the temple of the Devil; the peculiar pleasure of the Devil; where all they who go, yield to the Devil; where all the laughter is a laughter among Devils; and all who are there are hearing music in the very Porch of Hell." To which Mr. Dennis replied, that "There is every jot as much difference between a true play, and one made by a poetaster, as between two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran." Then he demonstrates, that "All those who had written against the Stage were Jacobites and Non-jurors; and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender. Mr. Collier published his Short View when France declared for the Chevalier; and his Dissuasive, just at the great storm, when the devastation which that hurricane wrought, had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts. Mr. Law took the opportunity to attack the stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flattered themselves were designed in their favour. And as for Mr. Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, though I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke d'Aumont's being at Somerset House, or upon the late Rebellion."—Dennis, Stage defended against Mr. Law, p. ult.—POPE [1729]. The same Mr. Law is author of a book, intitled, "An Appeal to all that doubt of or disbelieve the truth of the Gospel;" in which he has detailed a system of the rankest Spinozism, for the most exalted Theology: and amongst other things as rare, has informed us of this, that Sir Isaac Newton stole the principles of his philosophy from one Jacob Behman, a German cobbler.—WARBURTON [1751].

See Editor's note.

[3] A writer against religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe, than by the pompousness of his title: for having stolen his morality from Tindal, and his philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a *Moral Philosopher*.—WARBURTON [1743].

[4] This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an *Immoral Philosopher*, was author of a famous book called *The Fable of the Bees;* written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the imposition of fools; and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render society flourishing and happy.—WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

Norton,[1] from Daniel and Ostrœa (4 *r*) sprung,
Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head;
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead.[2] (4 *s*)
Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
Why should I sing, what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews;
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, (4 *t*) ever open gate!
How Henley (4 *u*) lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink:[3]
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet[4] (4 *x*)
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

[1] Norton De Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel. *Fortes creantur fortibus.* One of the authors of the Flying Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abused with his betters; and of many hired scurrilities and daily papers, to which he never set his name.—POPE [1729].

[2] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor:

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] This line presents us with an excellent moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by *appearances;* a lesson to all men, who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly: since not only the poets frequently describe a bard inspired in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank, where Chaucer lay inspir'd,

and the like) but an eminent casuist tells us, that "if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of holy men on purpose to cause scandal."—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

[4] A prison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

ARGUMENT TO BOOK III.

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap; a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, inamoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shows him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future: how small a part of the world was ever conquered by science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shows by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire. Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a sudden the scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these. He prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with farces, operas, and shows; how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the theatres, and set up even at Court: then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences: giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the future fulness of her glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book.

BOOK III.

But in her Temple's last recess enclos'd,
On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.
Him close she curtains round with Vapours blue,
And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew.
Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from Reason know.[1]
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods:[2] (*a*)
Hence the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal Fame. (*b*)
And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descending views th' Elysian Shade.
A slip-shod Sibyl[3] led his steps along
In lofty madness meditating song;
Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams.

[1] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the chimera of the dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the present age, doubtless more learned, more enlightened, and more abounding with great genius's in divinity, politics, and whatever arts and sciences, than all the preceding. For fear of any such mistake of our poet's honest meaning, he hath again, at the end of the Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all passed through the Ivory gate, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth falsity.—Scriblerus [Pope, 1729].

How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen.—Bentley [Pope and Warburton, 1743].

[2] Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum Colloquio.—Virg. Æn. vii. —Pope [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] Conclamat Vates ——
—— furens antro se immisit aperto.
—Virgil.—Pope [1743].

Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,[1] (*c*)
(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more.)
Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows;[2] (*d*)
And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows.[3] (*e*)
Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,[4]
Old Bavius sits,[5] to dip poetic souls,[6]
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull:
Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears[7] (*f*) unbar the gates of Light,[8]

[1] John Taylor, the Water-Poet, an honest man, who owns he learned not so much as the Accidence: a rare example of modesty in a poet!

I must confess I do want eloquence,
And never scarce did learn my Accidence;
For having got from *possum* to *posset*,
there was gravel'd, could no farther get.

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I., and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an alehouse in Long Acre. He died in 1654. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of these anagram'd his name, *Benlowes* into *Benevolus:* to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them.—POPE [1743].

[3] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a dose, in the year 1692.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[4] Videt Æneas in valle reducta
Seclusum nemus ——
Lethæumque domos placidas qui prænatat amnem, &c.
Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c.
—Virg. Æn. vi. POPE [1729].

[5] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Bays [Tibbald, 1729] by our author, though not in so Christian-like a manner: for heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works; Qui Bavium non odit; whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great good nature and mercifulness through the whole course of this poem.

Mr. Dennis warmly contends, that Bavius was no inconsiderable author; nay, that "He and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace: For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fixed that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit."—Rem. on Pr. Arthur, part ii. c. 1. An argument which, if this poem should last, will conduce to the honour of the gentlemen of the Dunciad.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729, 1743].

[6] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti
Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras,
Lustrabat.—Virg. Æn. vi.
—POPE [1729].

[7] Booksellers, printers for anybody. —The allegory of the souls of the dull coming forth in the form of

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on these banks he views,[9]
Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.[10] (*g*)
Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,[11] (*h*)

books, dressed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vast numbers by booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible. —POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[8] An hemistic of Milton.—POPE [1729].

[9] Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c.
—Virg. Æn. vi. POPE [1729].

[10] John Ward, of Hackney, Esq., Member of Parliament, being convicted of forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenced to the Pillory on the 17th of February, 1727. Mr. Curl (having likewise stood there) looks upon the mention of such a gentleman in a satire, as a great act of barbarity: Key to the Dunc. 3rd edit., p. 16. And another author reasons thus upon it—Durgen. 8vo, p. 11, 12: "How unworthy is it of Christian charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? What could move the poet thus to mention a brave sufferer, a gallant prisoner, exposed to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his senses, it was committing a crime, for which the law is deficient not to punish him! nay, a crime which Man can scarce forgive or Time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him to it but being bribed by a great lady, &c." (to whom this brave, honest, worthy gentleman was guilty of no offence but forgery, proved in open court). But it is evident, this verse could not be meant of him; it being notorious, that no eggs were thrown at that gentleman. Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr. Edward Ward the poet when he stood there. —POPE [1729, 1736].

See Editor's note.

[11] This is a sophisticated reading. I think I may venture to affirm all the copyists are mistaken here: I believe I may say the same of the critics; Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted have passed it in silence. I have also stumbled at it, and wondered how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some transcriber, whose head ran on the Pillory, mentioned two lines before; it is therefore amazing that Mr. Curl himself should overlook it! Yet that scholiast takes not the least notice hereof. That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain from his ranging this passage among those in which our author was blamed for personal Satire on a Man's face (whereof doubtless he might take the *ear* to be a part); so likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying Post, and all the herd of commentators.—*Tota armenta sequuntur.*

A very little sagacity (which all these gentlemen therefore wanted)

Known by the band and suit which Settle[1] (*i*) wore
(His only suit) for twice three years before:
All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state; another, yet the same. (*k*)
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.
"Oh born to see what none can see awake! (*l*)
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake.
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore:
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?[2] (*m*)

will restore us to the true sense of the poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of *years*.

See how easy a change; of one single letter! That Mr. Settle was old, is most certain; but he was (happily) a stranger to the Pillory. This note partly Mr. THEOBALD'S, partly SCRIBLERUS'.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] Elkanah Settle was once a writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for dramatic poetry and politics. Mr. Dennis tells us that "he was a formidable rival to Mr. Dryden, "and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference." Mr. Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf: "Poor Settle was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden; nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him:" Preface to his Poems, 8vo. p. 31. And Mr. Milborn cried out, "How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr. Settle!"—Notes on Dryd. Vir. p. 175. These are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them.

He was author or publisher of many noted pamphlets in the time of King Charles II. He answered all Dryden's political poems; and being cried up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with cuts). "Upon this he grew insolent, the wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the town judged he had the better. In short, Settle was then thought a very formidable rival to Mr. Dryden; and not only the town but the University of Cambridge was divided which to prefer; and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah." DENNIS, Pref. to Rem. on Hom.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] Bœotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now; though it produced one of the greatest poets and one of the greatest generals of Greece:

Bœotum crasso jurares aere natum.
—Horat.—POPE [1743].

See Editor's note.

many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
many stages thro' old Monks she rid?
all who since, in mild benighted days,
'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?[1]
man's Mæanders to the vital spring
l all their tides; then back their circles bring; (*n*)
whirligigs twirl'd round by skilful swain,
ck the thread in, then yield it out again:
ll nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
hall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
'or this our Queen unfolds to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:[2]
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind:
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain.
"Ascend this hill,[3] whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless empire over seas and lands.
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,[4]
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, (*o*)
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her shade.
"Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright course begun:[5]

[1] Sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.—Virg. Ecl. viii.—POPE [1729].

[2] This has a resemblance to that passage in Milton, book xi. where the Angel—

To noble sights from Adam's eye remov'd
The film; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual nerve—*For he had much to see.*

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole episode.—POPE [1729].

[3] The scenes of this vision are remarkable for the order of their appearance. First, from ver. 67 to 73, those places of the globe are shown where Science never rose; then from ver. 74 to 83, those where she was destroyed by tyranny; from ver. 85 to 95, by inundations of barbarians; from ver. 96 to 106, by superstition. Then Rome, the Mistress of Arts, described in her degeneracy; and lastly Britain, the scene of the action of the poem; which furnishes the occasion of drawing out the Progeny of Dulness in review.—WARBURTON [1743].

[4] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in ignorance.—POPE [1729].

[5] Our author favours the opinion

One god-like Monarch [1] all that pride confounds,
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there,
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.
"Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their Physic of the Soul."
How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise!
Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows, (*p*)
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! (*q*)
See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame
Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name! (*r*)
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul! (*s*)
See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore) [3]
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the western world believe and sleep. (*t*)
"Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore;" [4]

that all sciences came from the Eastern nations.—POPE [1729].

[1] Chi Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.—POPE [1729].

[2] The Caliph, Omar I., having conquered Egypt, caused his General to burn the Ptolemæan library, on the gates of which was this inscription, ΨΥΧΗΣ ΙΑΤΡΕΙΟΝ, the Physic of the Soul.—POPE [1729].

[3] Phœnicia, Syria, &c., where Letters are said to have been invented. In these countries Mahomet began his conquests.—POPE [1729].

[4] A strong instance of this pious rage is placed to Pope Gregory's account. John of Salisbury gives a

Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head. (*u*)
Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Virgilius mourn. (*x*)
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods,
Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tiber chok'd with Gods: (*y*)
'Till Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn,[1]
And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn; (*z*)
See, graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
"Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers,
Grave Mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had Easter never been.[2] (*a a*)

Very odd encomium of this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him: *Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui mellco prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam; non modo Mathesin jussit ab aula, sed, ut traditur a majoribus, incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo.* And in another place: *Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem; quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, and major authoritas, et diligentia studiosior.* Desiderius, Archbishop of Vienna, was sharply reproved by him for teaching grammar and literature, and explaining the poets; because (says this Pope): *In no se ore, cum Jovis laudibus Christi laudes non capiunt: Et quam grave nefandumque sit Episcopis canere quod nec Laico religioso conveniat, ipse considera.* He is said, among the rest, to have burned Livy; *Quia in superstitionibus et sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur.* The same Pope is accused by Vossius, and others, of having caused the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome should give more attention to triumphal arches, &c., than to holy things.—Bayle, Dict.—POPE [1729].

[1] After the government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the heathen temples and statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more monuments of antiquity out of rage, than these out of devotion. At length they spared some of the temples, by converting them to churches; and some of the statues, by modifying them into images of Saints. In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the statues of Apollo and Pallas, on the tomb of Sannazarius, into David and Judith; the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's Head turned to that of Holofernes.—POPE [1729].

[2] Wars in England anciently, about

In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!
"And see, my son! the hour is on its way,
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, (*b b*)
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.[1]
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies to assert her cause![2]
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them, as they rise to light.
As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her, in the blest abode,
An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God:[3]
Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd
Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round; (*c c*)
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce.
"Mark first that youth[4] who takes the foremost place,
And thrusts his person full into your face.

the right time of celebrating Easter. —POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent. Virg. Ecl. vi.—POPE [1729].

[1] This is fulfilled in the fourth book.—POPE [1743].

[2] Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quæ deinde sequatur
Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras,
Expediam. Virg. Æn. vi.—POPE [1729].

i.e., of poets, antiquaries, critics, divines, free-thinkers. But as this revolution is only here set on foot by the first of these classes, the poets, they only are here particularly celebrated, and they only properly fall under the care and review of this Colleague of Dulness, the Laureate. The others, who finish the great work, are reserved for the fourth book, when the Goddess herself appears in full glory. —WARBURTON [1743].

[3] Felix prole virûm, qualis Berecynthia mater
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
Læta deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes cœlicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes. Virg. Æn. vi.—POPE [1729].

[4] Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hasta,
Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca.
—Virg. Æn. vi.—POPE [1729].

With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born![1]
And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn. (*d d*)
"A second see, by meeker manners known,
And modest as the maid that sips alone;
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,[2]
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee. (*e e*)
Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn,[3] (*f f*)
And answ'ring gin-shops sourer sighs return. (*g g*)
"Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,[4]
Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law.[5] (*h h*)

[1] A manner of expression used by Virgil, Ecl. viii. :

Nascere! præque diem veniens, age, Lucifer—

As also that of *patriis virtutibus*, Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the father the merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the son.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] Si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris!—Virg. Æn. vi.
—POPE [1729].

[3] Te nemus Angitiæ, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevere lacus.—Virg. Æn. vii.

Virgil again, Ecl. x. :

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c.
—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] "This Gentleman is son of a considerable Maltster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney: Who, between his more laborious studies, has diverted himself with poetry. He is a great admirer of poets and their works, which has occasioned him to try his genius that way. He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many Law Books, The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c."—GILES JACOB of himself, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very grossly and unprovoked, abused in that book the author's friend, Mr. Gay.

[5] Duo fulmina belli
Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ.—Virg. Æn. vi.
—POPE [1729].

There may seem some error in these verses, Mr. Jacob having proved our author to have a respect for him, by this undeniable argument. "He had once a regard for my judgment; otherwise he would never have subscribed Two Guineas to me, for one small book in octavo."—Jacob's Letter to Dennis, printed in Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 49. Therefore I should think the appellation of Blunderbuss to Mr. Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his honour.

Mr. Dennis argues the same way: "My writings having made great impression on the minds of all sensible men, Mr. P. repented, and to give proof of his repentance, subscribed to my two volumes of select Works, and afterward to my two volumes of Letters."—Ibid. p. 80. We should hence believe, the name of Mr. Dennis hath also crept into this poem by

Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the town, (*i i*)
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.[1] (*k k*)
Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculously grim.[2] (*l l*)
Each Cygnet sweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass;[3] (*m m*)
Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame.
Some strain in rhyme; the Muses, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks;
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck;
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars and the Miltons of a Curl.
"Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,[4] (*n n*)

some mistake. But from hence, gentle reader! thou mayest beware, when thou givest thy money to such Authors, not to flatter thyself that thy motives are Good-nature or Charity. —POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[1] These two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since, after the publishing of this piece, the former dying, the latter succeeded him in honour and employment. The first was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingsgate paper, called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was son of an undertaker for funerals in Fleet Street, and writ some of the papers called Pasquin, where by malicious Innuendos he endeavoured to represent our author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament. Of this man was made the following Epigram:

You ask why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
Yet if he writes, is dull as other folks?
You wonder at it.—This, Sir, is the case,
The jest is lost unless he prints his face.

P—le was the author of some vile plays and pamphlets. He published abuses on our author in a paper called The Prompter.—POPE [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] An ill-natured critic, who writ a satire on our author called The Mock Æsop, and many anonymous Libels in newspapers for hire. — POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[3] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c., singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season; whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the poet slurs them over with others in general. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[4] James Ralph, a name inserted after the first editions, not known to our author till he writ a swearing-piece called *Sawney*, very abusive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himself. These lines allude to a thing of his,

And makes night hideous—Answer him, ye Owls![1]
"Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way, and Morris may be read."[2]
Flow, Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,[3] (o o)
Tho' stale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull;
Heady, not strong; o'erflowing, tho' not full.[4]

entitled, *Night*, a poem: This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praised himself highly above Mr. Addison, in wretched remarks upon that author's Account of English Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728.—POPE [1729].

He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being advised to read the rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he smiled and replied, "Shakespear writ without rules." He ended at last in the common sink of all such writers, a political newspaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnal, and received a small pittance for pay. —WARBURTON [1743, 1751].

See Editor's note.

[1] Visit thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making Night hideous.—SHAKESPEARE.
—POPE [1729].

[2] *Besaleel*, see Book ii. — POPE [1736].

[3] Of this author see the remark on Book ii. ver. 209. But (to be impartial) add to it the following different character of him:

Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent in the two Universities, which should have the honour of his education. To compound this, he (civilly) became a member of both, and after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the Fame of his protectors. It also appears from his Works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age. Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisite Judges pronounce he even rivalled his masters. His Love verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt. In his translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His Ode—his Epistle—his Verses—his Love tale—all, are the most perfect things in all poetry.—Welsted of Himself, Char. of the Times, 8vo, 1728, pp. 23, 24.—POPE [1736]. It should not be forgot to his honour, that he received at one time the sum of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the Ministry. See Report of the Secret Committee, &c., in 1742. — POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[4] Parody on Denham, *Cooper's Hill*:

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full!—POPE [1729].

"Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?[1]
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor;
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my sons! be foes no more![2]
Nor glad vile Poets with true Critics' gore. (*p p*)
"Behold yon Pair,[3] in strict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!

[1] The reader, who has seen through the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr. Dennis paid to our author and all his works, may perhaps wonder he should be mentioned but twice, and so slightly touched, in this poem. But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his Name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's *Lives*, he must have been above three score, and happily lived many years after. So that he was senior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all our poets enjoyed the longest bodily life.—POPE [1736].

[2] Virg. Æn. vi.:

No tanta animis assuescite bella,
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires
Tuque prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!
—POPE [1729].

[3] One of these was author of a weekly paper called *The Grumbler*, as the other was concerned in another called *Pasquin*, in which Mr. Pope was abused with the Duke of Buckingham, and Bishop of Rochester. They also joined in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the *Iliad*, intituled *Homerides*, by Sir *Iliad Doggrell*, printed 1715.

Of the other works of these gentlemen the world has heard no more than it would of Mr. Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discouraged him from pursuing his studies. How few good works had ever appeared (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception! And were it not better for the public, that a million of monsters should come into the world, which are sure to die as soon as born, than that the serpents should strangle one Hercules in his cradle?—C.

The union of these two authors gave occasion to this Epigram:

Burnet and Ducket, friends in spite,
Came hissing out in verse;
Both were so forward, each would write,
So dull, each hung an A—.

Thus Amphisbœna (I have read),
At either end assails;
None knows which leads or which is led,
For both Heads are but Tails.

After many editions of this poem, the author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a *pious passion* for the other. It was a literal translation of Virgil, *Nisus amore pio pueri*—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship: That between Nisus and Euryalus is allowed to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the reader to hear, that, on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to that gentleman to induce him to think something further. "Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which

Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.[5] (*q q*)
"But who is he, in closet close y-pent,[6]
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent? (*r r*)
Right well mine eyes arede[7] the myster wight,[8]

God and Nature designed.—Sir, you have a very fine lady—and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children," &c. [Dedic. to Dennis, *Rem. on the Rape of the Lock.*] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turned upon this article: He had taken into his head, that ever since some books were written against the Stage, and since the Italian Opera had prevailed, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be named: He went so far as to print upon the subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, "That he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable at this juncture; since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men's minds to the natural desire of women."—DENNIS, *Stage defended* against Mr. *Law*, p. 20. Our author solemnly declared, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that vice and this gentleman together.—POPE [1729, 1736, 1743].

[4] Virg. Æn. vi.:

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
Concordes animæ.

And in the fifth,

Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa,
Nisus amore pio pueri.—POPE [1729].

[5] Such places were given at this time to such sort of writers.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[6] Virgil, Æn. vi., questions and answers in this manner, of *Numa*:

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ,
Sacra ferens?—nosco crines incanaque menta, &c.—POPE [1729].

[7] *Read*, or *peruse*; though sometimes used for *counsel*. "READE THY READ, *take thy Counsaile*. Thomas Sternhold, in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

The man is blest that hath not bent
To wicked READ his ear.

But in the last spurious editions of the singing Psalms the word READ is changed into *men*. I say *spurious* editions, because not only here, but quite throughout the whole book of Psalms, are strange alterations, all for the worse; and yet the title-page stands as it used to do! and all (which is abominable in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others. I am confident, were Sternhold and Hopkins now living they would proceed against the innovators as cheats.—A liberty, which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of by such as are for Uniformity, and have any regard for the old English Saxon tongue."—HEARNE, Gloss. on Rob. of Gloc. artic. REDE.

I do herein agree with Mr. Hearne: Little is it of avail to object, that such words are become unintelligible; since they are truly English, men ought to understand them; and such as are for Uniformity should think all alterations in a language strange, abominable, and unwarrantable. Rightly therefore, I say, again, hath our Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth as a precious ointment upon good old Wormius in this place.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729].

[8] Uncouth mortal.—POPE [1729].

On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight.[1] (*s s*)
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!
"There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,
Wits, who, like owls,[2] see only in the dark,
A Lumber-house of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
"But, where each Science lifts its modern type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity her Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Embrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley stands,[3] (*t t*)
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.

[1] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius; much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own antiquary, Mr. Thomas Hearne, who had no way aggrieved our poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts, which he hath to his great contentment perused.

Most rightly are *ancient Words* here employed, in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same. We may say not only rightly, but wisely, yea excellently, inasmuch as for the like practice the like praise is given by Mr. Hearne himself, Gloss. to Rob. of Glocester, Artic. BEHETT; "Others say BEHIGHT, *promised*, and so it is used excellently well by Thomas Norton, in his translation into Metre of the cxvith Psalm, ver. 14:

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
That I to him BEHIGHT,

where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is truly English, from the Saxon) have most unwarrantably altered it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows
With joy and *great delight*.

"In Cumberland they say to *hight*, for to *promise*, or *vow*; but HIGHT usually signifies *was called*; and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland."—Hearne, *ibid.*—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal critic: the darker his author is, the better he is pleased; like the famous Quack Doctor, who put up in his bills, *he delighted in matters of difficulty*. Somebody said well of these men, that their heads were *Libraries out of order*.—POPE [1729].

[3] J. Henley the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences. Each auditor paid one shilling. He declaimed some years against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour. WELSTED, in Oratory Transactions, N. 1, published by Henley himself, gives the following account of him: "He was born at Melton-Mowbray in Leicestershire. From his own parish school he went to St. John's College, in Cambridge. He began there to be uneasy; for it

How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said, nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain, (*u u*)
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson preach in vain. (*v v*)
Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!
Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes,
A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods! (*x x*)
But fate with butchers placed thy priestly stall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maul;

shocked him to find he was commanded to believe against his own judgment in points of religion, philosophy, &c., for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind. Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian religion, in order either to Deaconship, or Priesthood." He came to town, and after having for some years been a writer for booksellers, he had an ambition to be so for ministers of State. The only reason he did not rise in the Church, we are told, "was the envy of others, and a disrelish entertained of him, because he was not qualified to be a compleat Spaniel." However, he offered the service of his pen to two great men, of opinions and interests directly opposite; by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and styled himself the Restorer of ancient eloquence. He thought "it as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as another; at Hickes's Hall, as at Doctor's Commons; so set up his Oratory in Newport Market, Butcher Row. There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a plan, which no mortal ever thought of; he had success against all opposition; challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him; writ, read, and studied twelve hours a-day; composed three dissertations a week on all subjects; undertook to teach in one year what schools and universities teach in five; was not terrified by menaces, insults, or satires, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the Church, and all that in danger."—WELSTED, Narrative in Orat. Transact. N. 1.

After having stood some prosecutions, he turned his rhetoric to buffoonery upon all public and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room; where sometimes he broke jests, and sometimes that bread which he called the Primitive Eucharist. This wonderful person struck medals, which he dispersed as tickets to his subscribers: The device, a star rising to the meridian, with this motto, AD SVMMA; and below, INVENIAM VIAM AVT FACIAM. This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise,
In Toland's, Tindal's,[1] and in Woolston's days. (*y y*)
"Yet oh, my sons,[2] a father's words attend:
(So may the fates preserve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But oh! with One, immortal One dispense;
The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense.
Content, (*z z*) each Emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires,
Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives, are giv'n for you to hate.
Persist, by all divine in Man unaw'd,
But, 'Learn, ye DUNCES! not to scorn your God.'"[3]
Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole
Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul;
But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire:
"See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!
See what the charms, that smite the simple heart
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art."
His never-blushing head he turn'd aside,
(Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)[4] (*3 b*

[1] Of Toland and Tindal, see Book ii. Thomas Woolston was an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, &c.—POPE [1729].

[2] The caution against blasphemy here given by a departed Son of Dulness to his yet existing brethren, is, as the Poet rightly intimates, not out of tenderness to the ears of others, but their own. And so we see that when that danger is removed, on the open establishment of the Goddess in the fourth book, she encourages her sons, and they beg assistance to pollute the Source of Light itself, with the same virulence they had before done the purest emanations from it.—WARBURTON [1743]

[3] Discite justitiam moniti, & n nere divos.—VIRGIL. —POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] Mr. Cibber tells us, in l p. 149, that Goodman being rehearsal of a play, in which a part, clapped him on the s and cried, "If he does not good actor, I'll be d—d. A Mr. Cibber) I make it a q whether Alexander himself, o the Twelfth of Sweden, whe head of their first victorious could feel a greater transport bosoms than I did in mine.' and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

And look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer rise,[1] (3 *c*)
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war.
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth:[2] (3 *d*)
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns.[3]
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;[4]
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast Egg produces human race. (3 *e*)
Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought;
'What pow'r,' he cries, 'what pow'r these wonders wrought?'
"Son, what thou seek'st is in thee!"[6] Look, and find
Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind.
Yet would'st thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whose sars'net skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchless youth! his nod these worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls.[7] (3 *f*)

[1] Dr. Faustus, the subject of a set of farces, which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both play-houses strove to outdo each other for some years. All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England, to the twentieth and thirtieth time.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] Solemque *suum*, *sua* sidera norunt.
—Virg. Æn. vi.

[4] Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibu aprum.—Hor.
—POPE [1729].

[5] In another of these farces Harlequin is hatched upon the stage, out of a large egg.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[6] Quod petis in te est
—— Ne te quæsiveris extra.—Pers.
—POPE [1729].

[7] Like Salmoneus in Æn. vi.:

Dum flammas Jovis, & sonitus imitatur Olympi.
—— nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,

Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground: [1]
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! [2] (3 *g*) how calm he sits at ease
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease;
And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
"But lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rise; I see my Cibber[3] there!
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd, (3 *h*)
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind."[4]
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn; (3 *i*

Ære & cornipedum cursu simularat equorum.
—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] Alludes to Mr. Addison's verses in the praises of Italy:

Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground.

As ver. 264 is a parody on a noble one of the same author in The Campaign; and ver. 259, 260, on two sublime verses of Dr. Y.—POPE [1729].

[2] Mr. John Rich, master of the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, was the first that excelled this way.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap. xv.): "Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, outvying each other in expence." He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows: "If I am asked why I assented? I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough Had Henry IV. of France changing his religion? I my heart, as much as h on the side of truth and with this difference, that leave to quit them when not support me.—But le tion go which way it will, has always been allowed a This must be confessed a only the question still s 1. How the doing a th one's conscience is an ex and 2ndly, It will be ha how he got the leave of Sense to quit their servic can produce a certificate t was in it.—POPE and W [1743].

Booth and Cibber were gers of the Theatre in D —POPE [1743].

[4] In his letter to Mr. solemnly declares this literally true. We hop the reader will understan cally only.—POPE and W [1743].

ontending Theatres our empire raise,
like their labours, and alike their praise.
"And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Jnknown to thee? these wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars: [1] (3*k*)
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,[2]
For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes; (3*l*)
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.

[1] Annual trophies, on the Lord Mayor's day; and monthly wars in the Artillery Ground.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[2] Settle, like most party writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employed to hold the pen in the Character of a Popish Successor, but afterwards printed his Narrative on the other side. He had managed the ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov. 17, 1680, then became a trooper in King James's army at Hounslow Heath. After the Revolution he kept a booth at Bartholomew Fair, where, in the droll called St. George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention; he was at last taken into the Charter House, and there died, aged sixty years.—POPE [1729].

Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,[1]
And ev'ry year be duller than the last.
Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway:
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage,
The third mad passion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,[2] (3 *m*)
And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before! (3 *n*)
To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for Faustus is our friend: (3 *o*)
Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.[3] (3 *p*)
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire, (3 *q*)
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.[4]
Another Æschylus appears![5] prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!

[1] It stood in the first edition with blanks, * * *and* * *. Concanen was sure "they must needs mean nobody but *King GEORGE* and *Queen CAROLINE;* and said he would insist it was so, till the Poet cleared himself by filling up the blanks otherwise, agreeably to the context, and consistent with his *allegiance*."—Pref. to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, &c., against Mr. P., printed for A. Moor, p. 6.—POPE [1729].

[2] He translated the Italian Opera of Polifemo: but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story. The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is *Noman:* After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid: They enquire who has hurt him? he answers *Noman;* whereupon they all go away again. Our ingenious translator made Ulysses answer, *I take no name*, whereby all that followed became unintelligible. Hence it appears that Mr. Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek *Pun-nology.*—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[3] Names of miserable farces, which it was the custom to act at the end of the best tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] In Tibbald's farce of Proserpine, a corn-field was set on fire: whereupon the other play-house had a barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators. They also rivalled each other in showing the burnings of hell-fire, in Dr. Faustus.—POPE [1729].

[5] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his tragedy of The Furies was acted, the audience were so terrified

In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,[1] (3 *r*)
While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
"Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes:
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.[2] (3 *s*)
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays! (3 *t*)
On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ![3] (3 *u*)
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for Wit![4] (3 *x*)

that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried.—POPE [1729].

[1] See Ovid. Met. iii.

See Editor's note.

[2] Hic vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
Augustus Cæsar, Divum genus; aurea condet
Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam.—Virg. Æn. vi.
—POPE [1729].

Saturnian here relates to the age of *Lead*, mentioned Book i. ver. 26.

See Editor's note.

[3] W—m Benson (Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling. Whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against Benson, for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[4] "He was (saith Mr. JACOB) one of the wits at Button's, and a justice of the peace;" but he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. i. p. 157: "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem flattery; but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an Enemy to the Government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party paper called the Examiner: A falsehood well known to those yet

See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall, (3 *y*)
While Jones' and Boyle's united Labours fall;[1] (3 *z*)
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends; (4 *a*)
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends;[2] (4 *b*)
Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate;[3]
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.[4] (4 *c*)

living, who had the direction and publication of it.—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[1] At the time when this poem was written, the Banquetting House of Whitehall, the church and piazza of Covent Garden, and the palace and chapel of Somerset House, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin. The portico of Covent Garden church had been just then restored and beautified at the expense of the Earl of Burlington; who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true taste of Architecture in this kingdom.—POPE.

See Editor's note.

[2] See Mr. Gay's fable of the *Hare and many Friends*. This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What-d'ye-call-it, Fables; and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of a satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality, to the very rabble. That verse of Horace:

> Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed famous. It was acted in Lo sixty-three days, uninterrupted; renewed the next season with applauses. It spread into all great towns of England, was pl in many places to the thirtieth fortieth time, at Bath and Bristol, &c. It made its progress into W Scotland, and Ireland, where it performed twenty-four days toge It was last acted in Minorca. fame of it was not confined to author only; the ladies carried a with them the favourite songs of fans; and houses were furnished it in screens. The person who Polly, till then obscure, becam at once the favourite of the t her pictures were engraved, and in great numbers; her life wri books of letters and verses to published; and pamphlets made of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of land, for that season, the It Opera, which had carried all bef for ten years. That idol of nobility and people, which the critic, Mr. Dennis, by the lal and outcries of a whole life could overthrow, was demolished by a s stroke of this gentleman's pen. happened in the year 1728. Y great was his modesty, that he stantly prefixed to all the editio it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus nihil.*—POPE [1729].

See Editor's note.

[3] See Book i. ver. 26.—POPE WARBURTON [1743].

[4] The author here plainly lan

"Proceed, great days![1] till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lie dissolv'd in Port!"
'Enough! enough!' the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies.[2]

that he was so long employed in translating and commenting. He began the Iliad in 1713, and finished it in 1719. The edition of Shakespear (which he undertook merely because nobody else would) took up near two years more in the drudgery of comparing impressions, rectifying the scenery, &c., and the translation of half the Odyssey employed him from that time to 1725.—POPE [1736].

See Editor's note.

[1] It may perhaps seem incredible, that so great a revolution in learning is here prophesied, should be brought about by such weak Instruments as have been [hitherto] described in our poem: but do not ou, gentle reader, rest too secure thy contempt of these instruments. emember what the Dutch stories nowhere relate, that a great part of eir provinces was once overflowed, a small opening made in one of eir dykes by a single water-rat.

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the discernment of our great men, the accomplishments of our nobility, the encouragement of our patrons, and the genius of our writers in all kinds (notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion; where causing all this vision to pass through the Ivory Gate, he expressly, in the language of poesy, declares all such imaginations to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious. —SCRIBLERUS [POPE, 1729, 1743].

[2] Sunt geminæ Somni portæ; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.—Virg. Æn. vi.
—POPE [1729].

ARGUMENT TO BOOK IV.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the completion of the prophecies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new invocation ; as the greater poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung. He shows the Goddess coming in her majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses ; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her ; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts ; such as half-wits, tasteless admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All these crowd round her ; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the geniuses of the schools, who assure her of their care to advance her cause, by confining youth to words, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. Their address, and her gracious answer ; with her charge to them and the universities. The universities appear by their proper deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of education. The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from travel with their tutors, one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their travels : presenting to her at the same time a young nobleman perfectly accomplished. She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of want of shame. She sees loitering about her a number of indolent persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness. To these approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him : But Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastically adorned, offering her strange and exotic presents : amongst them one stands forth and demands justice on another who had deprived him of one of the greatest curiosities in nature : but he justifies himself so well that the goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the indolents before-mentioned, in the study of butterflies, shells, birds'-nests, moss, &c., but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions she is secured by a hearty address from the minute philosophers and freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus ; and then admitted

to taste the cup of the Magus, her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To these her adepts she sends priests, attendants, and comforters, of various kinds; confers on them orders and degrees; and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his privileges, and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a yawn of extraordinary virtue: The progress and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the consummation of all, in the restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the poem.

BOOK IV.[1]

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light [2] (*a*)
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night! [3]
Of darkness visible so much be lent, (*b*)
As half to shew, half veil, the deep Intent.[4]
Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,[5] (*c*)

[1] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in size, but in subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain than that the *Iliad* itself was the work of Solomon, or the *Batrachomuomachia* of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed.—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[2] This is an Invocation of much piety. The Poet, willing to approve himself a genuine son, beginneth by showing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for antiquity and a great family, how dead or dark soever: next declareth his passion for explaining mysteries; and lastly his impatience to be re-united to her. —SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] Invoked, as the restoration of their empire is the action of the poem. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] This is a great propriety, for a dull poet can never express himself otherwise than by halves, or imperfectly. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

I understand it very differently; the author in this work had indeed a deep intent; there were in it *Mysteries* or ἀπόῤῥητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to Milton)

More is meant than meets the ear.

—BENTLEY.—POPE and WARBURTON.

[5] Fair and softly, good poet! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this place). For sure in spite of his unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves immortality, viz., *Pindar*, *Luis Gongora*, *Ronsard*, *Oldham* [Lyrics]; *Lycophron*, *Statius*, *Chapman*, *Blackmore* [Heroics]; I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken up the office of his commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his life; contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more

Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,[1]
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay;
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour:
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,[2]
Of dull and venal[3] a new World to mould,[4]
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.[5]
She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd;[6]
('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.[7]

remote its beauties from common understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of men and angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on dark and uncouth authors, and even on their darker fragments; preferred Ennius to Virgil, and chosen to turn the dark lanthorn of LYCOPHRON, rather than to trim the everlasting Lamp of Homer.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

See Editor's note.

[1] Alluding to the *vis inertiæ* of Matter, which, though it really be no power, is yet the foundation of all the qualities and attributes of that sluggish substance.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] The two great ends of her mission; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and moral; the distinctions between high and low in society, and true and false in individuals: *Light*, as intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] The allegory continued referring to the extinction of science; *venal* to the destru order, or the truth of things and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] In allusion to the E opinion, that from the dissol the natural world into ni chaos a new one should ari the poet alluding to, in the tion of a new moral world, partake of its original princ POPE and WARBURTON [1742

[5] *i.e.*, dull and venal.—P WARBURTON [1742].

[6] It was the opinion of cients, that the Divinities ma themselves to men by thei parts. Virg. Æn. i. et a rosea cervice refulsit. But t sage may admit of another tion. — Vet. Adag., THE YOU CLIMB, THE MORE YOU YOUR A——, verified in no i more than in Dulness aspiring blematised also by an ape c and exposing his posteriors.— LERUS [POPE and WARE 1742].

[7] With great judgment imagined by the Poet, that

Beneath her footstool, Science groans in Chains,[1]
And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties, and Pains. (*d*)
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground;
His blunted Arms by Sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her Robes adorn. (*e*)
Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,[2]
Chicane in Furs, and Casuistry in Lawn, (*f*)

colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the throne, and have very little share in the action of the poem. Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his anointing; having past through the second book without taking part in anything that was transacted about him; and through the third in profound sleep. Nor ought this, well considered, to seem strange in our days, when so many *king-consorts* have done the like. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

See Editor's note.

This verse our excellent laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, "if he was not as seldom asleep as any fool?" But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his prophecy (p. 243 of his own Life, 8vo. ch. ix.) where he says, "The reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my old age, as he was to prove me a brisk blockhead in my youth." Wherever there was any room for briskness, or alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed; but here, where there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that princes have their character, and poets from their works: and if in those he be as much asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all eternity.—BENTLEY [POPE, 1743].

"When I find my name in the satirical works of this poet, I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to himself. For he considers that my face is more known than most in the nation; and therefore a lick at the laureate will be a sure bait *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch little readers."—Life of Colley Cibber, ch. ii.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable argument, that this fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the author's last hand, and was by him intended for the press: or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the profitable *lick at the laureate*.—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[1] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in captivity. Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless; but Wit or Genius, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away: Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c., but nothing like Wit, Opera alone supplying its place.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] Morality is the daughter of

Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word.[1] (*g*)
Mad Mathesis[2] (*h*) alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind,
Now to pure Space[3] lifts her ecstatic stare,
Now running round the Circle finds it square.[4]
But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:[5] (*i*)
There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast;
But sober History restrain'd her rage,
And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead,
Had not her Sister Satire held her head:

Astræa. This alludes to the mythology of the ancient poets: who tell us that in the Gold and Silver Ages, or in the state of nature, the Gods cohabited with men here on earth; but when by reason of human degeneracy men were forced to have recourse to a magistrate, and that the Ages of Brass and Iron came on (that is, when laws were wrote on brazen tablets enforced by the sword of justice) the Celestials soon retired from earth, and Astræa last of all; and then it was she left this her orphan daughter in the hands of the guardians aforesaid. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON 1743].

[1] There was a judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miserable examples during a long life, even to his dotage. — Though the candid *Scriblerus* imagined *Page* here to mean no more than a *Page* or *Mute*, and to allude to the custom of strangling State criminals in *Turkey* by *Mutes* or *Pages*, a practice more decent than that of *our Page*, who, before he hanged any one, loaded him with reproachful language. — SCRIBLERUS. [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742 and 1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] Alluding to the strange conclusions some mathematicians have deduced from their principles, concerning the real quantity of matter, the reality of space, &c. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] *i.e.*, pure and defæcated from matter [1742].—*Extatic stare*, the action of men who look about with full assurance of seeing what does not exist, such as those who expect to find space a real being.—WARBURTON [1743].

[4] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring the circle.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[5] One of the misfortunes falling on authors, from the Act for subjecting Plays to the power of a Licenser, being the false representations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratified their envy to merit, or made their court to greatness, by perverting general reflections against vice into libels on particular persons. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742]. See Editor's note.

Nor could'st thou, CHESTERFIELD![1] a tear refuse,
Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse.
When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by,[2]
With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye:
Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand;
Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke.
"O *Cara! Cara!* silence all that train:
Joy to great Chaos! (*j*) let Division reign:[3] (*k*)
Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense:
One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage; (*l*)

[1] This noble person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. Cibber) "with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence." This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. Cibber, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble author and myself, concerning the *true reading* of certain passages. — BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[2] The attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian opera; its affected airs, its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these operas with favourite songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the nobility. This circumstance that OPERA should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophesied of in Book iii. ver. 304:

Already Opera prepares the way,
The sure forerunner of her gentle sway.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1742, 1743].

[3] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. Handel had introduced a great number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the orchestra, and employed even drums and cannon to make a fuller chorus; which proved so much too manly for the fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his music into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced, for want of composers, to practise the patchwork above mentioned. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *encore.*
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,[1] (*m*)
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But soon, ah soon, Rebellion will commence,
If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense.
Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant HANDEL stands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes,
And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
Arrest him, Empress; or you sleep no more—"
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore. (*n*)
And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet[2] blown,
And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
One instinct seizes, and transports away.
None need a guide,[3] by sure attraction led,
And strong impulsive gravity of Head;[4]
None want a place, for all their Centre found,
Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.

[1] Tuus jam regnat Apollo.—Virg.

Not the ancient Phœbus, the God of Harmony, but a modern Phœbus of *French* extraction, married to the Princess Galimathia, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see Bouhours, and other critics of that nation.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[2] *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain report; unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her trumpets, according to *Hudibras:*

She blows not both with the same Wind,
But one before and one behind;
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] The sons of Dulness want no instructors in study, nor guides in life: They are their own masters in all sciences, and their own heralds and introducers into all places.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] Ver. 76 to 101. It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, though not caring to own her influence; from ver. 81 to 90. The third of such, as though not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scribblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in arts they understand not; from ver. 91 to 101.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen
The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen.
  The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vast involuntary throng,
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less,
Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.
Not those alone who passive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause.
Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown; (*o*)
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
  Nor absent they, no members of her state,
Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great;
Who, false to Phœbus,[1] bow the knee to Baal;
Or, impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
Withhold the pension, and set up the head; (*p*)
Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown; (*q*)
Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown. (*r*)
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrite. (*s*)
  There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily sunk beneath a show'r. (*t*)
There mov'd Montalto with superior air;[2] (*u*)
His stretch'd-out arm display'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide,
Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side: (*x*)

[1] Spoken of the ancient and true Phœbus; not the French Phœbus, who hath no chosen priests or poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[2] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous edition of a great author, *at his own expense*. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].
See Editor's note.

But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he stood, bold Benson [1] (*y*) thrust him by:
On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.
But (happy for him as the times went then) [2]
Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen, (*z*)
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await, (*a a*)
To lug the pond'rous volume off in state.
When Dulness, smiling—"Thus revive the Wits! [3]
But murder first, and mince them all to bits;
As erst Medea (cruel, so to save!)
A new Edition of old Æson gave; [4]
Let standard-authors, thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made. (*b b*)
Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own; [5]

[1] This man endeavoured to raise himself to fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations, of Milton; and afterwards by as great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine editions. See more of him, Book iii. ver. 325. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[2] These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr. Pope in the last edition, which he himself gave, of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir T. H.'s Shakespear should be published. — B. [probably BOWYER] [1751].

[3] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to those of the most distinguished writers; either by printing editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their text, as in the former instances; or by setting up monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored authors)

Æson miratur,
Dissimilemque animum subiit.

—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[5] For what less than a grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a page can be allowed a living one?—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

Pagina, not *pedissequus*. A page of a book, not a servant, follower, or attendant; no poet having had a

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
On passive paper, or on solid brick.
So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,[1] (*c c*)
A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,[2] (*d d*)
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,
Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side." (*e e*)
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,
Each eager to present the first Address.
Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
When lo! a Spectre rose, (*f f*) whose index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;[3]
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with Infants' blood, and Mothers' tears.[4]
O'er ev'ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs;
Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons. (*g g*)
All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race
Shrink, and confess the genius of the place: (*h h*)
The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
And holds his breeches close with both his hands.[5]

page since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[1] *Vide* the *Tombs of the Poets*, editio Westmonasteriensis. — POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[2] Which every wit cannot so well shake off as the author of the following epigram:

My Lord complains, that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has lopt three trees the value of three farthings:
But he's my neighbour, cries the peer polite,
And if he'll visit me, I'll waive my right.
What? on compulsion? and against my will,
A Lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill.—WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[3] A cane usually borne by schoolmasters, which drives the poor souls about like the wand of Mercury.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

[4] First Moloch, horrid King, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears.
—Milton.—POPE [1743].

[5] An effect of fear somewhat like this, is described in the viith Æneid:

Contremuit nemus ——
Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos;

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful senators (though so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any *master*.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

Then thus. 'Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone.
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,[1]
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,[2]
We never suffer it to stand too wide.
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain;
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath;[3]
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er design'd,
We hang one jingling padlock[4] on the mind:
A Poet the first day he dips his quill;
And what the last? A very Poet still.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall. (*i i*)
There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er,
There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more!
How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast!
How many Martials were in PULT'NEY lost! (*k k*)
Else sure some Bard, to our eternal praise,
In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days,

[1] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of virtue and vice.

Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos.
—Pers.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of Human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life.

Ὁ δὲ γέρων ὁ ἄνω ἑστηκὼς, ἔχων χάρτην τινὰ ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἑτέρᾳ ὥσπερ δεικνύων τι, οὗτος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for conversation and verbal amusement for their whole lives.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] For youth being used like packhorses and beated on under a heavy load of words, lest they should tire, their instructors contrive to make the words jingle in rhyme or metre.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can;
And South beheld that Master-piece of Man.'[1] (*ll*)
"Oh" (cry'd the Goddess) "for some pedant Reign!
Some gentle JAMES,[2] to bless the land again;
To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
Give law to Words, or war with Words alone, (*m m*)
Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the Council to a Grammar School!
For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,[3]
'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway.
O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;
That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,
Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

[1] Viz., an *epigram*. The famous Dr. South declared a perfect epigram to be as difficult a performance as an epic poem. And the critics say, "an epic poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of."—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[2] Wilson tells us that this King, James the First, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car, Earl of Somerset; and that Gondomar the Spanish ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal clergy transferred from *God* to *him*. "The principles of passive obedience and non-resistance (says the author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8) which before his time had skulked perhaps in some old homily, were talked, written, and preached into vogue in that inglorious reign."—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian:

Nunquam *Libertas* gratior exstat
Quam sub *Rege pio*.

But this I will say, that the words *liberty* and *monarchy* have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors. I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus:

Nunquam *Libertas* gratior exstat
Quam sub *Lege* pia,

and that *rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself: And therefore she might allude to it.—SCRIBLERUS.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage: The genuine reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege*: so Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse: it should be *exit*, not *exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that liberty was never *lost*, or *went away* with so good a grace, as under a good king: it being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one.

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of non-

May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long!
'The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong.' (*n n*)
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,
A hundred head of Aristotle's friends. (*o o*)
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.][1] (*p p*)
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,[2] (*q q*)
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck.[3] (*r r*)
As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,[4] (*s s*)
Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.[5] (*t t*)

sense to be found in all the editions of the author of the Dunciad himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words *liberty* and *monarchy*. Essay on Crit.:

Nature, like *Monarchy*, is but restrained
By the same Laws herself at first ordained.

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature, like* Liberty? Correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus* (even though the author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works.—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[1] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the editor; and accordingly we have put it between hooks. For I affirm this college came as early as any other, by its *proper deputies;* nor did any college pay homage to Dulness in its *whole body.*—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

See Editor's note.

[2] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the last edition.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] There seems to be an improbability that the doctors and heads of houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honoured with *names*, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. —SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742]. See Editor's note.

[4] The river Cam, running by the walls of these colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in disputation. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[5] Viz., "Now retired into harbour,

Before them march'd that awful Aristarch;
Plough'd was his front with many a deep Remark: (*u u*)
His Hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aside. (*x x*)
Low bow'd the rest: 'He, kingly, did but nod,'[1]
So upright Quakers please both Man and God.[2]
" Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Aristarchus yet unknown?[3] (*y y*)
Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it Prose again.
Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better:[4]
Author of something yet more great than Letter;
While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'er-tops them all.[5] (*z z*)

after the tempests that had long agitated his society." So Scriblerus. But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain wine called *port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this professor invited him to drink abundantly.—SCIP. MAFF. *De Compotationibus Academicis.* — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[1] He, kingly, from his State
Declined not.—Milton.
—[POPE, 1743].

[2] The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the courts of justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence, and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] A famous commentator, and corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete critic [1742]. The compliment paid by our author to this eminent professor, in applying to him so great a name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

Sic notus Ulysses?—Virgil.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome?
—Ben Jonson.—POPE [1742].

See Editor's note.

[4] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the Æneid:

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Grail!
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.
—POPE [1742].

[5] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Æolic Digamma, in his long-projected edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one gamma set upon the shoulders

'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
Disputes of *Me* or *Te*,[1] of *aut* or *at*,
To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.[2] (3 *a*)
Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
And Alsop never but like Horace joke:[3] (3 *b*)
For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus shall supply:[4] (3 *c*)
For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek. (3 *d*)
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,[5]
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.[6]
The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit:

of another.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[1] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written: Had it been about *meum* or *tuum* it could not be more contested, than whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, Me *doctarum hederæ præmia frontium*, or Te *doctarum hederæ*.—By this the learned scholiast would seem to insinuate that the dispute was not about *meum* and *tuum*, which is a mistake: for, as a venerable sage observeth, *Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools;* so that we see their property was indeed concerned.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742 and 1743].

[2] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] Dr. Robert Freind, master of Westminster School, and canon of Christ-church—Dr. Anthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horatian style. —POPE and WARBURTON.

See Editor's note.

[4] Some critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[5] The first a dictionary writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his Common-place Book to the public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[6] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see, (3 *e*)
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.
"Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise.
Like buoys that never sink into the flood,
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,
And much Divinity without a Νοῦς.[1]
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block, (3 *f*)
Nor has one ATTERBURY[2] (3 *g*) spoil'd the flock.
See! still thy own, the heavy Canon[3] roll,

[1] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify genius or natural acumen. But this passage has a farther view: Νοῦς was the Platonic term for *mind*, or the *first cause*, and that system of divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind nature without a Νοῦς: such as the poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists):

Or that bright Image to our Fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptured Vision saw,
That Nature, &c.
—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christchurch, both great geniuses and eloquent preachers; one more conversant in the sublime geometry, the other in classical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their several societies.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] Canon here, if spoken of *artillery*, is in the plural number; if of the *canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one*: in which case I suspect the *pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *poll*, or *head* of that canon. It may be objected, that this is a mere *paranomasia* or *pun*. But what of that? Is any figure of speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her children, especially of the University? Doubtless it better suits the character of Dulness, yea of a doctor, than that of an angel; yet Milton feared not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his. It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's angels, as if he did it to suggest the Devil was the author as well of false wit, as of false religion, and that the Father of Lies was also the Father of Puns. But this is idle: it must be owned a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in later by most of the sons of the Church; till the debauched reign of Charles the Second, when the shameful passion for wit overthrew everything: and even then the best writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the *double entendre*.—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742, 1743].

And Metaphysic smokes[1] involve the Pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head (3 *h*)
With all such reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it:
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store,
And labours till it clouds itself all o'er.
" What tho' we let some better sort of fool
Thrid ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school?
Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown
Such skill in passing all, and touching none; (3 *i*)
He may indeed (if sober all this time)
Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme.
We only furnish what he cannot use,
Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse: (3 *k*)
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a Genius[2] to a Dunce:
Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a step advance.
With the same CEMENT, ever sure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind.
Then take him to develop, if you can,
And hew the Block[3] off, and get out the Man.
But wherefore waste I words? I see advance
Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France.[4] (3 *l*)

[1] Here the learned Aristarchus, ending the first member of his harangue in behalf of *words;* and entering on the other half, which regards the teaching of *things;* very artfully connects the two parts in an encomium on METAPHYSICS, a kind of *middle nature* between words and things: communicating, in its obscurity, with *substance,* and, in its emptiness, with *names.*—SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1743].

[2] Those who have no genius, employed in works of imagination; those who have, in abstract sciences. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] Why *laced?* Because gold and silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into courts and other places of fair

Walker! our hat"—— (3 *m*) nor more he deign'd to say,
But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away.[1]
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place:[2] (3 *n*)
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The first came forwards, with as easy mien,
As if he saw St. James's[3] and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator[4] begun,
"Receive, Great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son:
Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God. (3 *o*)
The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake:
The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake. (3 *p*)
Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,

reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know at sight that this governor came from France? Know? Why, by the laced coat. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

Some critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the governor should have the precedence before the whore, if not before the pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the governor led the pupil to the whore: and were the pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the governor to her. But our impartial poet, as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen; namely, the pupil between the whore and the governor; but placeth the whore first, as she usually governs both the other.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[1] See Homer, Odyss. xi., where the ghost of Ajax turns sullenly from Ulysses [1742] the traveller, who had succeeded against him in the dispute for the arms of Achilles. There had been the same contention between the travelling, and the university tutor, for the spoils of our young heroes, and fashion adjudged it to the former; so that this might well occasion the sullen dignity in departure, which Longinus so much admired. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

[2] Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius ætas. —Horace —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] The governor abovesaid. The poet gives him no particular name; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. — SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man,[1]
Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious,[2] all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy 'larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls:
To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines:
To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,[3]
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;[4]

[1] Nature hath bestowed on the human species two states or conditions, infancy and manhood. Wit sometimes makes the first disappear, and Folly the latter; but true Dulness annihilates both. For, want of apprehension in boys, not suffering that conscious ignorance and inexperience which produce the awkward bashfulness of youth, makes them assured; and want of imagination makes them grave. But this gravity and assurance, which is beyond boyhood, being neither wisdom nor knowledge, do never reach to manhood. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

[2] See Virg. Æn. i.

At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,
Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu,
Cernere ne quis eos;—1. neu quis contingere possit;
2. Molirive moram;—aut 3. veniendi poscere causas.

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him: to wit, 1, that nobody might touch or correct him: 2, might stop or detain him: 3, examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[3] Tuberoses.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] The winged Lion, the arms of Venice. This republic, heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her naval force and the extent of her commerce; now illustrious for her carnivals.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal Sense of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd; [1] (3 *q*)
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All Classic learning lost on Classic ground;
And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound! [2]
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head; [3]
As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit; [4] (3 *r*)
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
And, if a Borough choose him not, undone; (3 *s*)

[1] It being indeed no small risk to eat through those extraordinary compositions, whose disguised ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[2] Yet less a body than Echo itself; for Echo reflects *sense* or *words* at least, this gentleman only *airs* and *tunes*:

Sonus est, qui vivit in illo.—Ovid, Met. —[1742.]

So that this was not a metamorphosis either in one or the other, but only a resolution of the soul into its true principles; its real essence being harmony, according to the doctrine of Orpheus, the inventor of Opera, who first performed to a select assembly of beasts. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

[3] With nothing but a *solo*? Why, if it be a *solo*, how should there be anything else? Palpable tautology! Read boldly an *opera*, which is enough of conscience for such a head as has lost all its Latin.—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[4] Three very eminent persons, all managers of *plays*; who, though not governors by profession, had, each in his way, concerned themselves in the education of youth: and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world [1742]. Of the last of these, and his talents for this end, see Book i., ver. 199, &c. —POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

See, to my country happy I restore
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive [1] (for her my soul adores)
So may the sons of sons of sons of whores [2]
Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne,
And make a long Posterity thy own."
Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero and the Dame,
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame.
  Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
Of ever-listless Loit'rers, that attend
No Cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,[3]
Stretch'd on the rack [4] of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness. (3 *t*)
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
  But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,[5] (3 *u*)
And well-dissembled em'rald on his hand,
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,

[1] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver. 272, that the governor, as well as the pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis. Virgil.—POPE [1742].

[3] The poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering Courtly 'Squire, that travelled about for the same reason, for which many young squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Paris.—P WARBURTON [1742].
See Editor's note.

[4] Sedet, æternumque sedebit Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque mi omnes
Admonet. Virg.—POPE [1742].

[5] The name taken from Ann monk of Viterbo, famous fo impositions and forgeries of manuscripts and inscriptions he was prompted to by mere but our Annius had a mc stantial motive. — POPE anc BURTON [1742].
See Editor's note.

Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r.
" Grant, gracious Goddess! grant me still to cheat,[1]
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit;[2] (3 *x*)
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
But pour them thickest on the noble head.
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl,[3]
Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops[4] clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear; (3 *y*)
Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold,
And keep his Lares, tho' his house be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two." (3 *z*)
Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius,[5] (4*a*) Fool-renown'd,[6]

[1] Some read *skill*, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such persons.—BENTLEY [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[2] Da, pulchra Laverna,
Da mihi fallere——
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem. Horace.—POPE [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] The owl stamped on the reverse on the ancient money of Athens:

Which *Chalcis* Gods, and Mortals call an *Owl*,

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer,

Χαλκίδα κυκλήσκουσι Θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδιν.

—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] The first king of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any coins are extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all images; and the story of whose pigeon was a monkish fable. Nevertheless one of these Annius's made a counterfeit medal of that impostor, now in the collection of a learned nobleman.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[5] This name is not merely an allusion to the mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman general of that name, who burned Corinth, and committed the curious statues to the captain of a ship, assuring him, "that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead:" by which it should seem (whatever may be pretended) that Mummius was no virtuoso.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

[6] A compound epithet in the

Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground,[1]
Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said,
Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head:
"Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes?[2] Traitor bas
Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit, to make their value rise;
From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee Rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he risk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each Demi-God,[3] (4 *b*) with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine,
And, at their second birth, they issue mine."

Greek manner, *renowned by fools*, or *renowned for making fools*.—POPE [1751].

[1] A king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatras. This royal mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchased by the consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys' Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mentioned. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting various being pursued by a corsair swallowed down twenty go A sudden bourasque freed the Rover, and he got to them in his belly. On h Avignon he met two phy whom he demanded assista advised purgations, the oth In this uncertainty he too but pursued his way to Ly he found his ancient fr famous physician and anti four, to whom he related l ture. Dufour first asked hi *the medals were of the highe* He assured him they were was ravished with the ho sessing such a treasure, he with him on the spot for curious of them, and was t them at his own expense.— WARBURTON [1742].

[3] They are called Θεοὶ coins. — POPE and W. [1742].

See Editor's note.

"Witness, great Ammon! by whose horns I swore,"[1]
(Reply'd soft Annius) "this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the Medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine:
There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand."[2] (4 *c*)
The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent;
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.
Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,[3]
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r.
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.
The first thus open'd: "Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r,
Suckled, and cheer'd, with air, and sun, and show'r,
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head;
Then thron'd in glass, and named it CAROLINE:[4]
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!

[1] Jupiter Ammon is called to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *horns* they wore on their medals. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] A physician of great learning and no less taste; above all curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every edition, translation, and comment, to the number of several hundred volumes. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] The similitude of locusts does not refer more to the numbers than to the qualities of the Virtuosi: who not only devour and lay waste every tree, shrub, and green leaf in their course, i.e., of experiments; but suffer neither a moss nor fungus to escape untouched. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

[4] These verses are translated from Catullus, Epith.:

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ:
Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.

It is a compliment which the

Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze?
Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
Now mild cries, Charming! and no youth, Divine!
And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in dust.
Oh punish him, or to the Elysian shades
Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades!"
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen.
"Of all th' enamell'd race,[1] whose silv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.
I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r,
The rising game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.
It fled, I follow'd;[2] now in hope, now pain;
It stopt, I stopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd:
Rose or Carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere.
I tell the naked fact without disguise,
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize;
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless *Butterfly*."
"My sons!" she answer'd, "both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts!

florists usually pay to princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious flowers of their raising: some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious gardener, at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his sign, with this inscription, *This is my Queen Caroline.*—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[1] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser, Muiopotmos:

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
Which do possess the Empire of the Air.
—POPE [1742].

[2] I started back,
It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon.—Milton.
—POPE [1742].

But hear a Mother, when she recommends
To your fraternal care our sleeping friends.[1]
The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake: (4 *d*)
A drowsy Watchman, that just gives a knock,
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's o'clock.
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;
The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind;
The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,
May wander in a wilderness of Moss;[2] (4 *e*)
The head that turns at super-lunar things,
Pois'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.[3] (4 *f*)
"O! would the Sons of Men[4] once think their Eyes
And Reason giv'n them but to study Flies!
See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
And let the Author of the Whole escape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who most observe,
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve!"

[1] Of whom see ver. 345 above.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] Of which the naturalists count I can't tell how many hundred species. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] One of the first projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the moon; which has put some volatile geniuses upon making wings for that purpose.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[4] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning learning, civil society, and religion. In the first speech, ver. 119, to her editors and conceited critics, she directs how to deprave wit and discredit fine writers. In her second, ver. 175, to the educators of youth, she shows them how all civil duties may be extinguished, in that one doctrine of divine hereditary right. And in this third, she charges the investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say; and we may apply to her (as the poet hath managed it) what hath been said of true wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.* — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

"Be that my task" (replies a gloomy Clerk,[1] (4 *g*)
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,[2]
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize:)
"Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
On plain Experience lay foundations low,
By common sense to common knowledge bred,
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led. (4 *h*)
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
We nobly take the high Priori Road,[3]
And reason downward, till we doubt of God; (4 *i*)
Make Nature still[4] encroach upon his plan;
And shove him off as far as e'er we can:

[1] The epithet *gloomy* in this line may seem the same with that of *dark* in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled systems. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of moral evidence by mathematical proportions: according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House. See *Craig's Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago, it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their arguments, but to the extraordinary power of our Goddess; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.— POPE and WARB [1742].

[3] Those who, from the in this visible world, dedu Eternal Power and Godhead First Cause, though they can tain to an adequate idea Deity, yet discover so much as enables them to see the their Creation, and the m their happiness: whereas th take this high Priori Road (s Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Carte some better reasoners) for o goes right, ten lose themse mists, or ramble after visions deprive them of all sight o end, and mislead them in th of wrong means.—POPE and BURTON [1742].

[4] This relates to such as, ashamed to assert a mere m Cause, and yet unwilling to fo entirely, have had recourse t tain *Plastic Nature*, *Elastic Subtile Matter*, *&c.*—POPE an BURTON [1742].

Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.[1]
Or, at one bound[2] o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in *Self*,[3] and but for self be born:
Of naught so certain as our *Reason* still,[4]
Of naught so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*,
Oh hide the God still more! and make us see
Such as Lucretius drew,[5] a God like Thee:
Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought,
Regardless of our merit or default.
Or that bright Image[6] to our fancy draw,

[1] The first of these follies is that of Des Cartes; the second of Hobbs; the third of some succeeding philosophers. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] These words are very significant: in their physical and metaphysical reasonings it was a Chain of pretended Demonstrations that drew them into all these absurd conclusions. But their errors in morals rest only on bold and impudent assertions, without the least shadow of proof, in which they o'er-leap all the laws of Argument as well as Truth.—WARBURTON [1743].

[3] Here the poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral. Man was made according to *God's image*; this false theology, measuring His attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *reason*. The next, of imagining himself the final Cause, is the effect of his *pride*: as the making virtue and vice arbitrary, and morality the imposition of the magistrate, is of the corruption of his heart. Hence he centres everything in *himself*. The progress of dulness herein differing from that of madness; one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in Self*.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[4] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of* Soul *and* Will: two things the most self-evident, the existence of our soul, and the freedom of our will. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[5] Lib. i. ver. 57:

Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse est
Immortali ævo *summa cum pace* fruatur,
Semota ab nostris rebus, *summotaque* longe—
Nec bene pro *meritis* capitur, nec tangitur *ira*.

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess. —SCRIBLERUS [POPE and WARBURTON, 1742].

[6] *Bright Image* was the title given by the later Platonists to that vision of *Nature* which they had formed out of their own fancy, so bright, that they called it Αὐτοφαντον Ἀγαλμα, or the *Self-seen Image*, *i.e.*, seen by its own light [1742].

This *ignis fatuus* has in these our times appeared again in the *North*; and the writings of Hutcheson, Geddes, and their followers, are full of its

Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw,[1]
While thro' Poetic scenes the GENIUS roves,[2]
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;
That NATURE our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores."[3] (4 *k*)

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bousy Sire,
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire;[4]
Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down:
Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame*:
Then thus: 'From Priest-craft happily set free,
Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee:

wonders. For in this *lux borealis*, this *Self-seen Image*, these second-sighted philosophers see everything else. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

[1] Thus this philosopher calls upon his friend, to partake with him in these visions:

"To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun
With his first Beams adorns the front
Of yonder Hill, if you're content
To wander with me in the Woods you see,
We will pursue those Loves of ours,
By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

and invoking first the Genius of the Place, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the Sovereign Genius and first Beauty."—Charact. vol. ii. p. 245.

This Genius is thus apostrophised (p. 345) by the same philosopher:

O glorious *Nature!*
Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
All loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
Wise Substitute of Providence! *impowered*
Creatress! or *impow'ring Deity,*
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. s
—*Hunc cognoscimus solummo*
proprietates suas & attributa,
sapientissimas & optimas rerun
turos, & causas finales; ven
autem & colimus ob dominium.
etenim sine dominio, providei
causis finalibus, nihil aliud es
Fatum & Natura.—POPE and
BURTON [1742].

[2] "Above all things I loved
and of all philosophers thos
reasoned most at their Eas
were never angry or disturl
those called Sceptics never w
looked upon this kind of phil
as the prettiest, agreeablest,
exercise of the mind, possible
imagined."—Vol. ii. p. 206.-
and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] Silenus was an Epicurean p
pher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl
where he sings the principles
philosophy in his drink.—Po
WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[4] The Epicurean language,
rerum, or Atoms. Virg. Ecl
Semina ignis — semina flam
POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

First slave to Words,[1] then vassal to a Name,
Then dupe to Party; child and man the same;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart. (4 *l*)
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen?[2]
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,
To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,
All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk!
So K* so B** sneak'd into the grave,
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave. (4 *m*)
Poor W** nipt in Folly's bróadest bloom,
Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb. (4 *n*)
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast!
Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest."
With that, a WIZARD OLD his Cup extends; (4 *o*)
Which whoso tastes,[3] forgets his former friends, (4 *p*)
Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies: (4 *q*)
A Feather, shooting from another's head, (4 *r*)
Extracts his brain; and Principle is fled;

[1] A recapitulation of the whole course of modern education described in this book, which confines Youth to the study of *Words* only in schools; subjects them to the authority of *Systems* in the Universities; and deludes them with the names of *party distinctions* in the world. All equally concurring to narrow the understanding, and establish slavery and error in literature, philosophy, and politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole principle of action.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] *i.e.*, This Queen or Goddess of Dulness.

[3] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyss. iv.:

Αὐτίκ' ἄρ εἰς οἶνον Βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον,
Νηπενθές τ' ἀχολόν τε, κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

The cup of Self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of friendship, or honour; and of the service of God or our country; all sacrificed to vain-glory, Court-worship, or the yet meaner considerations of lucre and brutal pleasures.—From ver. 520 to 528.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing;
And nothing left but Homage to a King![1]
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs,
To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs;
But, sad example! never to escape
Their Infamy, still keep the human shape. (4 *s*)
But she, good Goddess,[2] sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And straight succeeded, leaving shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.[3]
Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.
On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise.
Others the Syren Sisters warble round, (4 *t*)

[1] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons. de la Bruyère declares it to be the character of every good subject in a monarchy: "Where," says he, "*there is no such thing as love of our Country*, the interest, the glory, and service of the *Prince*, supply its place."—*De la République*, chap. x. 1742].

Of this duty another celebrated French author speaks, indeed, a little more disrespectfully; which, for that reason, we shall not translate, but give in his own words, "L'Amour de la Patrie, le grand motif des premiers Heros, n'est plus regardé que comme une Chimère; l'idée du Service du Roi, étendue jusqu'à l'oubli de tout autre Principe, tient lieu de ce qu'on appelloit autrefois Grandeur d'Ame & Fidelité."—*Boulainvilliers' Hist. des Anciens Parlements de France, &c.*—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] The only comfort people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness; which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives self-conceit to some, upon the flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures or sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under allegorical persons.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[3] *i.e.* She communicates to them of her own virtue, or of her royal colleagues'. The *Cibberian forehead* being to fit them for self-conceit, self-interest, &c., and the *Cimmerian gloom*, for the pleasures of opera and the table. — SCRIBLERUS [WARBURTON, 1743].

And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*, (4 *u*)
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing.
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.
On some, a Priest succinct in amice white (4 *x*)
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! (4 *y*)
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn:
The board with specious miracles he loads,[1]
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.
Another (for in all what one can shine?)
Explains the *Sève* and *Verdeur*[2] of the Vine.
What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
Thy Truffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayonne!

[1] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the transformation of hares into larks, or of pigeons into toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted men upon spears, as we do larks upon skewers: and the fair pigeon turned to a toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty, why pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a table. Hares indeed might be cut into larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mentioned, of dissolving whole oxen and boars into a small vial of jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all flesh is nothing in his sight.* I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious rite, as it is said to be done by a *priest*, and soon after called a *sacrifice*, attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with *libation* and *song.*—SCRIBLERUS.

This good scholiast, not being acquainted with modern luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French cookery, and that particular *pigeons en crapeau* were a common dish. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

[2] French terms relating to wines, which signify their flavour and poignancy.

Et je gagerois que chez le Commandeur Villandri prisoroit sa *Sève* & sa *Verdeur*. —DESPREAUX.

St. Evremont has a very pathetic letter to a Nobleman in Disgrace, advising him to seek comfort in a good table, and particularly to be attentive to these qualities in his champagne. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

With French Libation, and Italian Strain,
Wash Bladen white, and expiate Hays's stain.[1] (4 z)
KNIGHT lifts the head, for what are crowds undone,
To three essential Partridges in one? (5 *a*)
Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
Contending Princes mount them in their Coach.
Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her *Titles* and *Degrees*. (5 *b*)
Her children first of more distinguished sort,
Who study Shakespeare at the Inns of Court, (5 *c*)
Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profess,
Shine in the dignity of F.R.S. (5 *d*)
Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:[2] (5 *e*)
Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,
Or issue Members of an Annual feast. (5 *f*)
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.[3] (5 *g*)
The last, not least in honour or applause,
Isis and Cam made DOCTORS of her LAWS. (5 *h*)
Then, blessing all, "Go, Children of my care!
To Practice now from Theory repair.

[1] Names of gamesters. Bladen is a black man. ROBERT KNIGHT, cashier of the South Sea Company, who fled from England in 1720 (afterwards pardoned in 1742). These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by persons of the first quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.—POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

The former note of *Bladen is a black man*, is very absurd. The manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been *Wash* Blackmoors *white*, alluding to a known proverb.—SCRIBLERUS. —POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[2] The poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent race: he has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *hummingbird* or a *cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Freemasons; where *taciturnity* is the only essential qualification, as it was the *chief* of the disciples of Pythagoras. — POPE and WARBURTON [1742].

See Editor's note.

[3] A sort of lay brothers, *slips* from the root of the Freemasons.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

See Editor's note.

All my commands are easy, short, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.[1]
The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace; (5 *i*)
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race; (5 *k*)
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun; (5 *l*)
The learned Baron Butterflies design,
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line;[2] (5 *m*)
The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call;[3] (5 *n*)
The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball; (5 *o*)
The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!) (5 *p*)
An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pie;
The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop,
And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe. (5 *q*)
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach Kings to fiddle,[4] and make Senates dance. (5 *r*)
Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
Proud to my list to add one Monarch more!
And nobly conscious, Princes are but things
Born for First Ministers, as Slaves for Kings,

[1] This speech of Dulness to her sons at parting may possibly fall short of the reader's expectation; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a charge of more consequence, and, from such a theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something more extraordinary than to personate running footmen, jockeys, stage coachmen, &c.

But if it be well considered, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally rendered harmless by their inability; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design; the poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allowed that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. —POPE and WARBURTON.

[2] This is one of the most ingenious employments assigned, and therefore recommended only to peers of learning. Of weaving stockings of the webs of spiders, see the Phil. Trans. —POPE and WARBURTON.

[3] Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn *dance* entitled, *A Call of Serjeants.*—POPE and WARBURTON.

[4] An ancient amusement of sovereign princes, viz., Achilles, Alexander, Nero; though despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican. —*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia. —POPE and WARBURTON.

Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command,
And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND!"
More she had spoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods?[1]
Churches and Chapels[2] instantly it reach'd;
(St. James's first, for leaden G—— preach'd) (5 *t*)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake
The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: (5 *u*)
Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found, (5 *x*)
While the long solemn Unison went round:
Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm: (5 *y*)
The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.[3] (5 *z*)

[1] This verse is truly Homerical; as is the conclusion of the action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey. It may indeed seem a very singular epitasis of a poem, to end as this does, with a *great yawn*; but we must consider it as the *yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. It is not out of nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner: nor without authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*; but then it is the *roar of a lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of the Poem.—POPE and WARBURTON [1743].

[2] The progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the churches and chapels, then catcheth the schools, where, though the boys be unwilling to sleep, the masters are not: next, Westminster Hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not tota to silence even by the Goddess the Convocation, which thou tremely desirous to speak, yet c even the House of Commons, called the sense of the nation, (that is to say *suspended*) duri Yawn (far be it from our aut suggest it could be lost any lo but it spreadeth at large over rest of the kingdom, to such a that Palinurus himself (thoug capable of sleeping as Jupit noddeth for a moment: the e which, though ever so mom could not but cause some rela for the time, in all public aff SCRIBLERUS.—POPE and W TON [1743].

[3] Verses 615, 618 were v many years ago, and may be fo the State Poems of that tim that Scriblerus is mistaken, o ever else have imagined this p a fresher date.—POPE and BURTON [1743].

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
Wits have short Memories,[1] and Dunces none),
Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest;
Whose Heads she partly, whose completely, blest;
What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and entrance the Dull;
'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and Wrong—
O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

* * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-composing Hour
Resistless falls: the Muse obeys the Pow'r.
She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold[2]
Of Night primæval and of Chaos old!
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes[3] by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is Night.

[1] This seems to be the reason why the poets, whenever they give us a catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses, who, as the daughters of *Memory*, are obliged not to forget anything. So Homer, Iliad ii.:

Πληθὺν δ' οὐκ ἂν ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι οὐδ' ὀνομήνω,
Εἰ μὴ 'Ολυμπιάδες Μοῦσαι, Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο
Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαθ'.

And Virgil, Æn. vii.:

Et meminisse enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis:
Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura.

But our poet had yet another reason for putting this task upon the Muse, that, all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed.—Scriblerus.—Pope and Warburton [1743].

[2] The sable thrones of Night and Chaos, here represented as advancing to extinguish the light of the Sciences, in the first place blot out the colours of *Fancy*, and damp the fire of *Wit*, before they proceed to their work.—Warburton [1743].

[3] Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat —
— Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos, &c.—Ovid. Met. ii.

See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!
See Mystery to Mathematics fly!

¹ Alluding to the saying of Democritus, that Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well, from whence he had drawn her: though Butler says, *He first put her in, before he drew her out.* — WARBURTON [1743].

² Philosophy has at length brought things to that pass, as to have it esteemed unphilosophical to rest in the first cause: as if its ends were an endless indagation of cause after cause, without ever coming to the first. So that to avoid this unlearned disgrace, some of the propagators of our best philosophy have had recourse to the contrivance here hinted at. For this philosophy, which is founded on the principle of Gravitation, first considered that property in matter as something extrinsical to it, and impressed immediately by God upon it. Which fairly and modestly coming up to the first cause, was pushing natural enquiries as far as they should go. But this stopping, though at the extent of our ideas, and on the maxim of the great founder of this philosophy, Bacon, who says, *Circa ultimas rerum frustranea est inquisitio*, was mistaken by foreign philosophers as *recurring to the occult* qualities of the peripatetics.

Pulsantes equidem vires intelligo nusquam
Occultas magicasque pares —
Sed gravitas etiam crescat, dum corpora centro
Accedunt propius. Videor mihi cernere terra
Emergens quidquid caliginis ac tenebrarum
Pallas Juvenis Doctor congesserat olim
In Physicam studium, solitum dare nomina rebus,
Pro causis, unoque secans problemata verbo. Anti Luer.

To avoid which imaginary discredit to the new theory, it was thought proper to seek for the cause of gravitation in a certain elastic fluid, which pervaded all body. By this means, instead of really advancing in natural enquiries, we were brought back again, by this ingenious expedient, to an unsatisfactory *second cause*: For it might still, by the same kind of objection, be asked, what was the cause of that *elasticity*? See this folly censured, ver. 475. — WARBURTON [1743].

³ Certain writers, as Malbranche, Norris, and others, have thought it of importance, in order to secure the existence of the *soul*, to bring in question the reality of *body*; which they have attempted to do by a very refined metaphysical reasoning: while others of the same party, in order to persuade us of the necessity of a revelation which promises immortality, have been as anxious to prove that those qualities which are commonly supposed to belong only to an immaterial Being, are but the result from the sensations of matter, and the soul naturally mortal. Thus between these different reasonings, they have left us neither soul and body; nor the sciences of physics and metaphysics the least support, by making them depend upon, and go a-begging to, one another. — WARBURTON [1743].

⁴ A sort of men, who make human reason the adequate measure of all Truth, having pretended that whatsoever is not fully comprehended by

In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,[1]
And unawares Morality expires.[2]
Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to shine;
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,
And universal Darkness buries All.

it, is contrary to it; certain defenders of religion, who would not be outdone in a paradox, have gone as far in the opposite folly, and attempted to show that the mysteries of religion may be mathematically demonstrated; as the authors of philosophic, or astronomic principles of religion, natural and revealed; who have much prided themselves on reflecting a fantastic light upon religion from the frigid subtilty of school moonshine.—WARBURTON [1743].

[1] Blushing, as well at the memory of the past overflow of dulness, when the barbarous learning of so many ages was wholly employed in corrupting the simplicity, and defiling the purity of religion, as at the view of these her false supports in the present; of which it would be endless to recount the particulars. However, amidst the extinction of all other lights, she is said only to withdraw hers; as hers alone in its own nature is unextinguishable and eternal.—WARBURTON [1743].

[2] It appears from hence that our poet was of very different sentiments from the Author of the Characteristics, who has written a formal treatise on Virtue, to prove it not only real but durable, without the support of religion. The word *unawares* alludes to the confidence of those men, who suppose that morality would flourish best without it, and consequently to the surprise such would be in (if any such there are) who indeed love virtue, and yet do all they can to root out the religion of their country.—WARBURTON [1743].

BY THE AUTHOR.

A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying the same; which they publish, utter, and vend as genuine: The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad,[1] beginning with the words The Mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire sum of One thousand seven hundred and fifty-four verses, declare every word, figure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic: And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever to erase, reverse, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses. Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be construed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,
JOHN BARBER, *Mayor.*

[1] Read thus confidently, instead of "beginning with the word *books*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it stood; read also, "containing the entire sum of one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty-six verses," instead of "one thousand and twelve lines;" such being the initial and final words, and such the true and entire contents, of this poem.

Thou art to know, reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author, (though living and not blind:) The Editor himself confessed as much in his Preface: And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve; this author gave four books, his editor only three. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.—BENTL.

APPENDICES.

I.

PREFACE PREFIXED TO THE FIVE FIRST IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD,

IN THREE BOOKS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON, IN OCTAVO AND DUODECIMO, 1727.

THE PUBLISHER[1] TO THE READER.

IT will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the State or in literature, the public in general afford it a most quiet reception; and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all scribblers, booksellers, and printers whatsoever.

[1] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his preface to Durgen, "that most judges are of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be author of the poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power; the first sketch of this poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows:

There was published in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter, where the species of bad writers were ranged in classes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the most part at random. But such was the number of poets eminent in that art, that some one or other took every letter to himself. All fell into so violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newspapers (in most of which they had some property, as being hired writers), were filled with the most abusive falsehoods and scurrilities they could possibly devise; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in those people, and in those papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the press, had aspersed almost all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own persons and names being utterly secret and obscure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now some opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common enemies of mankind; since to invalidate this universal slander, it sufficed to show what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the dulness of those who had only malice to recommend them: either the booksellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themselves, when discovered, want courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happiness, that by the late flood of slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was necessary to his design.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only obs
fact, that every week for these two months past, the town has b
cuted with pamphlets,[1] advertisements, letters, and weekly essays,
against the wit and writings, but against the character and pers
Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from
which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand
kingdoms of England and Ireland (not to mention Jersey, Guer
Orcades, those in the New World, and foreigners who have trans
into their languages), of all this number not a man hath stood up
word in his defence.

The only exception is the author[3] of the following poem, who dou
either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a bett
of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater personal love for him,
other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the
he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous piec
him, and from his having in this poem attacked[4] no man living, wh
before printed, or published, some scandal against this gentleman.

How I came possessed of it, is no concern to the reader; but it w
been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; since those na
are its chief ornaments die off daily so fast, as must render it to
intelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect editi
my end.

Who he is I cannot say, and (which is a great pity) there is
nothing[5] in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish
him: for if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. Pope, 'tis not i
but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his
the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to sa
shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an adm
Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same tast
friend.

I have been well informed, that this work was the labour of full

[1] See the list of those anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inserted before the poem.

[2] It is surprising with what stupidity this preface, which is almost a continued irony, was taken by those authors. All such passages as these were understood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be serious. Hear the Laureate (letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9), "Tho' I grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever was writ; yet, when I read it with those vain-glorious encumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, &c. —— it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of praise," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own).

[3] A very plain irony, speaking of Mr. Pope himself.

[4] The publisher in these words went a little too far; but it is certain, whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such; and the only of two or three, whose pudent scurrility, or self-conce kind agreed to have justly en to a place in the Dunciad.

[5] This irony had small effect ing the author. The Dunciad as it was, had not been pul days, but the whole town Mr. Pope.

[6] This also was honestly and lieved by divers gentlemen of t J. Ralph, Pref. to Sawney: "W was the labour of six years utmost assiduity and applicati great compliment to the autho have employed so large a part &c. So also Ward, Pref. to Du Dunciad, as the publisher very fesses, cost the author six years from all the pleasures of life; somewhat difficult to conceive, its bulk or beauty, that it coul in hatching, &c. But the leu and closeness of application

of his life, and that he wholly retired himself from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript,

Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
Duncia![1]

Hence also we learn the true title of the poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce, could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the ancients, and strictest ideas of the moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others, in their niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day by day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decipher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one. Had the hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T., Mr. E., Sir R. B., &c.; but now all that unjust scandal is saved by calling him by a name, which by good luck happens to be that of a real person.

loned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it."

They just as well understood what Scribonius said of the poem.

[1] The preface to Curl's Key, p. 3, took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the *Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward also follows him in the same opinion.

II.

A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES, IN WHICH OUR AUTHOR WAS ABUSED,

BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF THE DUNCIAD; WITH THE TRUE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS.

Reflections critical and satyrical on a late Rhapsody, called An Essay on Criticism. By Mr. Dennis, printed by B. Lintot, price 6*d*.

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. (By Charles Gildon), printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1*s*.

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by his intended translation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel (Tho. Burnet and G. Ducket, Esquires), printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9*d*.

Æsop at the Bear-garden; a vision, in imitation of the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Preston. Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6*d*.

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's Sorrowful Lamentation: a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. Centlivre, and others, 1715, price 1*d*.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-shew at Bath, concerning the said Iliad. By George Ducket, Esq., printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What d'ye call it. Anon. (by Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——), printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. (Dennis), printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3*d*.

The Confederates, a Farce. By Joseph Gay (J. D. Breval) printed for Burleigh, 1717, price 1*s*.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's translation of Homer; with two letters concerning the Windsor Forest, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. Dennis, printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

Satyrs on the translators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. (Bez. Morris) 1717, price 6*d*.

The Triumvirate: or, a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. (Leonard Welsted), 1711, folio, price 1*s*.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By Tho. Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. (Eliza Haywood), octavo, printed in 1727.

An Essay on Criticism, in prose. By the Author of the Critical History of England (J. Oldmixon), octavo, printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. By Jonathan Smedley, printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times; or, an account of the writings, characters, &c., of several gentlemen libelled by S—— and P——, in a late Miscellany. Octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in letters to a friend. By Mr. Dennis; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.—Pope.

VERSES, LETTERS, ESSAYS, OR ADVERTISEMENTS, IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS.

British Journal, November 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies. (Writ by M. Concanen.)

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philo-mauri. James-Moore Smith.

Id. March 29. A letter about Thersites; accusing the author of disaffection to the Government. By James-Moore Smith.

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Essay on the Arts of a Poet's Sinking in reputation; or, a Supplement to the Art of Sinking in Poetry. (Supposed by Mr. Theobald.)

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 4. A Letter against Gulliver and Mr. P. (By Mr. Oldmixon.)

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By James-Moore Smith.

The Flying Post, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. Oldmixon.

The Senator, April 9. On the same. By Edward Roome.

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertisement by James-Moore Smith.

Flying Post, April 13. Verses against Dr. Swift, and against Mr. P——'s Homer. By J. Oldmixon.

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the translation of the character of Thersites in Homer. By Thomas Cooke, &c.

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of Lewis Theobald.

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter against Mr. P. at large. Anon. (John Dennis.)

All these were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet, intituled A Collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters, and Advertisements occasion'd by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miscellanies, prefaced by Concanen, Anonymous, octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1s. Others of an elder date, having lain as waste paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dunciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. Breval (for which he was put into the Dunciad). An Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-show. By Col. Ducket (for which he is put into the Dunciad). Essays, &c. By Sir Richard Blackmore. (N.B. It was for a passage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad.)" And so of others.

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728.

An Essay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. (In this book, p. 9, it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforesaid libels and advertisements was forged and untrue; that all mouths had been silent, except in Mr. Pope's praise; and nothing against him published, but by Mr. Theobald.")

Sawney, in blank verse, occasioned by the Dunciad; with a Critique on that poem. By J. Ralph (a person never mentioned in it at first, but inserted after), printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By E. Curl, 12mo. price 6*d*.

A second and third edition of the same, with additions. 12mo.

The Popiad. By E. Curl, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, &c., 12mo. price 9*d*.

The Curliad. By the same E. Curl.

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. Curl, 12mo. price 6*d*. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a Stinging Nettle. By Mr. Foxton, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By J. Smedley, printed for A. Moore, folio, price 6*d*.

The Dunciad dissected. By Curl and Mrs. Thomas, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon, printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c. By John Oldmixon, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. Dennis, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profund. Anon. By Matthew Concanen, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long letter, signed W. A. Writ by some or other of the Club of Theobald, Dennis, Moore, Concanen, Cooke, who for some time held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June 11. A Letter signed Philoscriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. (Bezaleel Morris) against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams about this time in the same papers, by James Moore, and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by Lewis Theobald.

Flying Post, August 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, August 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason.

Durgen: a plain satire on a pompous satirist. By Edward Ward, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By E. Ward.

Gulliveriana secunda. Being a collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume, under the same title, by Smedley. Advertised in the Craftsman, November 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*any thing* which *any body* should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be inserted and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's supremacy and infallibility examined, &c. By George Ducket, and John Dennis, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth chapter of Genesis. Writ by E. Roome, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A paper of verses by Leonard Welsted, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by James Moore, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been since published:—

Verses on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady (or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court 'Squire). Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton Court (Lord H——y). Printed for J. Roberts also, folio.

A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden, octavo.—POPE.

III.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION

WITH NOTES, IN QUARTO, 1729.

IT will be sufficient to say of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipped into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given. I make no doubt the author's own motive to use real rather than feigned names, was his care to preserve the innocent from any false application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive; and, what was worse, to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin.

The commentary which attends this poem was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote distance of time. And the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *secret*, which most people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial.

Of the *persons* it was judged proper to give some account: for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George), it seemed but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinned upon the breast, to mark the enormities for which they suffered; lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In some articles it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with them than any of the authors of this comment can pretend to be. Most of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occasions, but the few here inserted are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but those who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them: together with some of the parodies and allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the poem too much a Cento, our poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius, and many of the most eminent Latin poets, professedly valued themselves.

IV.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE DUNCIAD,

WHEN PRINTED SEPARATELY IN THE YEAR 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad that we publish this fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixed to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it; and from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, though perhaps inferior to the former.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete: in which we also promise to insert any criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the names of the authors; or any letters sent us (though not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum;* which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem.

V.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE COMPLETE EDITION OF 1743.

I HAVE long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation: but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero it had, purely for want of a better; not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post, as has since obtained the Laurel: but since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author: this person was one, who from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.

W. W.

VI.

ADVERTISEMENT PRINTED IN THE JOURNALS, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse: we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without some reason; but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE.

As Drawn by certain of their Contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN.

His Politics, Religion, Morals.

Mr. Dryden is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good sense.[1] A true republican son of monarchical church.[2] A republican atheist.[3] Impiety was from the beginning an ἀλλεπάλληλος, and I doubt not will continue so to the last.[4]

In the poem called Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable persons exposed, but the whole Nation and its Representatives notoriously libelled. It is scandalum magnatum, yea of Majesty itself.[5]

He looks upon God's gospel as a foolish fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a zealous purveyor.[6] His very Christianity may be questioned.[7] He ought to expect more severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own performances on others.[8] With as good a right as his holiness, he sets up for poetical infallibility.[9]

Mr. Dryden only a Versifier.

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified which is all that can be said of it with good metre.[10] Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in anything more than his versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question.[11]

Mr. Dryden's Virgil.

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustean age: but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical writer.[12] None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carped at Virgil: and none but such unthinking vermin admire his translator.[13] It is true, soft and easy lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majestic, &c., requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions; not an ambling Muse running on carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer. He

[1] Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698, p. 6.
[2] Page 38. [3] Page 192. [4] Page 8.
[5] Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Preface.
[6] *Ibid.* [7] Milbourn, p. 9.
[8] *Ibid.* p. 175. [9] Page 39.
[10] Whip and Key, Preface.
[11] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 84.
[12] Milbourn, p. 2. [13] Page 35.

VII.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF

MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN.

AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES.

MR. POPE.

HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning.[1] Some call him a popish whig, which is directly inconsistent.[2] Pope, as a papist, must be a tory and high-flyer.[3] He is both a whig and tory.[4]

He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one party in their own sentiments.[5]

In his Miscellanies, the persons abused are, the King, the Queen, His late Majesty, both Houses of Parliament, the Privy-Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Established Church, the present Ministry, &c. To make sense of some passages, they must be construed into Royal Scandal.[6]

He is a Popish rhymester, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings.[7] His religion allows him to destroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword; and such were all those unhappy wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish principles.[8] It deserved vengeance to suggest that Mr. Pope had less infallibility than his namesake at Rome.[9]

MR. POPE ONLY A VERSIFIER.

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit.[10] It must be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing smooth verse.[11]

MR. POPE'S HOMER.

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who translated him, one would swear, had a hill in Tipperary for his

[1] Dennis's Rem. on the Rape of the Lock. Preface, p. xii.
[2] Dunciad dissected.
[3] Pref. to Gulliveriana.
[4] Dennis, Character of Mr. P.
[5] Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728.
[6] List, at the end of a collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8vo. Printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the Preface to it, p. 6.
[7] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27.
[8] Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.
[9] Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, &c., p. 9.
[10] Mist's Journal of June 8, 1728.
[11] Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Homer.

has numberless faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety o pression.[1]

Mr. Dryden understood no Greek nor Latin.

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster school: Dr. B would have whipped him for so childish a paraphrase.[2] The meanest pu in England would whip a lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly.[3] translator is mad, every line betrays his stupidity.[4] The faults are merable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not under his author.[5] This shows how fit Mr. D. may be to translate Homer mistake in a single letter might fall on the printer well enough, but for ἰχὼρ must be the error of the author. Nor had he art enoug correct it at the press.[6] Mr. Dryden writes for the Court ladies. He w for the ladies, and not for use.[7]

The translator puts in a little burlesque now and then into Virgil, ragout to his cheated subscribers.[8]

Mr. Dryden tricked his Subscribers.

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conscious of his own ness for it, should go to amuse the learned world with such an undertal A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hop those who can read for themselves, will be imposed upon, merely by a tially and unseasonably celebrated name.[9] *Poetis quidlibet audendi* sha Mr. Dryden's motto, though it should extend to picking of pockets.[10]

Names bestowed on Mr. Dryden.

An Ape.—A crafty ape dressed up in a gaudy gown—Whips put in ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but apish and papish brats will him.[11]

An Ass.—A camel will take upon him no more burden than is suff for his strength, but there is another beast that crouches under all.[12]

A Frog.—Poet Squab endued with Poet Maro's spirit! An ugly, cro kind of vermin, which would swell to the bulk of an ox.[13]

A Coward.—A Clinias or a Damœtas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's courage.[14]

A Knave.—Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Cl and, if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden, servant t Majesty.[15]

A Fool.—Had he not been such a self-conceited fool.[16]—Some great are positive blockheads.[17]

A Thing.—So little a Thing as Mr. Dryden.[18]

[1] Pages 22, and 192.
[2] Milbourn, p. 72.
[3] Page 203.
[4] Page 78.
[5] Page 206.
[6] Page 19.
[7] Pages 144, 190.
[8] Page 67.
[9] Page 192.
[10] Page 125.
[11] Whip and Key, Preface.
[12] Milbourn, p. 1
[13] Page 11.
[14] Page 176.
[15] Page 57.
[16] Whip and Key, Preface.
[17] Milbourn, p. 34.
[18] *Ib d.* p. 35.

parnassus, and a puddle in some bog for his Hippocrene.[1] He has no admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge.[2]

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either genius or good sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English. The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his diction and the harmony of his versification. But this little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts nor English in his expressions.[3]

Mr. Pope understood no Greek.

He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into English, of which he understands as little.[4] I wonder how this gentleman would look, should it be discovered that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of Homer with justice to the poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow writers with not understanding Greek.[5] He has stuck so little to his original as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question.[6] I should be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has so delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies.[7]

But he has a notable talent at burlesque; his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqued Homer without designing it.[8]

Mr. Pope tricked his Subscribers.

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work. But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of the project. The subscribers' expectations have been raised in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of.[9] Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to booksellers.[10]

Names bestowed on Mr. Pope.

An Ape.—Let us take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz., A P E, and they give you the same idea of an ape as his face,[11] &c.

An Ass.—It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass.[12]

A Frog.—A squab short gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, swells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox.[13]

A Coward.—A lurking way-laying coward.[14]

A Knave.—He is one whom God and nature have marked for want of common honesty.[15]

A Fool.—Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer.[16]

A Thing.—A little abject Thing.[17]

[1] Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer. p. 12.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 14.
[3] Character of Mr. P., p. 17, and Remarks on Homer, p. 91.
[4] Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12.
[5] Daily Journal, April 23, 1728.
[6] Suppl. to the Profund, Pref.
[7] Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p. 66.
[8] Dennis's Remarks, p. 28.
[9] Homerides, p. 1, &c.
[10] British Journ. Nov. 25, 1727.
[11] Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728.
[12] Dennis, Remarks on Homer, Preface.
[13] Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, Preface, p. 9.
[14] Character of Mr. P., p. 3.
[15] *Ibid.*
[16] Dennis, Remarks on Homer, p. 37.
[17] *Ibid.* p. 8.

VIII.

A COPY OF CAXTON'S PREFACE TO HIS TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

AFTER dyuerse Werkes, made translated and achieued, hauyng no werke in hande I sittyng in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettes and bookys. happened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in frenshe. whiche late was translated oute of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce, whiche booke is named *Eneydos* (made in latyn by that noble poete & grete clerke *Vyrgyle*), whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruccyon of the grete *Troye*, *Eneas* departed berynge his olde fader *anchises* upon his sholdres, his lytyl son *yolas* on his hande. his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed wyth alle thystorye of his aduentures that he had er he cam to the atchieuement of his conquest of *ytalye*, as all a longe shall be shewed in this present boke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr. by cause of the fayr and honest termes & wordes in frenshe Whyche I neuer sawe to fore lyke. ne none so playsaunt ne so wel ordred. whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requysyte to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the historyes. How wel that many hondred yerys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, specyally in *ytalye* and other places, whiche historye the sayd *Vyrgyle* made in metre, And whan I had aduised me in this sayd booke. I delybered and concluded to translate it into englyshe, And forthwyth toke a penne and ynke and wrote a leef or tweyne, whyche I ouersawe agayn to corecte it, And whan I sawe the fayr & straunge termes therein, I doubted that it sholde not please some gentylmen whiche late blamed me sayeng that in my translacyons I had ouer curyos termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desired me to vse olde and homely termes in my translacyons. and fayn wolde I satysfye euery man, and so to doo toke an olde boke and redde therein, and certaynly the englyshe was so rude and brood that I coude not wele vnderstande it. And also my lorde *Abbot* of *Westmynster* ded do shewe to me late certayn euydences wryton in olde englyshe for to reduce it in to our englyshe now vsid, And certaynly it was wryton in suche wyse that it was more lyke to dutche than englyshe. I coude not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden, And certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vsed and spoken whan I was borne, For we englyshe men, ben borne vnder the domynacyon of the mone. whiche is neuer stedfaste. but euer wauerynge, wexynge one season, and waneth & dyscreaseth another season, And that comyn englyshe that is spoken in one shyre varyeth from another. In so moche that in my dayes happened that certayn marchants were in a ship in Tamyse for to haue sayled ouer the see into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde thei taryed atte forlond, and wente to lande for to refreshe them And one of theym named *Sheffelde* a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for mete. and specyally he axyd after eggys And the goode wyf answerde, that she coude speke no frenshe. And the merchant was angry. for he also coude speke no frenshe. but wolde haue hadde egges, and she vnderstode hym not, And thenne at laste another sayd that he wolde haue eyren, then the good wyf sayd that she vnderstod him wel, Loo what sholde a man in thyse dayes now wryte. egges or eyren, certaynly it is harde to playse every man, by cause of dyuersite & change of

langage. For in these dayes euery man that is in ony reputacyon in his contre. wyll vtter his comynycacyon and maters in suche maners & termes, that fewe men shall vnderstonde theym, And som honest and grete clerkes haue ben wyth me and desired me to wryte the moste curyous termes that I coude fynde, And thus bytwene playn rude, & curyous I stande abashed. but in my Judgemente the comyn termes that be dayli vsed ben lyghter to be vnderstonde than the olde and ancyent englyshe, And for as moche as this present booke is not *for a rude oplondyshe man* to laboure therein, ne rede it, but onely for a clerke & a noble gentylman that feleth and vnderstondeth in faytes of armes in loue & in noble chyualrye, Therefore in a meane betwene bothe I haue reduced & translated this sayd booke in to our englyshe not ouer rudē ne curyous but in suche termes as shall be vnderstanden by goddys grace accordynge to my copye. And yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit and fyndeth suche termes that he can not vnderstande late him goo rede and lerne *Vyrgyll*, or the pystles of *Ouyde*, and ther he shall see and vnderstonde lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer, For this booke is not for euery rude and vnconnynge man to see, but to clerkys & very gentylmen that vnderstande gentylnes and scyence. Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit. For I knowleche my selfe ignorant of connynge to enpryse on me so hie and noble a werke, But I praye Mayster *John Skelton* late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of *Oxenforde* to ouersee and correcte this sayd booke. And t'addresse and expowne where as shall be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and englyshe euery dyffyculte that is therein, For he hath late translated the epystlys of *Tulle*, and the boke of *Dyodorus Syculus*. and diuerse others werkes oute of latyn in to englyshe not in rude and olde langage but in *polyshed and ornate termes* craftely, as he that hath redde *Vyrgyle*, *Ouyde*, *Tullye*, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me unknown: And also he hath redde the ix muses and vnderstande theyr musicalle scyences. and to whom of theym each scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's well. Then I praye hym & suche other to correcte adde or mynyshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte, For I haue but folowed my copye in frenshe as nygh as me is possyble, and yf ony worde be sayd therein well, I am glad, and yf otherwyse I submytte my sayd boke to theyr correctyon, Whiche boke I presente unto the hye born my tocomynge naturall & souerayn lord *Arthur* by the grace of God Prynce of *Walys*, Duke of *Cornewayll* & Erle of *Chester* first bygoten Son and heyer vnto our most dradde naturall & souerayn lorde & most crysten kynge, *Henry* the vij. by the grace of God kynge of *Englonde* and of *Fraunce* & lord of *Irelonde*, byseeching his noble grace to receyve it in thanke of me his moste humble subget & seruant, And I shall praye vnto almyghty God for his prosperous encreasyng in vertue, wysedom, and humanyte that he may be egal wyth the most renōmed of alle his noble progenytours. And so to lyue in this present lyf, that after this transitorye lyfe he and we alle may come to everlastynge lyf in heuen. *Amen.*

AT THE END OF THE BOOK.

Here fynysheth the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled by *Vyrgyle*, whiche hathe be translated out of *latyne* in to *frenshe*, and out of *frenshe* reduced in to *Englyshe* by me *Wyllm. Caxton*, the xxij daye of *Juyn*. the yere of our lorde. M iiij C lxxxx. The fythe yere of the Regne of kyng *Henry* the seuenth.

IX.

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI

SUMMI CRITICI

CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM

SPECIMEN :

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis scatu ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis ferè versibu occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus aut aut ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem e: Interea adverte oculos, & his paucis fruere. At si quæ sint castigationibus de quibus non fatis liquet, syllabarum qu [illegible] nostra Libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. 1.

ARMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, Lavinaque venit
Littora multum ille & terris *jactatus* & alto,
Vi superum——

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *Aris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora multum ille & terris *vexatus*, & alto,
Vi superum——

[illegible] Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2, vers. 512, 550.— [illegible] ut sequitur.——*Latina* certè littora cum Æneas [illegible] ab ipso nominata, Lib. 12, vers. 193—*Jactat* [illegible]

II. VERS. 52.

—— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret !

—— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret !

Longè melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*,
Et Procul dubiò sic Virgilius.

III. VERS. 86.

——Venti velut *agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt—
——Venti velut *aggere fracto*
Qua data porta ruunt——

Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VERS. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem.*

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem :*

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatæ* notissimum, *Orontei* nunquam datur.

V. VERS. 119.

Excutitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput——

—Excutitur : pronusque *magis tèr*
Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus —*At illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet*——

VI. VERS. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto
Arma virùm——

Arma virùm hominum; Ridicule anteà *Arma virum*, quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt *natare* ?

VII. VERS. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur *undas.*

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabiter *udas.*

Summas, & leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est : Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit ; simili modo Noster de Camilla, Æn. 11. —*intactæ segetis per summa volaret*, &c., hyperbolicè.

VIII. VERS. 154.

Jamque *faces* & saxa volant, *furor arma ministrat.*

Jam *fæces* & saxa volant, *fugiuntque Ministri :* Uti solent, instanti periculo —*Fæces, facibus* longe præstant, quid enim nisi fæces jactarent vulgus sordidum ?

IX. VERS. 170.

Fronte sub adversa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum.
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo.

Fronte sub adversa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potiùs quam *scopulis pendentibus :* Nugæ ! Nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & sedilia ad discumbendum dari ? In quorum usum ? prandentium.

X. VERS. 188.

——Tres littore *cervos*
Prospicit errantes : hos *tota armenta* sequuntur
A tergo——

——Tres littore *corvos*
Aspicit errantes : hos *agmina tota* sequuntur
A tergo—*Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inveniri, quis nescit? At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Litore, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,
Et sola secum sicca spacatur arena.
Omen præclarissimum, immo et *agminibus* Militum frequentèr observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VERS. 748.

Arcturum pluviasque Hyades, *geminosque Triones*.

Error gravissimus. Corrige,——*septemque Triones*.

XII. VERS. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, *tectis* succedite nostris.

Quare agite O Juvenes, *lectis* succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce et Torum & Mensum exprimebat: Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O *Juvenes!* Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepidè innuit, Æn. 4, v. 19.

Huic uni forsan potui succùmbere *culpæ:*
Anna? fatebor enim,——

Corrige, *Huic uni* [*Viro* scil.] potui succumbere ; Culpas
Anna? fatebor enim, &c.

Vox *succumbere* quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VERS. 1.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro *Pater* Æneas sic orsus ab alto :

Concubuere omnes, intentòque ora tenebant ;
Inde toro *satur* Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem : quin & altera ratio, scil. *Conticuere* & *ora tenebant*, tautologicè dictum. In manuscripto perquam rarissimo in Patris Musæo, legitur, *ore gemebant ;* sed magis ingeniosè quam verè. *Satur* Æneas, quippe qui jam-jam a prandio surrexit: *Pater* nihil ad rem attinet.

VERS. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.
Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: hoc satis constat ex perantica illa Britannorum Cantilena vocata *Chevy-Chace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba,

The child may rue that is unborn.

VERS. 4.

Trojanas ut opes, & lamentabile regnum.

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint*—Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiæ regnum fuere. Vel fortasse *Oves Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, aliisque ducibus, meritò occisas.

VERS. 5.

Eruerint Danai, Quæque ipse *miserrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

—Quæque ipse *miserrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

VERS. 7.

——Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

——Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lachrymis?——Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare; quam solummodo *a* lachrymis non temperare?

VERS. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Precipitat, suadentque *cadentia* sydera somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* sydera somnos.

Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi arridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor *casus* cognoscere *nostros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *supremum* audire laborem,

Sed si tantus amor *curas* cognoscere *noctis*,
Et *brevi ter* Trojæ, *superumque* audire *labores*.

Curæ Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse *breviter*) totam belli catastrophem denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. *Ter* audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro

quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores Exposcit* enim pro *sæpe* usurpatur. *Trojæ, superumque labores*, rectè, qui tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide vers. 10, &c.

Quanquam animus meminisse horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, *luctusque resurgit*. *Resurgit* proprius dolorem renascentem notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VERS. 13.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis *Equum*, divina Paladis arte,
Ædificant——&c.

Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi.
Tracti & *Repulsi*, Antithesis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigidè & vulgaritèr.
Equum jam *Trojanum*, (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem si *Græcam* vocabis Lector, minimè pecces: Solæ enim femellæ utero ge Uterumque *armato milite complent*—Uteroque *recusos Insonuere cavæ*— utero *sonitum quater arma dedere.*—*Inclusos* utero *Danaos* &c. Vox *fœ* convenit maribus,—*Scandit fatilis machina muros, Fœta armis*—Pal Virginem, Equo mari fabricando, invigilare decuisse quis putat? Incr prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram *Equæ* lectionem passim restitue nisi ubi forte, metri caussa, *Equum* potius quam *Equam*, *Genus* pro *Sexu* Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

X.

OF THE POET LAUREATE.

NOVEMBER 19, 1729.

THE time of the election of a poet laureate being now at hand, it n proper to give some account of the rites and ceremonies anciently used a solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy o times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted cr reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius; and are the same that practised under the pontificate of Leo X., the great restorer of learning.

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of l rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a re tion of all its honours to poesy; the rather, since there are so many pe circumstances in the person who was then honoured with the laurel, a him who (in all probability) is now to wear it.

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82nd chapter Elogia Vir. Doct. He begins with the character of the poet himself, wh

he original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo. He was a plain ountryman of Apulia (whether a shepherd or thresher, is not material). This man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great encouragement iven to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came o the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least me twenty thousand of verses. All the wits and critics of the court flock'd out him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in is own long hair, so top-full of poetry; and at the first sight of him all greed he was born to be poet laureate.[1] He had a most hearty welcome in a island of the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond) where e was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to erybody. Then they adorn'd him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica (a sort of cabbage) so composed, says ıy author, emblematically, *ut tam sales, quam lepide ejus temulentia, Brassicæ remedio cohibenda, notaretur.* He was then saluted by common consent with he title of archi-poeta, or arch-poet, in the style of those days, in ours, poet aureate. This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eyes drunk with tears and gladness.[2] Next, the public cclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, as ollows :—

" Salve, brassicea virens corona,
Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque!
Dignus principis auribus Leonis."

All hail, arch-poet without peer!
Vine, bay, or cabbage, fit to wear,
And worthy of the prince's ear.

From hence, he was conducted in pomp to the Capitol of Rome, mounted on an elephant, thro' the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended.

The historian tells us farther, "That at his introduction to Leo, he not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth. Nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days (like our laureates) but made a companion to his master, and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures. When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window. When the prince had[3] half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet. When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flaggon, insomuch (says the historian) that thro' so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible gout." Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man. To use my author's words, which are remarkable, *mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis, &c.* "When Leo died, and poets were no more" (for I would not understand *profligatis* literally, as if poets then were profligate) this unhappy laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where oppress'd with old age and want, he miserably perish'd in a common hospital.

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a surer

[1] Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, & prolixe comatus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur.

[2] Manantibus præ gaudio oculis.

[3] Semesis opsoniis.

support than the temporary, or at best, mortal favours of the great. It w doubtless for this consideration, that when the royal bounty was late extended to a rural genius, care was taken to settle it upon him for life. A it hath been the practice of our princes, never to remove from the station poet laureate any man who hath once been chosen, tho' never so much grea geniuses might arise in his time. A noble instance, how much the charity our monarchs hath exceeded their love of fame.

To come now to the intent of this paper. We have here the whole anci ceremonial of the laureate. In the first place the crown is to be mix'd w vine-leaves, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to t honour, as the butt of sack to the salary.

Secondly, the brassica must be made use of as a qualifier of the former. seems the cabbage was anciently accounted a remedy for drunkenness power the French now ascribe to the onion, and stile a soupe made of it *so à Yvrogne*. I would recommend a large mixture of the brassica if Mr. Den be chosen; but if Mr. Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage supposed to signify the same thing with respect to poets as to taylors, v stealing. I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland wit, ivy; not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general; but as i emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular, it is creepi dirty, and dangling.

In the next place, a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and pr of the new poet. If Mr. Cibber be laureated, it is my opinion no man write this but himself: and no man, I am sure, can sing it so affecting But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidate's cas shall not pretend to determine.

Thirdly, there ought to be a public show, or entry of the poet: to settle order or procession of which, Mr. Anstis and Mr. Dennis ought to have a c ference. I apprehend here two difficulties: one, of procuring an elephant, other of teaching the poet to ride him: therefore I should imagine the n animal in size or dignity would do best, either a mule or a large ass, parti larly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great ornament of the Dunciad, and which (unless I am misinform'd) is yet the park of a nobleman near this city: —— Unless Mr. Cibber be the ma who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a dragon, if he g by land; or if he choose the water, upon one of his own swans from C in Egypt.

We have spoken sufficiently of the ceremony, let us now speak of the qu fications and privileges of the laureate. First, we see he must be able to ma verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if requir'd. In this I do Mr. Tibbald. Secondly, he ought to sing, and intrepidly, *patulo ore*; he confess the excellency of Mr. Cibber. Thirdly, he ought to carry a lyre ab with him: if a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be c trived to hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to person. Fourthly, he ought to have a good stomach, to eat and drink wh ever his betters think fit; and therefore it is in this high office as in ma others, no puny constitution can discharge it. I do not think Cibber Tibbald here so happy; but rather a stanch, vigorous, season'd, and dry gentleman, whom I have in my eye.

I could also wish at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of honour and dignity of poetry; no joker or trifler, but a bard in good earne nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate. For when

consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the fore-cited authentick record of Jovius) namely those of feeding from the prince's table, drinking out of his own flaggon, becoming even his domestic and companion; it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear the most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the laureate: yet I am not without hopes, there is one, from whom a serious and steady assertion of these privileges may be expected; and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. Dennis, the worthy president of our society.

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FRONTISPIECE OF OWL.

(*Edition of* 1728.)

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THE

DUNCIAD.

AN

Heroic Poem.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

DUBLIN, Printed, LONDON Re-
printed for A. DODD. 1728.

THE

PUBLISHER

TO THE

READER.

It will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character either in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves: Whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead chance to be but touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in Arms, and it becomes the common Cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever.

Not to search too deeply into the reason hereof, I will only observe as a *Fact*, that every week for these two Months past, the town has been persecuted with Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but against the Character and Person, of Mr. Pope. And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Writings (which by modest computation may be about a hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New World, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence.

The only exception is the Author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most *private* Authors of all the *anonymous* pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked no man living, who had not before printed and published against this particular Gentleman.

How I became possest of it, is of no concern to the Reader; but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detain'd this publication: since those *Names* which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly

nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish, or discover him. For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr. P. 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a *labour'd*, (not to say *affected*,) *shortness*, in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that, not of the same taste with his Friend.

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full six years of his life, and that he retired himself entirely from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript.

> Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,
> Duncia!——

Hence also we learn the true *Title* of the Poem; which with the same certainty as we call that of Homer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, of Voltaire the Henriad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so; not only with respect to its nature, which according to the best Rules of the Ancients and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such: but also with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

The time and date of the Action is evidently in the last reign, when the office of City Poet expir'd upon the death of Elkanah Settle, and he has fix'd it to the Mayoralty of Sir Geo. Tho——ld. But there may arise some obscurity in Chronology from the *Names* in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some Authors, and insertion of others, in their Niches. For whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the *Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem.* And I should judge they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them; since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Persons than before.

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names, by which the Satyr would only be multiplied; and applied to many instead of one. Had the Hero, for instance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirm'd him to be Mr. W——, Mr. D——, Sir R—— B—, &c., but now, all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling

him Theobald, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person.

I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too mean, for the Hero of an Epic Poem? But it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no less eminent than La Bruyere, has thought him worthy a place in his Characters.

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je crusse que vous êtes baisse? que vous n'êtes plus Poete, ni bel esprit? que vous êtes présentement aussi *Mauvais juge* de *tout genre d'Ouvrage*, que *Méchant Auteur*? Votre air libre & presumptueux me rassure, & me persuade tout le contraire, &c. *Characteres*, Vol. I. de la Société & de la Conversation, p. 176, *Edit. Amst.* 1720.

THE

DUNCIAD

IN

THREE BOOKS.

THE

DUNCIAD.

Book the First.

Book and the man I sing, the first who brings
The *Smithfield* muses to the ears of kings;
Say great *Patricians!* (since yourselves inspire
These wond'rous works; so *Jove* and fate require!)
Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,
Still[1] *Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first?*[2]

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,
E'er *Pallas* issued from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulness o'er all possess'd her antient right,
Daughter of *Chaos* and eternal *Night:*
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,[3]
For born a Goddess, *Dulness* never dies.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of *Rag-Fair*,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods[4] in air;
Keen, hollow[5] winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness:
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
The cave of *Poverty* and *Poetry*.
This, the *Great Mother* dearer held than all
The clubs of *Quidnuncs*, or her own *Guild-hall:*
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd[6] her Owls,
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.

[1] *Dryd.*

[2] Jonathan Richardson corrected the first edition of the 'Dunciad' from what he calls 'the first Broglio MS.' His corrections have been transcribed by Mr. Elwin, and are here preserved. In the MS. the first six lines ran:

"Books and the Man who first from Grub Street brings
The Smithfield Muses to the Courts of Kings
I Sing: Say, great ones, (you these works inspire
Since thus Jove's will { or / and } Britain's fate require,
Say what the cause that still this taste remains,
And when a Settle falls a Tibbald reigns."

[3] In the MS.: "Still her lost empire to restore she tries."

[4] In the MS.: "Seems to nod."

[5] In the MS.: "Eternal."

[6] In the MS.: "Kept."

Hence springs each weekly muse, the living boast
Of *C—l's* chaste press, and *L—t's* rubric post;
Hence hymning [1] *Tyburn's* elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song [2] on *Cecilia's* day,
Sepulchral lyes our holy [3] walls to grace,
And *New-year-Odes*, and all the *Grubstreet* race.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone;
Four guardian *Virtues*, round, support her throne; [4]
Fierce [5] champion *Fortitude*, that knows no fears [6]
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears:
Calm *Temperance*, whose blessings those partake [7]
Who hunger, and who thirst for scribling sake:
Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl;
Poetic *Justice*, with her lifted scale; [8]
Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless *somethings* in their causes sleep,
'Till genial *Jacob*, or a warm *third-day*
Calls forth each mass, a poem or a play.
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie; [9]
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry;
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor *Word* a hundred clenches makes,
And ductile dulness new meanders takes;
There motley [10] *Images* her fancy strike,
Figures ill-pair'd, [11] and *Similes* unlike.
She sees a mob of [12] *Metaphors* advance,
Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance:
How [13] *Tragedy* and *Comedy* embrace;
How [14] *Farce* and *Epic* get a jumbled race:
How [15] *Time* himself stands still at her command,
Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
Here gay *Description Ægypt* glads [16] with showers,
Or gives to *Zembla* fruits, to *Barca* flowers;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,
Fast by, fair [17] vallies of eternal green,
On cold *December* fragrant [18] chaplets blow,
And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

[1] In the MS.: "Weeping."
[2] In the MS.: "Nothings."
[3] In the MS.: "Hallowed."
[4] In the MS.: "With every Virtue that upheld her throne."
[5] In the MS.: "First."
[6] In the MS.: "Nothing fears."
[7] In the MS.: "Next Vestal Temperance that blest can make."
[8] In the MS.:
"Here P. . . . with a patron for her bail,
And there poetic Justice holds her scale"
[9] In the MS.: "Here she beholds how hints in embryo lie."
[10] In the MS.: "Now two-sha
[11] In the MS.: "Ill-joined."
[12] In the MS.: "Now seeing."
[13] In the MS.: "Now."
[14] In the MS.: "Now."
[15] In the MS.: "Now."
[16] In the MS.: "Here unconfine tion paints."
[17] In the MS.: "There smiling.' tion of 1729: "There painte t."
[18] In the MS.: { "Flow'ry. / Rosy." }

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene;
She, tinsel'd o'er [1] in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day,[2] when [3] *Tho—d*, rich and grave,
Like [4] *Cimon* triumph'd both on land and wave,
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners,[5] and broad faces)
Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
Yet [6] liv'd, in *Settle's* numbers, one day more.
Now *May'rs* and *Shrieves* in pleasing slumbers lay,
And eat in dreams the custard of the day:
But pensive poets painful vigils keep;
Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep.
Much to her mind the solemn feast recalls,
What city-*Swans* once sung within the walls,
Much she revolves their arts, their antient [7] praise,
And sure succession down from [8] *Heywood's* days.
She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son;
So watchful *Bruin* forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.
She saw in *N—n* all his father shine,
And *E—n* eke out *Bl—'s* endless line;
She saw slow *P—s* creep like *T—le's* poor page,
And furious *D—n* foam in *Wh—'s* rage.[9]

In each, she marks her image full exprest,
But chief, in *Tibbald's* monster-breeding breast,
Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,
And [10] earth, and heav'n, and hell, her battels wage! [11]

She ey'd the Bard where supperless he sate,
And pin'd, unconscious of his rising [12] fate;
Studious he sate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound!

[1] In the MS.: "She high enthroned / Refulgent she."
[2] "'Twas that great day."
[3] Sir *Geo. Tho*——.—POPE.
[4] *Cimon*, the famous *Athenian* general who obtained a victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the *Persians* and *Barbarians*.—POPE.
[5] In the MS.: "Streamers."
[6] In edition of 1729: "But."
[7] In the MS.: "Former."
[8] *John Heywood*, whose Interludes were printed in *Hen.* VIIIth's time.—POPE.
[9] In the MS.:
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage,
And Dunton foaming still in { Whatley's / Welsted's } rage."
[10] This, I presume, alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of this author. See Book III. ver. 170, &c.—POPE.
[11] In the MS. these four lines ran:
"But chief her darling Tibbald filled her thought
With rising worlds, and monsters yet unwrought,
Fiends, monsters, gods amazing leagues prepare,
And in her cause engage Hell, Earth, and Air."
[12] In the MS.: "The birth of."

Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there :
Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.
He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,
Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber [1] lay,
Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd ;
Or which fond authors were so good to gild ;
Or where, by Sculpture made for ever known,
The page admires new beauties, not its own.[2]
Here swells the shelf[3] with *Ogleby* the *great*,
There, stamp'd with arms, *Newcastle* shines compleat,
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire ;[4]
A *Gothic* Vatican ! of *Greece* and *Rome*
Well-purg'd, and worthy *W—y*, *W—e*, and *Bl—*.[5]

But high above, more solid Learning shone,[6]
The *Classicks* of an age that heard of none ;
There *Caxton* slept, with *Wynkin* at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide :
There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,
Old Bodies of Philosophy appear :
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And there, the groaning Shelves *Philemon* bends.

Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,
Redeem'd from tapers[7] and defrauded pyes,
Inspir'd he seizes : These an altar raise :
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays
That altar crowns ; a folio Common-place
Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base :
Quarto's, octavo's, shape the lessening pyre,
And last, a[8] *little Ajax* tips the spire.

Then he. Great Tamer of all human art ![9]
First in my care, and nearest at my heart !
Dulness ! whose good old cause I yet defend,[10]
With whom my muse began, with whom shall end !
Oh thou ! of business the directing soul,
To human heads like byass to the bowl,
Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,
Obliquely wadling to the mark in view.

[1] In the MS. :
"The spoils of Sturbridge, } Philemon's labours." }

[2] In the MS. :
"Or where the pictures for the piece atone,
Saved by the graver's work and not their own."

[3] In the MS. : "Here bends a shelf."

[4] After v. 114 in the MS. :
"Here Christian Quarles thy pictured works are thrown,
And all who Benlowes as Mæcenas own."
Or,
Polemics huge of strength to fortifie,
The feeble band-box, or uphold the pie."

[5] In the MS. :
"Withers, { Quarles / Watts } and Bloom."
In editions of 1729, 1736, "Withers, Quarles, and Bloom."
In 1743, "Settle, Banks, and Broome."

[6] In the MS. : "But far above in Tin... old tarnish shone."

[7] In the MS. : "Spices."

[8] In duodecimo, translated from *Se... cles*—POPE.

[9] In the MS. : "Then thus, O Dul... victor of all art."

[10] In the MS. : "Whose good old ca... unprosperous I defend."

O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!
Who spread a healing mist before the mind,
And, lest we err by wit's wild, dancing[1] light,
Secure us kindly in our native *night*.
Ah! still o'er *Britain* stretch that peaceful wand,[2]
Which lulls th' *Helvetian* and *Batavian* land,
Where 'gainst thy throne if rebel Science rise,[3]
She does but show her coward face and dies:
There, thy good *scholiasts* with unweary'd pains
Make *Horace* flat, and humble *Maro's* strains;
Here studious I unlucky Moderns save,
Nor sleepe one error in its father's grave,
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,
And crucify poor *Shakespear* once a week.[4]
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never[5] read;
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,
Notes to dull books, and Prologues to dull plays;
For thee explain a thing 'till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddess, and about it;
So spins the silkworm small its slender store,
And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.
Not that my pen to criticks[6] was confin'd,
My verse gave ampler lessons to mankind;
So written[7] precepts may successless prove,
But sad examples never fail to move.
As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky:
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,
And were my Elasticity, and Fire.
Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to spare the *Grubstreet*-state.
But see[8] great *Settle* to the dust descend,
And all thy cause and empire at an end.
Cou'd *Troy* be sav'd by any single hand,
His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.
But what can I! *my Flaccus* cast aside,
Take up th' *Attorney's* (once my better) *guide*?[9]
Or rob the *Roman* geese of all their glories,
And save the state by cackling to the Tories?

e MS.: "Reason's wandering."
e MS.: "And may'st thou yet o'er
tretch that wand."
ie edition of 1729: "Where rebel
rone if Science rise."
ie MS.:
ɔuns or blunders to each line
ɔre,
rucify poor Shakespeare o'er and
"
ie MS.: "No man e'er."
ie MS. and edition of 1729: "Not
quill."

7 In edition of 1729: "Gravest."

8 This was the last year of *Elkanah Settle's* life. He was poet to the city of *London*, whose business was to compose yearly panegyricks on the Lord Mayor, and verses for the Pageants; but since the abolition of that part of the shows, the employment ceas'd, so that *Settle* had no successor to that place.—Pope.

9 In the MS.:

"But what can I! Thus, thus at least I show
My zeal, thy long-tried confessor below."

Yes, to my country I my pen consign,[1]
Yes,[2] from this moment, mighty *Mist!* am thine,
And rival, *Curtius!* of thy fame and zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.
Adieu my children! better thus expire
Un-stall'd, unsold; thus glorious mount in fire
Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,
Or shipp'd with *W*— to ape and monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,[3]
And visit alehouse where ye first did grow.[4]

With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:
Then lights the structure, with averted eyes;
The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.
The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,
Now flames old[5] *Memnon*, now *Rodrigo* burns,
In one quick flash see *Proserpine* expire,
And last, his own cold *Æschylus* took fire.
Then gush'd the tears, as from the *Trojan's* eyes
When the last blaze sent *Ilion* to the skies.

Rowz'd by the light, old *Dulness* heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of *Thulè* from her Bed,
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face,
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs
She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.
She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome;
Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home:
So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,
Ascend, and recognise their native place:
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And[6] in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.

Here to her Chosen all her works she shows;[7]
Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loit'ring into prose:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,[8]
Now leave all memory of sense behind;
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,
And those[9] to Notes are fritter'd quite away:
How Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the Tail:

[1] In the MS.: "Let Pryn and Withers now their wreaths resign."
[2] In the MS.: "I."
[3] In the MS.: "Run."
[4] In the MS.: "Begun."
[5] Plays and Farces of *T*——*d*.
[6] He writ a poem called the *Cure of Poverty*, printed in 1715.
[7] In the MS.: "Here the whole process of her art she shows."
[8] In the MS.: "How unideal thoughts now meaning find."
[9] In the edition of 1729: "These."

How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,
Less human genius[1] than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to *France*, and none to *Rome* or *Greece*,
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt *Plautus*, *Fletcher*, *Congreve*, and *Corneille*,
Can make a *C——r*, *Jo——n*, or *O——ll.*[2]

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,
With mystic words the sacred Opium shed;
And lo! her *Bird* (a monster of a fowl!
Something betwixt a *H—* and Owl)
Perch'd on his crown. All hail! and hail again,
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign.[3]
Know[4] *Settle*, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the Dull[5] of antient days,
Safe, where no[6] criticks damn, no duns molest,
Where *G—n*, *B—*, and high-born *H—* rest![7]
I see a King! who leads my chosen sons[8]
To[9] lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
Till each fam'd theatre[10] my empire own,
Till *Albion*, as *Hibernia*, bless my throne.[11]
I see! I see!—Then rapt, she spoke no more.
God save King Tibbald! *Grubstreet* alleys roar.

So when *Jove's* block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great fore-father, *Ogilby*,)
Hoarse thunder to its bottom shook[12] the bog,
And the loud nation croak'd, *God save King* Log!

[1] In the MS.: "Science."
[2] In the MS.:
"Cibber, Bladen
Shadwell, Welsted } or Ozell."
[3] In the MS.:
Behold, she cried, the day,
The promised nation now expects thy sway."
[4] In the MS.: "Since."
[5] In the MS.: "Now sleeps among the Dull."
[6] In the MS.: "Where neither."
[7] In the MS.: "Where Dunton, Babor, Gildon, Howard rest."
[8] In the MS.: "Take thou the sceptre, rule thy chosen sons."
[9] In the MS.: "In."
[10] In the MS.: "Rule till both theatres."
[11] In the MS.: "And near our Monarch's dulness fix her throne."
[12] In the MS.: "Shook the bottom of."

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

Book the Second.

The sons of *Dulness* meet :[1] an endless band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land,
A motley mixture ! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags ;
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots,
All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd,
And all who knew those Dunces to reward.[2]

Now herald hawker's rusty voice proclaims
Heroic prizes, and advent'rous Games ;
In that wide space the Goddess took her stand
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the *Strand ;*
But now (so *ANNE* and Piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of *Drury-lane.*

[1] In the MS. : "She summons all her sons."

In the edition of 1729 the opening lines ran :

" High on a gorgeous seat that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curlls the Public pours
All bounteous, fragrant grains and golden showers,
Great Tibbald nods : The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze."

[2] After this verse in the MS. :

" Ranked side by side the Patron and the Scrub,
Each Quarles his Benlowes, and each Tibbald B——"

For which couplet see note to v Epistle to Arbuthnot. Then follo lines :

" High on a bed of state that far on
Fleeno's proud seat, or Querno's throne
—— Exalted sat : around him bow
The Laureat band, and breathe vows.
With kingly joy he hears their lies
With kingly pride the general j spies
And sees his subjects' transport eyes.
His strut, his grin, and his dee they praise,
And gaping crowds grow foolish gaze."

It will be observed that the nam monarch is left blank in the MS., a part of the poem had been writte the first book, and before the p fixed on any particular hero. On th see Introduction.

With authors, stationers obey'd the call ;[1]
The field of glory is a field for all ;
Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke,
And gentle *Dulness* ever loves a joke.
A Poet's Form she sets before their eyes,
And bids the nimblest racer seize the prize.
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;[2]
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
Twelve starving[3] bards of these degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,[4]
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain ;[5]
But senseless, lifeless ! Idol void and vain !
Never was dasht out, at one lucky hit,
A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
So like, that criticks said and courtiers swore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, *M*—.

All gaze with ardour : some, a Poet's name,
Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame :
But lofty *L*—*t*[6] in the circle rose ;
"This prize is mine ; who tempt it, are my foes :
"With me began this genius, and shall end :"
He spoke, and who with *L*—*t*[7] shall contend ?

Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntless *C*—*l*. "Behold that rival here !
"The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won ;
"So take the hindmost, Hell."—He said, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge *L*—*t*,[8] and out-stript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse,
On legs and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops ;
So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,

[1] In the MS. :
"Ev'n booksellers obeyed the Hawker's call."

[2] These four lines in the MS. run :
"To these in sport she first proposed the prize
And raised a poet's phantom in their eyes ;
Not such as garrets lodge, of visage thin,
Who like a night-gown round him wraps his skin."

[3] In the MS. and edition of 1729: "Starveling."

[4] In the MS. :
"With laughing eyes that twinkled in his head,
Well-looked, well-turned, well-natured and well-fed,
So wondrous like that Wotton's self might say,
And Kent would swear, by G—d, it must be Gay."

[5] The next eight lines are not in the MS., another indication that this part of the poem was composed before the Dunciad in its present form was designed. The passage in the MS. was clearly not intended to apply to James Moore.

[6] In the MS. : "Awful Tryphon."

[7] In the MS. : "Tryphon, Tonson."

[8] In the MS. : "Fat Tonson."

With steps unequal *L—t* urg'd the race,
And seem'd to emulate great *Jacob's* pace.[1]
Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which *C—l's Corinna* chanc'd that morn to make,
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop
Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)
Here fortun'd *C—l* to slide: loud shout the band,[2]
And *L—t*, *L—t*,[3] rings thro' all the Strand.
Obscene with filth the varlet lies bewray'd,
Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had lay'd:
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff *Vaticide* conceiv'd a prayer.

Hear *Jove!* whose name my bards and I adore,
As much at least as any Gods, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the[4] *Bible*, up with the[5] *Pope's Arms*.[6]

[7] A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,
Where from *Ambrosia*, *Jove* retires for ease.[8]
There in his seat two spacious Vents appear,
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,
There hears the various vows of fond mankind,
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind: [9]
All vain petitions, sent by winds on high,
With reams abundant this abode supply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills
Sign'd with that *Ichor* which from Gods distills.[10]

In office here fair[11] *Cloacina* stands,
And ministers to *Jove* with purest hands;
Forth from the heap she pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare!
Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit,
The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the course,
Vig'rous he rises; from th' effluvia strong
Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along.

1 In the MS.:
"With arms expanded Tryphon rows his state,
And left-legged Jacob seems to emulate."
This shows that by Tryphon he meant the younger Tonson.

2 In the MS.:
"Here sliddered Curll: loud shout the laughing band."

3 In the MS.: "Jacob, Jacob."

4 The *Bible C——l's* sign.—Pope.

5 The *Cross-keys L——t's*.—Pope.

6 In the MS.:
"In him and his if greater grace abound,
Then let mine host of Shakespeare's Head be crowned."
In a note, "Shakespear's Head, T[o]
sign."

7 See *Lucian's Icaro-Menippus*.—P[o]

8 In the MS.:
"Called by the Gods the Thun[der]
House of Ease."

9 In the MS.:
"There lists delighted to the jests u[pon]
Of link-boys vile and watermen ob[scene]
This couplet first appears in print
edition of 1743.

10 In the MS.:
"Then with Mist's Journals and wit[h]
ner's Bills
Wipes that rich ichor which a G[od]
tills."

11 In the MS.: "Black."

Re-passes *L—t*,[1] vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face.

And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand,[2]
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand;
A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight,
Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night![3]
Baffled, yet present ev'n amidst despair,
To seize his papers, *C—l*, was next thy care;
His papers all, the sportive winds up-lift,[4]
And whisk 'em back to G—, to *Y*—, to *S*—.[5]
Th' embroider'd suit, at least, he deem'd his prey;
That suit, an unpay'd Taylor snatch'd away!
No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ.

Heav'n rings with laughter: Of the laughter vain,[6]
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again.
Three wicked imps of her own *Grubstreet* Choir
She deck'd like *Congreve*, *Addison*, and *Prior;*
Mears, *Warner*, *Wilkins* run: Delusive thought!
* *, * *, and * *,[7] the wretches caught.
C—l stretches after *Gay*, but *Gay* is gone,
He grasps an empty[8] *Joseph* for a *John*.
So *Proteus*, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became, when seiz'd, a Puppy or an Ape.

To him the Goddess. Son, thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town.
As the sage dame experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at *Paris*
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady *Marys*)

[1] In the MS.: "Tonson."

[2] In the MS. there is the following variation of this passage:

"Now Jove still just, defeats man's erring aim!
Now Hope deludes, how Fortune shifts the game!
The Curll rapacious spreads his eager hand
And the plump phantom stands, or seems to stand,
His frustrate arms the impassive air confess,
All of the idol vanished but the dress.
Unhappy stationer! his author gone,
He grasps an empty Joseph for a John."

In the MS.:

"The impassive form from his embraces flies
And melts to air: loud laughter shakes the skies."

[3] In the MS.:

"Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift."

[5] In the MS.: "To Evans and to S——"

[6] In the MS. there was the following variation:

"Pleased at her wit, and of applauses vain,
Dulness, good Queen! repeats the jest again.
Another Poet and another rise,
Curll not discouraged at each quarry flies."

For this last couplet he substituted:

"Forthwith she dressed like Addison and Prior,
Two wicked imps of her own Grub Street choir."

Or,

"A wicked sprite she dressed like Pope and Prior,
The same their voice, their mien, and their attire."

[7] In 1729 and 1736, "Breval, Besaleel, Bond." In 1743, "Breval, Bond, Besaleel."

[8] *Joseph Gay*, a fictitious name put by *C——l* before several Pamphlets.—POPE.

Be thine, my stationer! this magic gift;
C— shall be *Prior*, and C—s, *Swift*;
So shall each hostile name become our own,
And we too boast our *Garth* and *Addison*.

With that the Goddess (piteous of his case,[1]
Yet smiling at his rueful length of face)
Gives him a covering, worthy to be spread
On *Cibber's* shin, or * * 's[2] modern bed;
Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture
Display'd the fates her confessors endure.[3]
Earless[4] on high, stood pillory'd *D*——[5]
And *T*—— flagrant from the lash, below:
There kick'd and cuidgel'd *R*— might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue:
Himself among the storied chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,
And oh! (he cry'd) what street, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labors shall be seen,
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!

See in the circle next, *Eliza* plac'd;
Two babes of love close clinging to her waste;
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,
In flow'r'd brocade by bounteous *Kirkall* dress'd,
Pearls on her neck, and roses in her hair,
And her fore-buttocks to the navel bare.
The Goddess then: "Who best can send on high
"The salient spout, fair-streaming to the sky;
"His be yon *Juno* of majestic size,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This *China*-Jordan, let the chief o'ercome
"Replenish, not ingloriously, at home.

Ch——*d*[6] and *C*——*l* accept this glorious strife,
(Tho' one his Son dissuades, and one his Wife)
This on his manly confidence relies,
That on his vigor and superior size.
First *C*——*d* lean'd against his letter'd post;
It rose, and labor'd to a curve[7] at most:
So *Jove's* bright bow displays its wat'ry round,
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd)

[1] The edition of 1729 gives the reading of the existing text.

[2] In the MS.: "Durfey's." The edition of 1729 first reads "Dunton's."

[3] In the MS.:

"There Dulness traced in wry-mouthed portraiture,
The fates her martyrs militant endure."

[4] In the MS.: "Dauntless."

[5] In a MS. note to this line Pope says: "Daniel Defoe stood in the pillory fo tain papers called the Reviews. He upon, no whit abashed, published A I to the Pillory, a Pindaric Ode. It ap from hence that this poem was writ Mr. Curll himself stood in the pillory, happened not till February, 1727-8."—

[6] In the edition of 1729, "Chetw in 1735 and 1736, "Chapman;" in "Osborne."

[7] In the MS.: "An arch."

A second effort brought but new disgrace,
For straining more, it flies in his own face ;[1]
Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not so from shameless *C——l :* Impetuous spread
The stream, and smoaking, flourish'd o'er his head.
So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,)
Eridanus his humble fountain scorns,
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn ;
His rapid waters in their passage burn.

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes ;
Still happy, Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought[2] day
And the pleas'd dame soft-smiling leads[3] away.
Ch——d, through perfect modesty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home.

But now for *Authors* nobler palms[4] remain :
Room for my Lord ! three Jockeys[5] in his train ;
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ;
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.[6]
His honour'd[7] meaning, *Dulness* thus exprest.
"He wins this Patron who can tickle best."

He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state,
With ready quills the Dedicators[8] wait,
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,
And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense ;[9]
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts *Adonis*, and affects grimace :
R—— the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our *Operas :*[10]
* * his mouth with *Classic* flatt'ry opes,[11]
And the puft *Orator* bursts out in tropes.
But *O——* the *Poet's* healing balm[12]
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm ;

[1] In the MS. :

"The wild meander washed the artist's face."

This line of the MS. was inserted in the text in the edition of 1736.

[2] In the MS. : "Well p—t."

[3] In the MS. : "Moves."

[4] In the MS. : "Tasks."

[5] In the MS. : "Six huntsmen."

[6] In the MS. :

"In the blue string a jockey leads the Bear,
Who silent looks broad nonsense with a stare."

[7] In the MS. : { "Worship's, / Secret."

[8] In the MS. : "Listening authors."

[9] In the MS. :

"Tindal and Gordon at his head commence,
The quickening numskull feels the fancied sense."

[10] In the MS. :

"He turns subscriber to all Operas."

[11] In the MS. :

"Bentley his mouth with classic flattery opes."
"His mouth now Bentley's kind instruction opes."

In 1729 Welsted's name was inserted in the place of the asteriska. In 1736 "Welsted" was replaced by "Bentley."

[12] In the MS. : "Oldmixon," and so in edition of 1729. In the edition of 1736 :

"But Welsted most the poet's healing balm."

There is also another variation in the MS. which helps to explain the passage that follows, about "the youth unknown to Phœbus" :

"Concanen from his soft and giving palm
Strives to extract the poet's healing balm.
A nicer part sly W——r chose to probe," &c.

Unlucky *O*——*!* thy lordly master[1]
The more thou tickl'st, gripes his fist the faster.

While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to *Phœbus*, in despair,
Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n in Pray'r.
What force have pious vows! the *Queen of Love*
His Sister sends, her vot'ress, from above.
As taught by *Venus*, *Paris* learnt the art
To touch *Achilles'* only tender part,[2]
Secure, thro' her,[3] the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's *Secretary*.

Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of *Noise*.
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,
With *Shakespear's* nature, or with *Johnson's* art,
Let others aim: 'Tis yours to shake the soul
With *Thunder* rumbling from the mustard-bowl,[4]
With *horns* and *trumpets* now to madness swell,
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling *Bell*.
Such happy arts attention can command,
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand:
Improve we these.[5] Three *Cat-calls* be the bribe
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the *Monkey* tribe;
And his this *Drum*, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud Clarion of the braying *Ass*.

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din,
The Monkey-mimicks rush discordant in;[6]
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And *R*———, and railing, Brangling, and *B*———,[7]
D——*s* and Dissonance;[8] And captious art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart.
Hold (cry'd the Queen) ye all alike shall win,
Equal your merits, equal is your din;

[1] In the MS.
"Unhappy Oldmixon, thy lord and master."
In 1736:
"Unlucky Welsted, thy unfeeling master."

[2] In the MS.
"So great Achilles! Paris learnt the art
To touch thy only penetrable part."

[3] In the MS.: "By Venus taught."

[4] In the MS. the above passage runs:
"For noise and nonsense next behold the prize,
Whose voice stentorian loudest shakes the skies;
Who fails to ravish or command the heart
With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
Shall wake the sense and terrify the soul
With rolling thunder { from the mustard-thunders rattling } {bowl."

[5] In the MS. the next four lines are:
"Now try we first who cat-like growl and whine,
The next who chattering match the monkey line.
Who emulates an owl shall these surpass,
But he the chief whose braying shames an ass."
Or,
"Try then new arts whose feebly plaining lines,
Match the thin music of the cat who whines:" &c.

[6] In the MS.:
"Welstead and Wickstead at each other grin."

[7] In the MS.:
"Welsted at Wickstead, Budgell at Breval."
In 1729:
"And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval."

[8] In the MS.: "And loud-tongued Dissonance."

But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth my *Brayers*, and the welkin rend.

As when the long-ear'd, milky mothers wait[1]
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,[2]
For their[3] defrauded, absent foals they make[4]
A moan[5] so loud, that all the *Guild* awake:[6]
So sighs Sir *G———t*, starting at the bray
From dreams of millions, and three groats[7] to pay.
So swells each Windpipe[8]; Ass intones to Ass,
Harmonic twang[9]! of leather, horn, and brass:
Such as from lab'ring[10] lungs th' Enthusiast blows,
High sounds, attemp'red to the vocal nose.
But far o'er all sonorous *Bl—'s* strain,
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again:
In *Tot'nham*[11] fields, the brethren[12] with amaze
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze;[13]
Long *Chanc'ry-lane* retentive rolls the sound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to *Rufus'* roaring hall,
And *H———d* re-echoes, bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of Song,
Who sings so *loudly*, and who sings so *long*.[14]

This labor past, by *Bridewell* all descend,
(As morning[15] pray'r and flagellation end.)
To where *Fleetditch* with disemboguing streams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to *Thames*,
The King of Dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.
'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in!
'Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
'And who the most in love of dirt excel,
'Or dark dexterity of groping well.[16]
'Who flings most mud, and wide pollutes around
'The stream, be his the * * *[17] *Journals*, bound.
'A pig of lead to him who dives the best;
'A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest.

[1] In the MS.: "Mother milked before."
[2] In the MS.:
"The gouty miser's triple-bolted door."
[3] In the MS.: "her."
[4] In the MS.: "foal she makes."
[5] In the MS.: "cry."
[6] In the MS.: "awakes."
[7] In the MS.: "a groat."
[8] In the MS.: "such chatter rises."
[9] In the MS.: "Dry sound that twangs."
[10] In the MS.: "groaning."
[11] In the MS.: "Tothill."
[12] In the MS.: "asses."
[13] In the MS.:
"Prick all their ears, and wondering cease to graze."
[14] In the MS.:
"Confessed supreme in both the powers of song,
None sings so loudly, and none sings so long."
Or:
"And 'Blackmore, Blackmore,' shouts the applauding throng,
Who sings so *loudly*, and who sings so *long*."
[15] In the MS.: "Evening."
[16] In the MS.:
"And whose the alacrity of sinking well."
[17] In the MS.: { "The London. / All Hoadley's."

In naked majesty great *D*———[1] stands,
And *Milo*-like, surveys his arms and hands:
Then sighing, thus. "And am I now *threescore*?
"Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?"
He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right.
The senior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher.

Next *E*—[2] div'd; slow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and ope'd no more:[3]
All look, all sigh, and call on *E*— lost;
E——— in vain resounds thro' all the coast.

H— try'd the next,[4] but hardly snatch'd from sight,
Instant buoys up, and rises into light;
He bears no token of the sabler streams,
And mounts far off, among the swans of *Thames*.

Far worse unhappy *D*——*r*[5] succeeds,
He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

True to the bottom * * * and * * * creep,[6]
Long-winded both, as natives of the deep,
This only merit pleading for the prize,[7]
Nor everlasting *Bl*— this denies.[8]

But nimbler *W*——*d* reaches at the ground,[9]
Circles in mud, and darkness all around,
No crab more active, in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance;
He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And boldly claims the *Journals*[10] and the *Lead*.

Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood,
Lo *E*—[11] rose, tremendous all in mud![12]
Shaking the horrors of his sable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.

[1] In the MS.: "Great Dennis;" and so in the edition of 1729. In 1736: "Oldmixon."
[2] In the MS.: "Eusden." In the edition of 1729: "Smedley."
[3] In the MS.:
"Just where he sunk that closing oped no more."
[4] In the edition of 1729: "Then * * tried." In 1735: "Then P * * essayed.' In 1736: "Then * essayed."
[5] In the MS.: "Diaper."
[6] In the MS.: "Roome and Whatley."
In 1729: "See Concanen creep."
[7] In edition of 1729:
"If perseverance gain the Diver's prize."
[8] In the MS.: "Blackmore."
[9] In the edition of 1729 this and the next three lines run:
"Not Welsted so: drawn endlong by his skull,
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and storms his circling arms invest
With all the might of gravitation blest."
In 1735 the opening of the passage was altered to: "Not so bold Arnall."
[10] In the MS.: "H—d—y."
[11] In the MS.: "Dennis." In the edition of 1729: "Smedley."
[12] In the edition of 1729: "In majesty of mud."

First he relates, how sinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the *Mudnymphs* suck'd him in,
How young *Lutetia* softer than the down,
Nigrina black, and *Merdamante* brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below;
As *Hylas* fair was ravish'd long ago.
Then sung how, shown him by the nutbrown maids,
A branch of *Styx* here rises from the *Shades*,
That tinctur'd as it runs with *Lethe's* streams,
And wafting vapors from the *Land* of *Dreams*,
(As under seas *Alphæus'* sacred sluice[1]
Bears *Pisa's* offerings to his *Arethuse*)
Pours into *Thames*: Each City-bowl is full
Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull.
How to the banks where bards departed doze,
They led him soft; how all the bards arose;
Taylor, sweet bird of *Thames*, majestic bows,
And *Sh*— nods the poppy[2] on his brows;
While *M*—*n* there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest;
And "Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
"Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine."

He ceas'd, and show'd the robe; the crowd confess
The rev'rend *Flamen* in his lengthen'd dress.
Slow mov'd the Goddess from the silver flood,[3]
(Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of *Lud*.
Her *Criticks* there she summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games.

Hear you! in whose grave heads,[4] as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails,
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,[5]
My *H*—'s[6] periods, or my *Bl*—'s[7] numbers?
Attend the trial we propose to make:
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,
Sleep's all-subduing pow'r who dares defy,
And boasts *Ulysses'* ear with *Argus'* eye;[8]

the MS.:
lpheus under seas by secret sluice."
the MS.: "Poppies."
the MS. this and the three next lines
done, the goddess from the sable
od
s to her quarters in the walls of
d.
ribes pursue, and now, to close the
mes,
atler exercise the Queen proclaims."
the MS.:
ritics! in whose heads."
the MS.: "To indolence and slum-

the MS.: "Hoadley."

[7] In the MS.: "Blackmore."
[8] After ver. 328 in the MS.:

"His be the license which shall ever last
On all my authors, present, future, past.
Yet, not to drive well-willers to despair,
Who haply slumber some reward shall share.
To him who nodding steals a transient nap,
We give Tate's Ovid, and thy Virgil, Trap.
Unable heads, that sleep and wake by fits,
Win Steel well sifted from all alien wits.
Nay, who successless quite but gape and wish,
Shall gain the whole Poetic Art of Bysshe."

To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit
Judge of all present, past, and future wit,
To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong,
Full, and eternal privilege of tongue.

Three *Cambridge Sophs* and three pert *Templars* came,
The same their talents, and their tastes the same;
Each prompt to query, answer, and debate,
And smit with love of poesie and prate.
The pond'rous books two *gentle Readers* bring;
The heroes sit; the vulgar form a ring.[1]
The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of *Mum*,
'Till all tun'd equal, send a general hum.
Then mount the Clerks; and in one lazy tone,[2]
Thro' the long, heavy, painful page,[3] drawl on,
Soft creeping words on words the sense[4] compose,
At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine,[5]
And now to this side, now to that, they nod,
As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God.
Thrice *B—l*[6] aim'd to speak, but thrice suppress
By potent *Arthur*, knock'd his chin and breast.[7]
C——s and *T—d*,[8] prompt at Priests to jeer,
Yet silent bow'd to *Christ's no kingdom* here.
Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome
Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; stretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes.
As what a *Dutchman* plumps into the lakes,[9]
One circle first, and then a second makes,[10]
What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest
Like motion, from one circle to the rest;
So from the mid-most the nutation spreads
Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads.[11]
At last *C—re*[12] felt her voice to fail,
And * * *[13] himself unfinish'd left his Tale.

[1] After ver. 338 in the MS.:

"And first a Laureate youth in gentlest lays
Preludes a lullaby in Brunswick's praise."

[2] In the MS.: "In one low equal tone."

[3] In the MS.: "Line."

[4] In the MS.: "Each restless sense."

[5] In the MS.:

"As less or more are breathed the airs divine."

[6] In the MS.: "Budgell."

[7] After ver. 352, in the MS.:

"Next, Philips dropt, and Thule left half sung;
Next, Collins, ceased thy turbulence of tongue."

[8] In the MS.: "Collins and Toland." In 1729: "Toland and Tindal."

[9] In the MS.: "A lake."

[10] In the MS.:

"Will first one circle, then a hundred make."

[11] In the MS.: "A waving sea of heads." And after this verse in the MS.:

"Not more, when winds succeed some heavy rain,
Unnumbered nod the poppies on the plain."

[12] In the MS.: "Centlivre."

[13] In the MS.: "Bruce." In edition of 1729: "Old James." In 1736: "Motteux himself."

T—*s* and *T*— the church and state gave o'er,
Nor * * * talk'd, nor S —— whisper'd more.[1]
Ev'n *N*———*n*, gifted with his mother's tongue,
Tho' born at *Wapping*, and from *Daniel* sprung,[2]
Ceas'd his loud bawling breath, and dropt the head ;[3]
And all was hush'd, as *Folly's* self lay dead.

Thus the soft gifts of *Sleep* conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay.
Why should I sing what bards the Nightly Muse
Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews?
Or prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
How *E*——— lay inspir'd beside a sink,
And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink?
All others timely, to the neighbouring *Fleet*
(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat.

[1] In the MS.: "Travers and Trapp." In edition of 1729:

"Nor the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,
Nor Motteux talked, nor Naso whispered more."

In the MS. the second line is:

"Nor Kelsal talked, nor { Loughton / Selkirk } whispered more."

In 1736:

"Nor Kelsey talked, nor Naso whispered more."

In 1743:

"Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more."

[2] In the MS.:

"Norton himself, untired in foul debate,
Sprung from Defoe, and born at Billingsgate."

In the edition of 1729:

"Norton from Daniel and Ostrea sprung,
Blest with his father's front, and mother's tongue."

[3] In the MS.:

"Even he sat mute: on critics critics spread."

In edition of 1729:

"Hang silent down his never-blushing head."

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE

DUNCIAD.

Book the Third.

But in her *Temple's* last recess inclos'd,
On *Dulness'* lap th' Anointed head repos'd.[1]
Him close she curtain'd round with vapors blue,
And soft besprinkled with *Cimmerian* dew.[2]
Then Raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,[3]
Which only heads refin'd[4] from reason know:
Hence from the straw where *Bedlam's* Prophet nods,
He hears loud[5] Oracles, and talks with Gods;
Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish,[6] the Chymist's flame
And Poet's vision of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,[7]
The King[8] descended to th' *Elyzian* shade.
There in a dusky vale where *Lethe* rolls,
Old *Bavius* sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull[9]
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull.
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where[10] *Brown* and *Mears* unbar the gates of Light,
Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array
Rush to the world, impatient for the day.

[1] In the MS.:
"But in the Temple's holiest holy spread,
On Dulness' lap was laid the anointed head."

[2] In MS.:
"And sprinkled o'er his lids Lethæan dew."

[3] In MS.:
"O'er all his brain ecstatic raptures flow."

[4] In MS.: "Well-purged."
[5] In the MS.: "high."
[6] In the MS.: "The maiden's reverie."
[7] In the MS.:—
"In the soft arms of Sleep and Death conveyed."

[8] In the MS.: "He seems."
[9] In the MS. this and the next five lines stand:
"And proof to sense, impenetrably dull,
With Achillean thickness arm the skull.
Instant away they scud, just shake their ears,
Knock at the gate of Life (which Curll and Mears
Let wide to all), assume a calf-skin dress
Demanding birth, impatient for the press."

[10] Booksellers.—Pope.

Millions and millions on these banks he views,
Thick as the Stars of night, or morning dews,[1]
As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly,
As thick as eggs at *W——d* in pillory.

Wond'ring he gaz'd: When lo! a Sage appears,
By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and suit which *Settle* wore,
(His only suit) for twice three years before.
All as the Vest, appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new state, another, yet the same.
Bland and familiar as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son.

Oh! born to see what none can see awake!
Behold the wonders of th' *Oblivious Lake.*
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore,
The hand of *Bavius*[2] drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former, as to future, *Fate,*
What mortal knows his[3] pre-existent state?
Who knows how long,[4] thy transmigrating soul
Did from *Bœotian* to *Bœotian* roll?[5]
How many *Dutchmen* she vouchsaf'd to thrid?
How many stages thro' old *Monks* she rid?
And all who since, in mild benighted days,
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?
As Man's mæanders to the vital spring
Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For this, our Queen unfolds[6] to vision true
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view:

[1] In the MS.:
"As thick as stars, as thick as morning dews."

[2] In the MS.: "The sacred Bavius."
There is also the following variation of this passage:

"These arms my T—d drenched thee o'er and o'er,
I made thee proof to all the points of sense,
Impenetrable dulness thy defence.
Know, unremembering of thy former fate,
What dulness graced thy pre-existent state.
Thou wert Ap Rice, Van-Dunk, and numbers more,
Who Cambrian leek or High-Dutch laurel wore.
What though no bees around thy cradle flew,
Nor on thy lips distilled their golden dew,
Yet have I oft —— in their stead
A swarm of drones have buzzed about thy head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round thee and admire.
Come then (for Dulness sure accords this grace),
Come and survey the wonders of the place,
Survey thy progeny, the illustrious throng,
In Nature's order as they move along.
Ascend this mount from whence thy eye commands," &c.

[3] In the MS.:
"Thou know'st not, son, thy."

[4] In the MS.: "Thou know'st not how."

[5] In the MS.:
"Did long from Dutchman down to Dutchman roll?"

[6] In the MS.: "Has purged."

Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind;
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,
And let the past and future fire thy brain. [1]

Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands
Her boundless [2] Empire over seas and lands.
See round the poles where keener spangles [3] shine,
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,
(Earth's wide extreams) her sable flag display'd;
And all the nations cover'd in [4] her shade!

Far Eastward cast thy eye, from whence the *Sun*
And orient *Science* at a birth begun.
One man immortal all that pride confounds,
He, whose long *Wall* the wand'ring *Tartar* bounds. [5]

[6] Heav'ns! what a pyle! whole ages perish there:
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air.

Thence to the South as far extend thy eyes;
Their rival flames with equal glory rise,
From shelves to shelves [7] see greedy *Vulcan* roll,
And lick up [8] all their *Physick* of the *Soul*.

How little, see! that portion of the ball,
Where faint at best the beams of science fall!
Against her throne, from *Hyperborean* skies,
In dulness strong, th' avenging *Vandals* rise; [9]
Lo where *Mæotis* sleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing [10] *Tanais* thro' a waste of snows,
The North by myriads [11] pours her mighty sons,
Great nurse of *Goths*, of *Alans*, and of *Huns*.
See *Alaric's* stern port, the martial [12] frame
Of *Genseric*, and *Attila's* dread name!
See! the bold *Ostrogoths* on *Latium* fall;
See! the fierce *Visigoths* on *Spain* and *Gaul*.
See! where the morning gilds the palmy shore,
(The soil that arts and infant letters bore)

[1] In the MS.:

"Let scenes of glory past inflame thy mind,
How wide her empire once and unconfined."

Or:

"Scenes of old glory, all her ancient reign,
Shall, thus recalled, rush forward on thy brain."

[2] In the MS.: "Spacious."
[3] In the MS.: "Freezing planets."
[4] In the MS.: "Safe beneath."
[5] In the MS.:

"That early dawn which sudden night surrounds."

[6] *Ho-am-ti*, Emperor of *China*, the same who built the great wall between *China* and *Tartary*, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire.—POPE.

[7] The *Caliph*, *Omar I.* having conquered *Ægypt*, caused his General to burn the *Ptolemæan* library, on the gates of which was this inscription, *Medicina Animæ*.—POPE.

[8] In the MS.: "swallow."
[9] In the MS.:

"Southward behold from Libya's torrid skies,
Against her throne the glorious Vandal rise."

[10] In the MS.: "The streams of."
[11] In the MS.: "Millions."
[12] In the MS.: "God-like."

His conq'ring tribes th' *Arabian* prophet draws,
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws.
See *Christians, Jews*, one heavy sabbath keep,
And all the Western World believe and sleep.

Lo *Rome* herself, proud mistress now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring against *Heathen* lore;
Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread,
And *Bacon* trembling for his brazen Head.
Lo statues, temples, theatres o'erturn'd,
Oh glorious ruin! and * * * [1] burn'd.

See'st thou an *Isle*, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod,[2]
Peel'd, patch'd, and pieball'd, linsey-woolsey brothers
Grave mummers, sleeveless some, and shirtless others.
That once was *Britain*—Happy! had she seen
No fiercer sons, had [3] *Easter* never been.[4]
In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if dulness draw the sword!
Thus visit not thy own![5] on this blest age
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage!

And see my son, the hour is on its way
That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway:[6]
This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!
What aids, what armies, to assert her cause!
See all her progeny, illustrious sight!
Behold, and count them [7] as they rise to light:
As *Berecynthia*,[8] while her offspring vye
In homage, to the mother of the sky,
Surveys around her in the blest abode
A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God.
Not with less glory [9] mighty *Dulness* crown'd,
Shall take thro' *Grubstreet* her triumphant round,
And all *Parnassus* glancing o'er at once,
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce.

Mark first the youth who takes the foremost place
And thrusts his person full into your face.

[2] MS.: { "Virgilius." / "A Varius."
[3] MS.:
yon neighbouring isle, all over
ks of pilgrimage by feet unshod."
in *England* anciently, about the
s of celebrating *Easter*.—POPE.
[4] MS.:
ty Dulness, what a sea of blood
ly Easter, or a stick of wood."
[5] MS.:
'or visit thus thine own."
[6] In the MS.:
"The hour, my son, already wings its { way, / Here, once more, son, but in a milder { way,
The goddess meditates imperial sway.
The time revolving ripening Fates decree,
Much from her sons she hopes, and much from thee."
[7] In the MS.: "In Nature's order."
[8] In the MS.: "Pleased Cybele."
[9] In the MS.: "Triumph."

With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born!
And a new *C*———*r* shall the stage adorn.

See yet a younger, by his blushes known,
And modest as the maid who sips alone.
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another *Durfey*, * * * shall sing in thee.
For thee each Ale-house, and each Gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring Gin-shops sowrer sighs return.

Behold yon pair, in strict embraces join'd;
How like their manners, and how like their mind!
Fam'd for good nature, *B*——[1] and for truth,
D———[2] for pious passion to the youth.
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a *Pasquin*, that a *Grumbler* write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,
That shines a Consul, this Commissioner.

Ah *D*———, *G*———[3] ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous, civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile Poets with true Criticks' gore.

See next two slip-shod *Muses* traipse along,
In lofty madness meditating song,[4]
With tresses staring from poetic dreams,
And never wash'd, but in *Castalia's* streams.
H——— and *T*———,[5] glories of their race!
Lo *H*——*ck's*[6] fierce, and *M*——*'s*[7] rueful face!
W——*n*, the scourge[8] of Scripture, mark with awe!
And mighty *J*———*b*,[9] Blunderbus of Law!
Lo thousand thousand, ev'ry nameless name,
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to fame;
How proud! how pale! how earnest all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

Pass these to nobler sights: Lo *H*— stands
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands,[10]
How honey'd nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!

[1] In the MS.: "Burnet."
[2] In the MS.: "Ducket."
[3] In the MS.: "Ah Dennis, Gildon."
[4] In the MS.:

"See Pix and slip-shod W—— traipse along,
With heads unpinned and meditating song."

[5] In the MS.: "Heywood and T——;" doubtless Thomas, the Corinna of Book ii. In 1729: "Heywood, Centlivre."
[6] In the MS.: "Horneck."
[7] In the MS.: "Mitchell."
[8] In the MS.: "Dull Woolston, scourge."
[9] In the MS.: "Jacob." In edition of 1729, the couplet was altered to the present reading.
[10] In the MS.:

"But lo, amidst yon crowd where Henley stands,
And tunes his voice, and balances his hands.

Still break the benches, *H*— with thy strain,
While *K*———, *Br*———, *W*———[1] preach in vain
Round him, each *Science* by its modern type
Stands known; *Divinity* with box and pipe,
And proud *Philosophy* with breeches tore,
And *English Musick* with a dismal score:[2]
While happier *Hist'ry* with her comrade *Ale*,
Sooths the sad series of her tedious tale.[3]

Fast by, in darkness palpable inshrin'd
W—s, *B—r*, *M—n*,[4] all the poring kind,
A lumberhouse of Books in every head,
Are ever reading, and are never read.

But who is he, in closet close y-pent,
With visage from his shelves with dust besprent?
Right well mine eyes arede that myster wight,
That wonnes in haulkes and hernes, and *H*— he hight.
To future ages may thy dulness last,
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

But oh! what scenes, what miracles behind?
Now stretch thy view, and open all thy mind.

He look'd, and saw a sable seer[5] arise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies.
All sudden, gorgons hiss, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends, and giants, threaten war.
Hell rises, heav'n descends, to dance on earth:
Gods, monsters, furies, musick, rage and mirth;
A fire, a jig, a battel, and a ball,
'Till one wide conflagration swallows all.

Then a new world to nature's laws unknown,
Refulgent rises, with a heav'n its own:
Another *Cynthia* her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other suns:
The forests dance, the rivers upward rise,
Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies;
And last, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vast *Egg* produces human race.

Silent the monarch gaz'd;[6] yet ask'd in thought
What God or Dæmon all these wonders wrought?
To whom the Sire: In yonder cloud, behold,
Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold,

[1] Perhaps "Kennet, Bramston, Warren." In the edition of 1736: "Kennet, Hare, and Gibson." In the edition of 1743: "Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson."

[2] In the MS.:

"Music with crotchets and a tedious score."

[3] In the MS.:

"More happy History with her pots of ale,
Consoles / Relieves } by fits her { long disastrous / melancholy } tale."

[4] Perhaps "Watts, Baker, Milbourn."

[5] In 1729: "A sable sorcerer."

[6] In the MS.: "No word the king could speak.

A godlike youth: See *Jove's* own bolts he flings,
Rolls the loud thunder, and the light'ning wings!
Angel of *Dulness*, sent to scatter round
Her magic charms on all unclassic ground:
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher,
Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire.[1]
Immortal *R——ch!* how calm he sits at ease,
Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease!
And proud his mistress' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air[2]
New wizards rise: here *B——th*, and *C——r* there.
B——th in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,
On grinning dragons *C——r* mounts the wind:
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,
Here shouts all *Drury*, there all *Lincoln's-Inn*;
Contending Theatres our empire raise,
Alike their labours, and alike their praise.

And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own.
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreseen by me, but ah! withheld from mine.
In *Lud's* old walls tho' long I rul'd renown'd,
Far as loud *Bow's* stupendous bells resound;
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,
To me committing their eternal[3] praise,
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Tho'[4] long my Party built on me their hopes,
For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting *Popes*
(Different our parties, but with equal grace
Our Goddess smiles on *Whig* and *Tory* race,
'Tis the same rope at sev'ral ends they twist,
To *Dulness*, *Ridpath* is as dear as *Mist*.)
Yet lo! in me what Authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon.
Avert it, heav'n! that thou or *C——r* e'er
Should wag two serpent tails in *Smithfield* fair.
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets,
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,

[1] After this verse in the MS.:

"His lightnings flash, his mimic thunders roll,
Like Jove's own delegate from bowl to bowl."

[2] In the MS., this and the next three lines stand:

"See opposite, with Cibber at his side,
Booth, in his cloudy tabernacle ride;
On flaming dragons in the fields of air,
Seer wars with seer here, Rich and Cibber there."

[3] In the MS.: "Immortal.

[4] *Settle* was once famous for but very uncertain in his ciples. He was employ'd to in the *Character of a popish* afterwards printed his *Nar* contrary side.

He managed the ceremony at the burning of a famous at length employ'd in mak chinery at *Bartholomew* fair, old age he acted in a dragon his own invention.—POPE.

Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,
In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,
Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,
And licks up every blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons * * and * *[1] shall taste,
And from each show rise duller than the last:
'Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,
Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport.
(Already, *Opera* prepares the way,
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway.)
To aid her cause, if heav'n thou canst not bend,
Hell thou shalt move; for *Faustus* is thy friend:
Pluto with *Cato* thou for her shalt join,
And link the *Mourning-Bride* to *Proserpine*.
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire.
Another *Æschylus* appears! prepare
For new[2] Abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames like *Semele's* be brought to bed,
While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head.

Now *Bavius* take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' *Augustus*, born to bring *Saturnian* times!
Beneath his reign, shall *E———n* wear the bays,
C———r preside, Lord Chancellor of Plays,
B——— sole judge of Architecture sit,
And *A—e P—e* be preferr'd for Wit!
I see th' unfinish'd *Dormitory* wall!
I see the *Savoy* totter to her fall!
The sons of *Isis* reel! the towns-men sport;
And *Alma Mater* all dissolv'd in *Port!*

Then, when these signs declare the mighty Year,
When the dull Stars roll round, and re-appear;
Let there be darkness! (the dread pow'r shall say)
All shall be darkness, as it ne'er were Day;
To their first Chaos Wit's vain works shall fall,
And universal Dulness cover all!

No more the Monarch could such raptures bear;
He wak'd, and all the Vision mix'd with air.

[1] In MS.:
"Peers and Potentates," or, "Up – and I—."

[2] It is reported of *Æschylus* that when his Tragedy of the *Eumenides* was acted, the audience were so terrified that the children fell into fits, and the bigbelly'd women miscarry'd. *T——d* is translating this Author.—POPE.

FINIS.

NOTES ON EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD.

From "NOTES AND QUERIES," Nos. 268—270.

WE are of opinion that the various *issues* and *editions* of *The Dunciad* appeared in the following order. There are probably copies of other editions in existence, but all those which we have seen belong to one or other of the following classes.

(A.) THE DUNCIAD. AN HEROIC POEM. IN THREE BOOKS. DUBLIN, PRINTED, LONDON REPRINTED, FOR A. DODD. 1728. 12mo.

The Frontispiece. An owl (with a label from the beak inscribed THE DUNCIAD) perched on a pile of books, marked, "P. & K. Arthur. ; Shakesp. Restor'd ; Ogilby ; Dennis's Works; Newcastle ; Cibber's Plays ;" and at the bottom, engraved in one line, the words "Dublin, Printed, London Reprinted, for A. Dodd."

On p. iii. commences "The Publisher to the Reader," which extends to p. viii. This begins, "It will be found a true observation," &c., and ends with the quotation from *La Bruyere :*

"Voudriez-vous, *Théobalde*, que je crusse que vous êtes baisse," &c.

and is in short the preface which is printed in the later editions as that "prefixed to the five imperfect editions of *The Dunciad*," &c.

Then follows bastard title, *The Dunciad*, in Three Books.

Commences on p. 1, sig. B.

"Book and the man I sing, the first who brings."

And in the word "who," which is at the end of the line, the *o* has slipped.

Page 1. *The Dunciad.* Book the First. This ends on p. 14, l. 250 :

"And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log!"

Page 15. *The Dunciad*, Book the Second. This ends on p. 35, l. 382 :

"(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat."

Page 36. *The Dunciad*, Book the Third. This ends on p. 51, l. 285–6 :

"No more the monarch could such raptures bear;
He wak'd, and all the vision mix'd with air."

Finis.

There is no doubt that this is the *first edition*, as shown by our correspondent THE WRITER, &c. (*antè*, p. 198), who there gives, from *The Daily Post*, the advertisement dated May 18, announcing "This day is published," &c. ; and the accuracy of our correspondent's conjecture is borne out by a copy which formerly belonged to Malone (now the property of Mr. Peter Cunningham), and in which is the following note by that diligent antiquary :

"First published at London in May, 1728. See the *Monthly Chronicle* of that year. The words 'Dublin printed' were merely a disguise. The price of this first edition was only sixpence.—E. M."

[illegible] PRINTED, [illegible] Frontispiece.

[illegible] the same precisely [illegible] the identical type, and [illegible] as the preceding.

[illegible] have been first [illegible] it was obviously [illegible] of the Museum copy of [illegible]

[illegible] PRINTED, [illegible] Frontispiece.

[illegible] with some few [illegible] "Books," [illegible] on p. 5, where [illegible] orthography of the [illegible]

[illegible] has in the verso of that [illegible]

[illegible] Poem. By an [illegible]

[illegible] they have been taken from the [illegible] "half" in the second [illegible] and in line 56 of the same [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] THE SECOND [illegible] that in the title-[illegible] FOR A. DODD. [illegible]

[illegible] British Museum, is printed from [illegible] they have been reimposed, and some [illegible]

[illegible] and ends on p. viii.

[illegible]

Book the First [illegible] and ends on p. 14.

At p. 5, in note *, after "Sir Geo. Tho——" is added "Lord Mayor of London."

Page 7. Two notes are inserted: "Old printers," "Philemon Holland."

Book the Second commences on p. 15, and ends at p. 35, with a different woodcut ornament from that in the preceding.

Page 22. On line—

"Earless on high stood pillory'd D——,"

there is the following note:

"It appears from hence that Mr. Curl had not himself stood in the pillory when this poem was writ, which happen'd not till March, 1728, at Charing Cross."

Page 23, line 159, "spirts."

Book the Third commences on p. 36, and concludes on p. 51.

This edition has not the advertisement of *Progress of Dulness.*

Lastly, we may notice that in this edition "furious D—n" is altered to "furious D—s."

"And furious D——s foam in W——'s rage."

We now come to an edition which probably preceded the one we have just described, it having certainly been printed from a copy of A., B., or C.

(E.) THE DUNCIAD. AN HEROIC POEM. IN THREE BOOKS. WRITTEN BY MR. POPE. LONDON: PRINTED, AND DUBLIN REPRINTED BY AND FOR G. FAULKNER, J. HOEY, J. LEATHLEY, E. HAMILTON, P. CRAMPTON, AND T. BENSON, MDCCXXVIII., 12mo., or rather very small 8vo., being printed in eights. No frontispiece.

Page iii. "The Publisher to the Reader," which extends to p. vi., and is the same as in the preceding Edition A.

Page 7. *The Dunciad.* Book the First, which ends at p. 17, l. 250:

"And the loud nation croak'd, *God save King* Log!"

Page 18. *The Dunciad.* Book the Second. This ends on p. 34 with l. 382:

"(Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat."

Page 35. *The Dunciad.* Book the Third. This ends on p. 47 with lines 285–6:

"No more the Monarch could such raptures bear,
He wak'd, and all the Vision mix'd with air."

Finis.

In this edition the names are given at length, and not, as in the preceding, with the initials.

Thus Book i. l. 94, reads,—

"And furious Dryden foam in Wharton's rage;"

and line 234:

"Something between a Hungerford and Owl."

The editions already noticed are of the date 1728, and, as it will have been observed, are neither of them "Variorum, or with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus."

As far as can yet be ascertained, the first in which these additions were made to the poem is the following quarto, which certainly preceded the octavos published in the same year (1729) by A. Dob, Lawton Gilliver, and A. Dod.

This is shown by the Addenda in Dob's octavo edition (G.), to which we shall presently refer, and which are not only addenda to that, but also to the Dod's quarto. This we shall now describe.

The title-page, which is engraved, is—

(F.) THE DUNCIAD, VARIORUM. WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS. LONDON, PRINTED FOR A. DOD, 1729.

In the centre is a vignette of an ass chewing thistles, and laden with a pile of books, on the top of which an owl is perched. The books are marked, *Welsted. Po.; Ward's Works; Dennis's Works; Tibbald Plays; Oldmixon;*

[illegible] The words [illegible] in those papers [illegible] *London Journal;* [illegible] and *Flying Post* are [illegible] the [illegible], running [illegible] on the right "VERDENSTEN [illegible]"

[illegible] in this Book. It is as [illegible] to each article the space it [illegible].

The Publisher [illegible].

This occupies [illegible].

A Letter to the Publisher, [illegible] *Edition of "The Dunciad."*

This, [illegible] "William [illegible]," commences on p. 5, and [illegible].

It is followed [illegible] from Dennis, Gildon, Theobald, and [illegible] in all the subsequent editions.

The [illegible].

This commences after a [illegible] with the verso blank on p. 1 of a [illegible]—

Testimonies of Authors, concerning our Poet and his Works, which ends on p. [illegible].

A [illegible] *of the Poem.*

Commences on p. [illegible] and occupies the four following pages.

[illegible] *to the Books,* fills pp. [illegible], 28, 29.

The Dunciad in Three Books.

[illegible] *the Scholia of the learned M. Scriblerus and Others, with the* [illegible] *Theobald, Edmund Curl, the* [illegible].

Here [illegible] p. 1 being ornamented with [illegible] an owl's head, with [illegible]; and with the [illegible]—"[illegible]." Book the First ends on p. [illegible]. Book the Second commences on p. [illegible] and concludes on p. 53. Book the Third commences on p. 54, and ends on p. 79. These Books are followed by *M. Scri[illegible]* [illegible] a List of Errata which occupies, p. [illegible] in the Table of Contents.

Index of Persons celebrated in this Poem, pp. 82, 83.

Index of Things (including Authors) to be found in the Notes, p. 84.

Appendix.

This is ushered in, on the verso of the bastard title, *i.e.*, p. 86, with a List of *Pieces contained in the Appendix.* We shall give them, specifying, as in the preceding case, the space occupied by each article.

Preface of the Publisher, prefixed to the five imperfect Editions of "The Dunciad," Printed at Dublin and London.

This occupies pp. 87—90 both inclusive.

A List of Books, Papers, &c., in which our Author was abused; with the Names of the (hitherto concealed) Writers, pp. 91—94.

William Caxton, his Proeme to Eneidos, pp. 95—98.

[1] This is the edition "in a beautiful letter in quarto" (published March 11-15, 1728-9) which was presented, 12th March, 1728-9, to George II. and Queen Caroline, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole (Dunciad, 1736, p. 70.)

Virgil Restored: or a Specimen of the Errors in all the Editions of the Æneid, by M. Scriblerus, pp. 99—103.

A Continuation of the Guardian (No. 40) *on Pastoral Poetry*, pp. 104—111.

A Parallel of the Characters of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, as drawn by certain of their Contemporary Authors, pp. 112—117.

A List of all the Author's Genuine Works hitherto published, p. 118.

Index of Memorable Things in this Book, pp. cxix—cxxiv.

In one copy which we have seen, this Index is followed on the opposite page by *Addenda. M. Scriblerus Lectori*, which consist of twelve lines, correcting errors in the Latin and Greek introduced into the *Virgilius Restauratus*.

We have entered into this minute description of the present edition, because it is unquestionably the *first complete edition;* and also because, with few exceptions, the pieces of which it is composed occur in all the subsequent ones, though sometimes varied both in length and arrangement.

We believe this to be the only quarto published in 1729, for we have seen many copies of it, and have not seen or heard of a copy of a quarto published in that year that does not profess to be printed for A. Dod. Yet the following advertisement appears in the *Monthly Chronicle* for April, 1729. Whether such a quarto was ever issued, or whether it was originally intended that the one we have described should have been published by Gilliver, we must leave to future inquirers to determine.

"A compleat and correct edition of THE DUNCIAD, with the Prolegomena, Dissertations, and Arguments of Martinus Scriblerus, Testimonia Scriptorum, Notæ Variorum, Index Auctorum, Appendix of some curious pieces, Virgil Restor'd, or a Specimen for a new edition of that poet, a parallel of Mr. Dryden and Mr. Pope, &c. Wherein the errors of all the former editions are corrected, the omissions supplied, the name rectify'd, and the reasons for their insertion given: the History of Authors related, and the Anonymous detected, the obscure passages illustrated, and the imitations and allusions to modern poets collected. With a Letter to the Publisher. By W. C. Esq. Printed for L. Gilliver in Fleet Street, 4to., price 6s. 6d."

(G.) THE DUNCIAD, VARIORUM. WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS. Then a vignette of the Ass—an exact copy of that in the 4to.—with the words DEFERO IN VICUM VENDENTEM THUS ET ODORES at the sides, and at the bottom LONDON, PRINTED FOR A. DOD. 1729. 8VO.

This is in all probability the first 8vo. *variorum* edition. We had, at first, very little doubt that the *poem* itself had been actually *printed from the same types as the Dod* 4to., 1729, just described, since, although many of the errors of the 4to. have been corrected in the 8vo., others remain.

Thus both the 4to. and 8vo. read, book i. l. 6:

"Still Dunce second reigns like Dunce the first."

the word *the* before second being omitted in both.

Book i. l. 38 reads:

"Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's *rubric's* post."

instead of "rubric post."

But as these and others are described as errors in the address "M. Scriblerus Lectori," both in the 4to. and 8vo. editions—it may be said they were intentional and prove nothing,—we must therefore point to two literal errors, which at all events serve to confirm the impression made upon us by our first

examination of the type, namely, that the text has in both cases been printed from the same type. Thus Book ii. l. 340, is in both editions printed,—

"My Healey's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers,"

the *es* being in Italics. And Book iii. l. 342, being again in both cases,—

"The sickening stars fade off the a' thereal plane."

the "a'th" instead of "th' æthereal."

To compress the text of the 4to., by the removal of whites and spaces, into the 8vo., was very easy, and we were originally of opinion that it had been so. But although the work was probably from the same fount of type, it is the opinion of practical printers whom we have consulted, that it has actually been recomposed, and that the coincident blunders are the result of strictly following copy.[1]

A certain ground, however, for believing that this was the first variorum 8vo. is furnished by a separate leaf of errata which is found in some copies, and which is thus headed:

"Addenda *to the Octavo Edition of the* Dunciad, *printed for* A. Dob (*Price Two Shillings*), *which have been publish'd in the News-Papers as Defects and Errors, but were really wanting in the Quarto Edition it self, and have only been added to another Edition in Octavo, printed for* Gilliver, *for which he charges the Publick Three Shillings.*

Edition printed for A. Dob."

And these Addenda are accordingly all to be found in Gilliver's and Dod's octavos.

Lastly, it may be noticed that in the various pieces contained in this volume and the order in which they follow each other, it corresponds exactly with the Dod 4to.

(H.) THE DUNCIAD. WITH NOTES VARIORUM, AND THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS. LONDON, PRINTED FOR LAWTON GILLIVER AT HOMER'S HEAD, AGAINST ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, FLEET STREET, 1729, 8vo. In two out of four copies which are before us, the frontispiece is the Ass, with the words DEFEROR IN VICUM VENDENTEM THUS ET ODORES. This is obviously printed from the vignette cut out from the engraved title-page to the Dod 4to. In two copies, including one belonging to Mr. Peter Cunningham, with Pope's autograph on the title-page, the frontispiece is the *Owl*, with a variation which is described in our Note of edition (I.).

That this edition followed the one last described (G.), Dob's defence of his errata shows pretty clearly.

This volume corresponds generally with the preceding. It has, however, at the end of the index, an address M. Scriblerus Lectori, setting forth certain errata, which occupies two pages.

(I.) THE DUNCIAD: WITH NOTES *VARIORUM*, AND THE PROLEGOMENA OF *SCRIBLERUS*. LONDON: PRINTED FOR A. DOD, 1729, 8vo. The portion of the title which we have printed in Italics is printed with red ink. With precisely the same frontispiece of the Ass, as the preceding edition. Indeed, H. and I. are, with the exception of the title-page, and that this *Dod* 8vo. has

[1] The cut of the Ass is a re-engraved cut—notice particularly the chimney. It is also a little smaller.

t the two pages of errata, perfectly identical. The same errors, which in .) are corrected by the errata, are to be found in Dod. That H. and I. were inted from the same types, the following instances of misplaced or imperfect tters will show :

Page 8, l. 2 of Advertisement, in the word "liv'd," the *v* has dropped in oth editions.

Page 180, l. 8, Appendix, the word "Reason" is printed with a battered R; and in p. 182, l. 26, in the word "length," the *g* has dropped.

NOTE.—Here we may notice, that in two copies of Gilliver's 8vo. edition (H.), which have been sent to us, we have found inserted an additional plate. In one copy it precedes the first canto ; in the other it is placed at the commencement of the second canto. It is the *Owl* frontispiece, but with variations ; and is from the *owl*-plate which appears in the later impressions. The variations are,—1. In the label issuing from the beak of the owl, where re have the word "Variorum" introduced. 2. In the pile of books on which he owl is perched, where "Gildon & Woolston ag^st X^t," takes the place of 'P. & K. Arthur ;" and "Blackmore" takes the place of "Newcastle." he copies in which this additional plate is inserted, would be said to be in eir original binding. As Pope, in his letter to Swift, dated Oct. 9, 1729, ys—

"If in any particular, anything be stated or mentioned in a different manner from what ou like, pray tell me freely, that the *new Editions* now coming out here may have it ectify'd,"—

t is possible that this owl-plate had been engraved for the purpose of being sed for the Dod edition (I.); which, however, appeared, as we have seen, with the Ass frontispiece. The paragraph is immediately followed by another, hich certainly does not clear up the mystery :

"You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to he Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been increased by your acquaintance n Ireland."

Mr. Malone, to whom the copy of H. with Pope's autograph had belonged, as inserted the following note :

"First published in this improved state in 4to in April, 1729 (price 6*s.* 6*d.*), near a year fter the first production. In 8vo same month. A second edition 'with additional Notes nd Epigrams' in Nov^r."

Pope's *Letter*, which we have just quoted, is however dated in October ; and e have no doubt it refers to the following :

(K.) THE *DUNCIAD:* WITH NOTES VARIORUM, AND THE *PROLEGOMENA* OF *CRIBLERUS ;* THE *SECOND EDITION*[1] WITH SOME ADDITIONAL NOTES. *LONDON:* RINTED FOR *LAWTON GILLIVER*, AT HOMER'S HEAD, AGAINST ST. DUNSTAN'S HURCH, FLEET STREET, 1729. With the Ass frontispiece.

The words we have put in Italics are printed in red ink.

This edition not only contains many additional Notes and Epigrams, as hose in p. 106, where we have an epigram attributed to the Earl of B ——, gainst those who had libelled "an eminent sculptor, for making our author's ust in marble at the request of Mr. Gibbs, the architect ;" but also six pages

[1] "The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of The Dunciad, with some dditional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you. . . . . If they reprint it with you, let hem by all means follow that octavo edition."—*Pope to Swift, Nov.* 28, 1729.

of "Errata, M. Scriblerus Lectori," paged (1 to 6), which contain, among other things, a Letter from Dennis to Pope, written, as Scriblerus phrases it, when Dennis was "touch'd with repentance and some guineas." This edition has some cancels in sheet P.

(L.) THE DUNCIAD: WITH NOTES VARIORUM, AND THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS. WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1727. London: printed for Lawton Gilliver in Fleet Street, 12mo. Without date. This edition, of which we have seen some copies with the Ass, and some with the Owl (*variorum*) frontispiece, although without date, cannot have been printed earlier than 1733; inasmuch as it contains (p. 225) "By the Author a Declaration," which purports to have been declared before John Barber Mayor, on Jan. 3, 1732; and also in the List of Books, &c., in which the author was abused (p. 243), *Verses on the Imitator of Horace, &c.*, J. Roberts, fol., 1733; and *An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Dr. of Divinity from Hampton Court* (*Lord H——y*), printed for J. Roberts, fol. 1733.

(M.) THE *DUNCIAD:* AN HEROIC POEM TO *DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.* WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM. *LONDON:* PRINTED FOR LAWTON GILLIVER, IN FLEET STREET, 1736. The Ass Frontispiece. 12mo.

Here again our Italics denote red ink in the original.

On the back of the title is a Table of Errata. This edition is from the same types as the preceding, with the exception of the title-page. These same *errata*, though they are not pointed out in the preceding edition, still exist there; and the identity of the two may be shown by reference to p. 178, Imitation v. 15, where the word "*innumer æ*" is so printed in both; and p. 184, Rem. v. 61, where, in both copies, southern is spelt "southe*rr*n."

From this period the rival frontispieces, the Owl and the Ass, disappear, and with them all the mystification with regard to the dates and precedence of editions of *The Dunciad* to which they so materially contributed.

The next edition is

(N.) THE *WORKS* OF ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ., *VOL. IV.*, CONTAINING THE *DUNCIAD*, WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM. *LONDON:* PRINTED FOR L. GILLIVER AND J. CLARKE, AT HOMER'S HEAD, AGAINST ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH IN FLEET STREET, MDCCXXXVI. 12mo.

The words in Italics are in red ink.

This, which would seem to form a portion of an edition of Pope's works, although, like the preceding, published by Gilliver, &c. in 1736, is altogether a different edition. It commences with "Preface to the first five imperfect editions of *The Dunciad*, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duod. 1727."

No such editions were printed in "1727." This preface is followed by what professes to be the "Advertisement to the First Edition, with Notes, in quarto, 1728," whereas the first quarto, as we have shown, was published in "1729." In other respects it corresponds generally with the preceding.

(O.) THE NEW DUNCIAD: AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE YEAR MDCCXLI., WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM. LONDON: PRINTED FOR T. COOPER, AT THE GLOBE IN PATERNOSTER ROW, MDCCXLII.

(Price 1s. and 6d.) 4to. This is the first edition of the Fourth Book. It has a bastard title, "The New Dunciad." The title is followed by an address "To the Reader," in which it is stated to have been

"Found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detach'd pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only *incorrect* but *unfinished*," &c.

This is followed by "The Argument, Book the Fourth," which occupies two pages. "*The Dunciad*, Book the Fourth," beginning

"Yet for a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night!"

commences on p. 1, which is surmounted by the same copper-plate engraving as that which heads the First Book in (F.) the Dod quarto, 1729.

This edition of the Fourth Book ends on p. 39. It has a short list of "errata," which concludes with this:

"N. B. In the Greek quotations in general are some *Errata*, occasion'd by the absence of Scriblerus, who only of all the Commentators was master of that language.'

(P.) THE NEW DUNCIAD: AS IT WAS FOUND IN THE YEAR MDCCXLI., WITH THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM. LONDON: PRINTED FOR T. COOPER, AT THE GLOBE IN PATERNOSTER ROW, MDCCXLII. (Price 1s. and 6d.) 4to.

This edition is distinguishable from the preceding by not having the engraving at the commencement of the First Book, and by occupying 44 pages instead of 39.

(Q.) THE *WORKS* OF ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ., *VOL. III., PART I.*, CONTAINING THE *DUNCIAD* NOW FIRST PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO THE COMPLETE COPY FOUND IN THE YEAR MDCCXLI. *LONDON:* Printed for R. Dodsley, and sold by T. Cooper, 1743. Small 8vo.

THE *WORKS* OF ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ., VOL. III., PART II., CONTAINING THE *DUNCIAD, BOOK IV.*, AND THE MEMOIRS OF SCRIBLERUS. NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED. *LONDON:* Printed for R. Dodsley, and sold by T. Cooper, MDCCXLII. Small 8vo.

The Italics here again denote red ink in the original.

This we believe to be the first perfect edition of *The Dunciad* in *Four Books*. We presume there are impressions bearing date both in 1742 and 1743. As will be seen in the copy before us, Part II. bears the former date, while Part I. is dated in the latter year.

Among the principal articles added to this edition, we may mention that we have, in the "List of Books in which the Author was abused,"

"A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden 8vo."

And in the Appendix the following articles:

"III. Advertisement to the First Edition, separate, of the Fourth Book *The Dunciad*."
"V. Of the Poet Laureate."
"VI. Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730."

And, lastly, the following mock proclamation, by which Theobald is dethroned, and Colley Cibber elevated into his place:

"*By Authority.*

"By virtue of the authority in us vested, by the Act for subjecting poets to the power of a licencer, we have revised this piece; where, finding the style and appellation of king have been given to a certain pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom of the name of *Tibbald*; and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a reflection on majesty, or at least an insult on that legal authority which has bestowed on another person the crown of poesy: we have ordered the said pretender, pseudo-poet, or phantom, utterly to vanish and evaporate out of this work: and do declare the said throne of poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unless duly and lawfully supplied by the *laureate himself*. And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same."

We may in conclusion remark, that the words "never before printed," in the title-page, refer to the Memoirs of Scriblerus.

(R.) THE DUNCIAD, IN FOUR BOOKS. PRINTED ACCORDING TO THE COMPLETE COPY FOUND IN THE YEAR 1742, WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS, AND NOTES VARIORUM. TO WHICH ARE ADDED SEVERAL NOTES NOW FIRST PUBLISH'D, THE HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS AND HIS DISSERTATION ON THE HERO OF THE POEM:

"Tandem Phœbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem,
Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus."

LONDON: PRINTED FOR M. COOPER AT THE GLOBE IN PATERNOSTER ROW. MDCCXLIII. 4to.

On the back of the title-page is the announcement that—

"Speedily will be published [in the same Paper and Character, to be bound up with this,] *The Essay on Man*, *The Essay on Criticism*, and the rest of the author's original poems, with the Commentaries and Notes of W. Warburton, M.A."

This is followed by an "Advertisement to the Reader," signed W. W., which, although of some length, we must give from the light it throws upon the history of the work.

"*Advertisement to the Reader.*

"I have long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the works of this poet. Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his *Essay on Man*, and have since finished another on his *Essay on Criticism*. There was one already on *The Dunciad*, which had met with general approbation; but I still thought that some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his works. It happened that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book against him, full of personal reflections, which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving this poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more considerable hero. He was always sensible of its defects in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the hero he had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for this post as has since obtained the laurel; but since that had happened he could no longer deny this justice either to him or *The Dunciad*. And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our author; this person was one, who, from every folly (not to say vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a vanity, and therefore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it.—W. W."

We may add, that the work consists of xxxvii pages of introductory matter. The poem, notes, and appendix occupy 235 pages; and these are followed by the "Declaration" before Barber Mayor, and Indices which are not paged.

The last edition which we shall notice is,—

(S.) THE *DUNCIAD*, COMPLETE IN *FOUR BOOKS*, ACCORDING TO MR. POPE'S LAST IMPROVEMENTS, WITH *SEVERAL ADDITIONS NOW FIRST PRINTED*, AND DISSERTATIONS ON THE POEM AND THE HERO, AND *NOTES VARIORUM*. PUBLISHED BY MR. WARBURTON. *LONDON:* PRINTED FOR J. AND P. KNAPTON IN LUDGATE STREET, *M.D.CCXLIX*. 8vo., (the words printed in Italics are in *red* ink in the original), with a frontispiece illustrative of the lines—

> "All my commands are easy, short, and full.
> My sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull!"

P.S.—We have been kindly permitted by the Stationers' Company to consult their registers of the years 1728 and 1729, where we discovered the following entries:

"May 30, 1728. James Bettenham. Then entered for his copy of *The Dunciad, an Heroick Poem*, in three books. Received nine books."

"April 12, 1729. Lawton Gilliver. Then entered for his copy *The Dunciad Variorum*, with the *Prolegomena of Scriblerus*. Received nine books."

"Nov. 21, 1729. The author of a book entitled *The Dunciad, an Heroick Poem*, hath by writing under his hand and seal assigned unto the Right Honourable Richard Earl of Burlington and Corke, the Right Honourable Edward Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, and the Right Honourable Allen Lord Bathurst, their Executors, Administrators, and Assignes, the said Poem and the Copy thereof. And the said Earl of Burlington, Earl of Oxford, and Lord Bathurst, by writing under their hands and seals, have assigned unto Lawton Gilliver, his Executors, Administrators, and Assignes, the said book and copy of the sole right and liberty of printing the same, and also the Prolegomena of Scriblerus.

(Signed) LAWTON GILLIVER."

N.B.—Besides the Editions specified in "Notes and Queries" there are the following, the particulars of which have been kindly furnished to me by Colonel Grant.

D².—*The Dunciad. An Heroic Poem.* In Three Books. The Third Edition. (Here a woodcut ornament.) Dublin, printed; London reprinted for A. Dodd. 1728.

The woodcut ornament on those at the beginning and end of each book differ from those in edition D, and there is no frontispiece.

All the variations which distinguish D from the editions A, B, and C, are found in this edition, but there are many additions and alterations, not in D, which would seem to prove that it is a distinct and separate edition.

BOOK I.

Page 5, l. 72. "And with her own fool's colours gild them all."
[D]. "And with her own fool's-colours gild them all."

Page 5. The signs *, †, ‡, for the footnotes are different from those in D.

Page 5, l. 85. "Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise."
[D]. "Much she revolves their arts, their antient praise."

Page 6, l. 94. "And furious D——s foam in W——y's rage."
Page 6, l. 95. This line is numbered 25 by a misprint.
Page 7, l. 116. "Well purged and worthy Withers, Quarles and Blome."
In D only the initials of the names are given.
Page 7. The signs for footnotes (* ‡) differ from those in D.
Page 11, l. 190. "Or shipped with W——d to ape and monkey lands."
In D the name is given W——.
Page 13, l. 240. "Where G——n, B——, and high-born H——d rest."
In D the last name in the line is H——.

Book II.

Page 20, l. 106. "B—— B—— R——, the Varlets caught."
In D the names are indicated by asterisks only.
Page 21, l. 124. "On Codrus' old or D——on's modern bed;"
In D the second name is indicated by asterisks only.
Page 29. "True to the bottom, R—— and Wh——y creep."
In D the names are indicated by asterisks only.
Page 34, l. 365. "At last Centilevre felt her voice to fail."
In D the name is given C——re.

Book III.

Page 41 ends with line 104.
The page in D ends with line 102.

Page 42 ends with line 124.
In D the page ends with line 120.

Page 43 ends with line 142.
In D the page ends with line 138.

Page 44 ends with line 160.
In D the page ends with 158.

Page 45 ends with line 178.
In D the page ends with 176.

Page 46 contains a footnote of five lines and a half, which is not in D.
Page 47 is the same in both editions.
The number of pages is the same in both editions.

G². —"The Dunciad, with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus. From the new Quarto Edition, done at London. (Woodcut ornament.) London, printed; and Dublin reprinted by and for James Hoey and George Faulkner, at the Pamphlet Shop in Skinner Row, opposite to the Tholsel, MDCCXXIX. 8vo."

This is a very early Variorum edition, and was probably printed in Dublin about the same time as G. A great many pieces contained in other editions are omitted. "Martinus Scriblerus of the Poem" commences the volume, and occupies 4 pages. Book the First commences on page 7, and ends on page 15. Book the Second commences on what should be page 16, but is not numbered. The next page is numbered 13, and this defective pagination is carried on. The Book ends on page 24. Book the Third ends on page 36. The index occupies pages 37 and 38. Then follows "The Martiniad," which occupies 4 pages, with a fresh pagination. The last leaf contains "A Dialogue between Harlotheumbo and his man William." The whole of the contents of leaf 45

and 46, in the quarto edition, [from l. 275 to l. 304 of Book II.] are omitted. Possibly the copy of the quarto from which this edition was printed wanted this leaf. Many of the errors of the 4to edition are reproduced.

G². — "The Dunciad Variorum, with the Prolegomena of Scriblerus. (Same plate as in 4to.) London: Printed and reprinted for the booksellers in Dublin, MDCCXXIX." 8vo.

This is an exact reprint of the 4to edition of A. Dod, 1729. F.

The arrangement of the pieces is the same, and at the end of the Index on the opposite page are the twelve lines of Addenda, "M. Scriblerus Lectori," which are sometimes found in F.

It may have been printed earlier than G, and is a genuine Dublin edition.

K². — "The Dunciad in Three Books, written in the year 1727. With Notes Variorum and the Prolegomena of Scriblerus." Folio.

There is no name of printer or place of printing.

This edition, like N, was doubtless intended for a complete edition of Pope's Works, as at the end there is a postscript containing notes on the "Epistle to Lord Bathurst," and "The Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," and variations, &c., on the "Essay on Man."

The arrangement of the different pieces is entirely different from any other which has come under my notice.

It is very carefully printed on good, thick paper, and all the errors and mistakes, which occur in the other editions, are so carefully corrected that there is no list of errata, except one at the end which refers to the notes on the ethic Epistles. The Notes Variorum are not in footnotes but by themselves, after the "Testimonies of Authors" (pages 81—163).

On page 18 (misprinted 81) at the end of the "Argument to the Books" (not "Dunciados, Periocha, or Argument to the Books," as in other editions) is the plate of the ass with a curious variation. The scroll on the ass's left has an inscription, "The Free Briton," instead of Baker's Journal as in the 4to and all other editions in which this plate occurs.

There is a very well executed vignette (W. K. inv. P. F. sculpt.) at the commencement of Book I. It represents an owl looking at itself in a looking-glass; on either side are asses playing on the harp.

The date of this edition is probably earlier than that of L, as in the "List of Books, &c., in which the author was abused," the "Verses on the Imitator of Horace," and "Letter from a Nobleman to a Dr. of Divinity from Hampton Court," are not given. It is certainly later than K, as it contains (page 51) "By the Author. A Declaration," dated 1732, which is also in L.

On page 168 is "Advertisement to the first correct edition in 4to, London, 1729." This is remarkable, as in N it appears, "Advertisement to the First Correct Edition in 4to, London, 1729." As pointed out in the remarks on N, no edition in 4to appeared in 1729.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

BOOK I.

Note (a).

The allusion to the edition of Shakespeare about to be issued from the Oxford press is explained in the Editor's Note to verse 105 of the Fourth Book. The inscription on the scroll, to the inaccuracies of which the annotator humorously supposes the figure of Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey to be pointing, is as follows:

> The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind.

The last line but one is of course misplaced, and the verse which ought to stand in its place omitted. The text in the folio reads "*this* vision," instead of "*a* vision," and "rack" instead of "wreck." "Wreck" is, however, the reading of the old quartos.

In the note signed "Bentley" the idea of employing the preposterous theories of that great scholar as to the text of "Paradise Lost," to explain the disappearance of Tibbald from the Dunciad, is admirably humorous, and is skilfully executed.

b. Verse 2.

Bartholomew Fair was instituted by the Jester of Henry I. It was held on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and lasted for three days. It was at first simply a fair for the sale of cloth, but, in Elizabeth's time, it became a kind of carnival. In the reign of Charles II. its duration was extended to fourteen days, but it was afterwards limited to the old period, and continued to be held nearly up to the time of the first Reform Bill. The amusements were wrestling and shooting, puppets, operas, tight-rope dancing, and shows of monsters and wild beasts. The theatres were closed during the Fair.

c. Verse 3.

In the first edition the opening was:

> Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings
> The Smithfield Muses to the ears of Kings.

Alluding, says Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, to the Royal Privilege before Theobald's play the "Double Falsehood." In the present text the allusion is of course to Cibber in his capacity of Laureate.

d. Verse 4.

He calls the Great the instruments of Dulness as being the patrons of bad writers, and therefore the promoters of bad taste. The sixth line shows that there is probably also a secret allusion to the Whig aristocracy, who had been instrumental in establishing the House of Hanover.

e. VERSE 6.

We can scarcely doubt that Pope meant this couplet for a reflection on the two first Georges, whose contempt for letters was notorious.

f. VERSE 12.

Conformably to Milton's doctrine, Par. Lost, ii. 894, and 960:

> Where eldest Night
> And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
> Eternal Anarchy: . . . .
> When straight behold the throne
> Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
> Wide on the wasteful deep: with him enthroned
> Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
> The Consort of his reign.—WAKEFIELD.

g. VERSE 14.

A parody on a verse of Dryden, Æn. vii. 1044:

> Famed as his sire, and as his mother fair.—WAKEFIELD.

h. VERSE 18.

So Sloth, in the Dispensary, i. 116:

> With Godhead born but cursed that cannot die.

Our poet in his Iliad, v. 1091:

> Condemned to pain though fated not to die.—WAKEFIELD.

i. VERSE 20.

Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver, the several names and characters he assumed in his ludicrous, his splenetic, or his party writings, which take in all his works.—WARBURTON, 1751.

This note shows traces of the ill-feeling which Warburton entertained for Swift. The triple division does not comprise every class of Swift's writings. Neither Cadenus and Vanessa, nor The Rhapsody on Poetry, nor the Imitations of Horace, can be classified under the three names on which Warburton comments. Pope, with his usual discrimination, no doubt, meant to point to poems of this kind in the word "Dean," a title to which Warburton makes no reference. "Drapier" refers to Swift's political writings; "Bickerstaff" to his lighter squibs against Partridge, &c.

k. VERSE 21.

"Cervantes' serious air" expresses the irony of Gulliver's Travels.

l. VERSE 22.

The imagery is exquisite; and the equivoque in the last words gives a peculiar elegance to the whole expression. The *easy chair* suits his age: *Rab'lais' chair* marks his character: and he fills and possesses it as the heir and successor of that original genius.—WARBURTON, 1751.

By "Rabelais' easy chair," he means the broader (as compared with Cervantes) humour in the Tale of a Tub, which led Voltaire, as Warton says, to call Swift "Rabelais in his senses."

m. VERSE 25.

See Editor's Note to iii. 50. The term "Bœotia" had before been ap to Ireland, by Gay in his "Welcome" :—

> Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air,
> When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

n. VERSE 28.

The old Saturnian race was of gold. So Hall, Book iii., Sat. 1, Juvenal, vi. 1 :

> Time was, and that was termed the time of gold,
> When World and Time were young that now are old:
> When quiet Saturn swayed the mace of lead,
> And Pride was yet unborn and yet unbred.

o. VERSE 30.

Dr. Monroe, one of the doctors in Bedlam. Compare Imitatio Horace, Epistle ii. 2, 70. It is said that on one occasion some of Mo patients seized him, and endeavoured to thrust him into a great ket which their soup was boiling. Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, iv. p. 609.

p. VERSE 32.

The statues were not bronze but stone. Pope seems to have disco this after he had published the revised edition of the Dunciad, m Cibber the hero, and he endeavoured to minimise the consequence mistake in an ironical note to Book ii. ver. 3; but it is evident that the lies in the epithet "brazen." It is said that Gabriel Cibber took original for one of these figures Cromwell's mad Porter. See Tatler, N and note by J. Nichols.

q. VERSE 34.

In the early editions, this line had a more pointed application th present. Theobald had published a poem called "The Cave of Poverty.

r. VERSE 39.

Both Curll and Lintot had published Miscellanies, the latter in the former in 1727, but these were not periodicals, nor can I di any journal of the name of the Weekly Miscellany in the exhaustive l papers given in Nichols' Literary Anecdotes. There was indeed a "W Miscellany" in existence when the Dunciad assumed its final shape (se to ver. 258 of Book ii.) but not when the line was first written. It is pr that Pope did not intend his sneer to be taken literally.

s. VERSE 40.

The post was the sign-post in front of the booksellers' shops on advertisements were placed. Curll in his Key to the Dunciad, says : Lintot, in Fleet Street, is so fond of red-letter title pages to the he prints, that his show-boards and posts before his door are general daubed with them." Compare Prologue to Satires, vv. 215—216.

t. VERSE 42.

It appears from the note to ver. 286 of this Book that there was a called the Weekly Medley, which sided with the Dunces.

u. VERSE 42.

"Mercury" was the generic name of almost all the earliest English newspapers. There were "Mercurius Civicus," "Mercurius Rusticus," "Mercurius Domesticus," "Mercurius Aulicus," and twenty others.

v. VERSE 42.

The "Gentleman's Magazine," which soon afterwards gained so high a reputation, had not been founded when the "Dunciad" was first written.

x. VERSE 52.

So in his Messiah, v. 18 :

Returning Justice lift aloft her scale.

y. VERSE 56.

Milton, Par. Lost, iii. :

The rising world of waters dark and deep

Garth's Dispensary, vi. 113 :

Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps ;
And undisturbed by Form in silence sleeps :

Which is an imitation of a fine passage in Cowley, Dav. i. 9 :

Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep.—WAKEFIELD.

The hint for this passage was taken from Dryden's Mac-Flecknoe.

z. VERSE 57.

i.e., the author's night, when he received the whole profits of the performance. "Genial Jacob" is of course Jacob Tonson, the bookseller.

aa. VERSE 63.

The word "clench" is frequently used in the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century. Dryden speaks in his MacFlecknoe of

Pure clinches the Suburbian Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.

bb. VERSE 69.

Pope expresses the general view of the eighteenth century critics on this class of play. Addison says: "The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of Æneas and Hudibras into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow."—Spectator, No. 40.

cc. VERSE 84.

i.e., Sets off unnatural conceptions in false and tumid expression.—WARBURTON [1751].

dd. VERSE 86.

In the early editions the name "Thorold" was inserted. Sir George Thorold was Lord Mayor in 1720.

ee. VERSE 98.

He had in view Dryden's translation of Virgil, Georg. iv. 303 :

The immortal line in sure succession runs.

"London," Vol. 6, 158, says: "The last City Poet was

Elkanah Settle ; he had been preceded by Peele, Munday, Dekker, Middleton, Webster and Heywood the dramatists, John Taylor the Water-Poet, Tatham, Jordan, and Taubman. The last public exhibition was in 1702." Pope seems to confound Thomas Heywood the dramatist with John Heywood, author of "Interludes."

ff. VERSE 102.

This line embodies what seems to have been a prevalent belief at the time. Bewick remarks with *naïveté*, as if correcting a vulgar error, "The cubs are round and shapeless, but they are *not* licked into shape by the female as Pliny and other ancient naturalists supposed."

gg. VERSE 103.

Defoe is coupled with Prynne, because both were pilloried, and both were writers of doggerel verse. Daniel Defoe's satire, "Jure Divino," is in twelve books, the versification being rough and unmusical. Pope calls him "restless," on account of his vehement partisanship, both with sword and pen. He fought under Monmouth, was active in furthering the expulsion of James II., and afterwards was twice imprisoned in consequence of his political pamphlets. William Prynne was born at Swanswick, in Somersetshire, in 1600. He was a vehement Puritan, and for writing his "Histriomastix" he was sentenced, in 1632, to pay £5000 to the king, to be expelled the University of Oxford, and Lincoln's Inn, and to stand twice in the pillory, losing an ear each time. He was sentenced a second time in 1637. His writings were so voluminous that Anthony Wood supposes he must have written a sheet a day from his coming to man's estate to his death, which happened in 1669. His works amounted to forty volumes. He was Member for Newport, and after the Restoration, which he zealously promoted, he was made Keeper of the Records in the Tower.

hh. VERSE 104.

Lawrence Eusden was the son of Dr. Eusden, rector of Spotsworth in Yorkshire. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His attainments as a scholar were considerable, and he obtained the patronage of Halifax by translating into Latin verse the latter's poem on the Battle of the Boyne. The Duke of Newcastle made him Laureate in 1718 in return for an Epithalamium which he wrote on the marriage of the Duke with Lady Henrietta Godolphin. He died in 1730. For another mention of him, see Editor's Note to Book ii. v. 425. It does not appear that he had given Pope any personal cause of offence.

ii. VERSE 105.

Ambrose Philips (1675—1749). By "slow" Pope means sluggish in composition. In the "Epistle to Arbuthnot" he alludes to him as the bard "who strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year." The point of coupling him with Tate, and of the covert allusion in the note, is that Philips was supposed to have received help from Addison in his Translations from Sappho which appeared in the "Spectator," just as Tate was aided by Dryden in the Second Part of "Absalom and Achitophel." Nahum Tate was born in 1652, was made Laureate on the death of Shadwell in 1690, and died in the Mint in Southwark in 1715.

kk. VERSE 106.

John Dennis was born in 1657 and died in 1734. He was educated at Harrow and at Caius College, Cambridge, whence he is said, though

obably incorrectly, to have been expelled. He afterwards travelled in rance and Italy, and acquired the dislike of foreigners which he manifested a his writings. He was equally violent as Whig and Critic, and his almities of temper were so great, as almost to justify Pope's imputation of madness. Pope was the first aggressor in the quarrel, as he plainly alluded to Dennis in his line in the "Essay on Criticism": "But Appius reddens at each word you speak." Dennis's retaliation, however, was out of all proportion to the offence.

ll. VERSE 107.

So Dryden in Mac-Flecknoe:

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears.

mm. VERSE 108.

He calls Cibber "Bays," as being the Laureate, and perhaps also with reference to the character of "Bayes" in the Rehearsal, which Cibber tells us in his "Letter," that he was playing when he made the unlucky reference to the Mummy and the Crocodile in "Three Hours after Marriage."

nn. VERSE 110.

Davies in his Dramatic Miscellanies, says that Cibber excelled in a variety of comic characters, but his perfection of acting was the coxcomb of quality, and especially Lord Foppington in the "Careless Husband."

oo. VERSE 114.

Compare ver. 57 and note. Upon the profits of a third day the livelihood of an author throughout the year often depended. Compare Oldham's "Satire Dissuading from Poetry":

But Settle and the rest that write for pence,
Whose whole estate's an ounce or two of brains,
Should a thin house on the third day appear,
Must starve, or live in tatters all the year.

pp. VERSE 115 [Note].

All the forced pleasantry of this note is the necessary consequence of Pope's error in not recasting the First Book when he dethroned Theobald. See Introductory Remarks to the "Dunciad," p. 29.

qq. VERSE 118.

Besides an allusion to Satan's precipitation in the second book of Paradise st, our poet probably consulted Rochester also, at a vigorous passage in Satire against Mankind:

Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into doubt's boundless sea; where, like to drown,
Books bear him up awhile, and make him try
To swim with bladders of philosophy.—WAKEFIELD.

rr. VERSE 126.

Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines sooterkins to be "a kind of false birth ed to be produced by the Dutch women sitting over their stoves."

Wakefield quotes Dryden in Mac-Flecknoe:

But sure thou'st but a kilderkin of wit.

ss. VERSE 131.

He alludes to Cibber's thefts from Fletcher in his "Cæsar in Egypt." See note to verse 250.

tt. VERSE 132.

He does not mean that Molière's work was in itself frippery, but that it became so under Cibber's alterations. The play alluded to is the "Non-juror," which was borrowed from Molière's "Tartuffe."

uu. VERSE 134.

Compare Imitations of Horace, Ep. ii. 1, 279 :

And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.

The chief witnesses to Shakespeare's method of writing are the editors of the folio edition of his works in 1623, who say of him : "As he was a happy imitator of nature he was a most gentle expresser of it : his mind and hand went together ; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot on his papers."

xx. VERSE 140.

A curious edition of Quarles' Emblems was published in 1635. It is a small octavo and is full of engravings, many of which are admirably designed.

yy. VERSE 141.

John Ogilby's Translation of the Iliad was published in 1660, and his Translation of the Odyssey in 1665, both of them on imperial paper, and with plates by Hollar and other eminent engravers. According to Spence (Anecdotes, p. 276) it was this illustrated edition which first set Pope upon reading the Iliad when he was a boy at school.

zz. VERSE 142.

Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle (being the second wife of William Cavendish, first Duke of Newcastle). She produced thirteen folio volumes, ten of which are in print. She says in one of her letters, "You will find my works like infinite nature that hath neither beginning nor end, and as confused as the chaos wherein is neither method nor order, but all mixed together without separation like evening light and darkness." She died in 1673. Pepys mentions her in his Diary, under 11th April, 1667, "The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say, and was the other day at her own play, 'The Humorous Lovers,' the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it ; and she, at the end, made her respects to the players from her box and did give them thanks."

3*a.* VERSE 145.

This couplet has suffered from alteration. In the early editions the first words were "A Gothic *Vatican !*"

3*b.* VERSE 146.

It is rather hard to see why he should have inserted the name of Broome here, for though he says in his note that the allusion is to Ben Jonson's serving-man, the reader of his own time would have supposed him to mean William Broome, his coadjutor in the Translation of the Odyssey,

with whom he had previously quarrelled, and whom he had satirised in the "Bathos," and in the original reading of ver. 332 in the Third Book. But Broome and he were now reconciled, and the satirical reference in the early editions had been removed at Broome's request. The line as it stands has no particular point. In the early editions three authors were mentioned whose works were preserved for the merits not of the text but of the illustrations. In 1728 the writers named were "Westley, Watts, and Blome." Samuel Wesley published in 1694 a "Life of Our Blessed Lord," an Heroic Poem with sixty copper-plates. Dr. John Watts (whose name, on his own mild protest, was removed from the 'Dunciad;' see Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, v. 213), published his poems under the title of Maggots, or Poems on various Subjects, with illustrations. Richard Blome was a writer on heraldry and topography at the end of the seventeenth century. His books were always illustrated. Nichols says that he was a notorious plagiarist, and that he carried the practice of publishing by subscription beyond all his contemporaries. In the editions of 1729 and 1736 the names were altered to "Withers, Quarles, and Blome."

3*c*. VERSE 147 [Note].

The note on this verse vainly seeks to disguise the inconsistency of the passage. The truth of the matter was that, though Pope had made Cibber his hero instead of Theobald, he could not bear to part with the good lines in which he had originally satirised the latter.

3*d*. VERSE 153.

Pope's date for De Lyrâ is wrong. He alludes to Nicholas Harpsfield, Fellow of New College, Oxford, a vehement opponent of Henry VIII.'s divorce from Queen Katharine, and author of a voluminous Ecclesiastical History of England. Under Mary he was made Archdeacon of Canterbury and Prebendary of St. Paul's, and became Prolocutor for the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury. Under Elizabeth he was deprived of his preferments. He died in 1583.

3*e*. VERSE 154.

Philemon Holland (M.A., not M.D.) was Fellow of Trinity and Head Master of the Free School, Coventry. He died February 9, 1636, aged 85, and was buried at Coventry. An epigram on his Translation of Suetonius says:

> Philemon with translations does so fill us,
> He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus.

3*f*. VERSE 160.

The huge note-book which he filled with passages stolen from other authors. Pope thus very happily suggests that plagiarism is the foundation of all Cibber's work.

3*g*. VERSE 163.

As to the impropriety of the following speech, see Introductory Remarks, p. 22.

3*h*. VERSE 167.

"The heads of our actors at the period spoken of were covered with wigs of an immoderate size, a fashion that arose in the time of Charles II., and was not entirely disused in public till about the year 1720. They were flowing and flaxen, and both Booth and Wilks, as well as Cibber, are said to

have bestowed forty guineas each on this exorbitant thatching of their eads."
—Davies' Dramatic Miscellanies.

3 *i*. VERSE 168.

The Butt of sack and the laurel wreath.

3 *k*. VERSE 170.

So Dryden in Mac-Flecknoe :

> This is that boasted bias of the mind,
> By which one way to dulness 'tis inclined.

3 *l*. VERSE 182.

The thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our Author's of a very early date (namely written at fourteen years old, and soon after printed) to the author of a poem called Successio.—WARBURTON [1751].

The lines referred to are these :

> The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
> As clocks run fastest when most lead is on.

The other couplet is transposed without alteration.

3 *m*. VERSE 188.

i.e., in the "Careless Husband," which he praises in Imitations of Horace, Ep. ii. i. 92.

3 *n*. VERSE 199.

In the early editions, "My Flaccus." See Introductory Remarks.

3 *o*. VERSE 203.

As to the character of White's Club see Moral Essay iii. ver. 67.

3 *p*. VERSE 208.

Ridpath is ironically noticed by Swift in his Public Spirit of the Whigs, as one of the three most famous champions of that party. Mist is mentioned in the list of printers, drawn up in 1724, by S. Negus, for the use of Lord Townshend. They are classified as "Favourable to King George," "Nonjurors," and "High-flyers." Mist is entered in this third class. His paper was published in Great Carter Lane. This couplet was originally placed in Book iii. ver. 285.

3 *q*. VERSE 214.

It is curious to remember that *Walpole* presented a copy of the Dunciad in its first authorised form to the King. The couplet in 1729 ran :

> Yes, to my country I my pen consign,
> I from this moment, mighty Mist, am thine ;

alluding to Theobald's connection with Mist's Journal, which was a Tory organ. At that date Pope's vehement party spirit had not been fully developed. He evidently intends a side stroke at the influence exercised by Walpole over the late Queen Caroline.

3 *r*. VERSE 217.

From Seneca's Medea, v. 164 :

> N. Abiere Colchi ; conjugis nulla est fides
> Nihilque superest opibus e tantis tibi.
> M. Medea superest.

3 *s*. VERSE 231.

Bland had been Walpole's school-fellow at Eton, of which school he was head-master when the Dunciad was written. He was afterwards made Dean of Durham. For another mention of him see Epilogue to Satires, i. ver. 75.

3 *t*. VERSE 234.

From Oldham, "Satire Dissuading from Poetry:"

> Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal name,
> To vile Mundungus made a martyr flame?

And again:

> And truck for pots of ale next Stourbridge fair.

Mundungus is defined by Grose (Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue), "Bad or rank tobacco, from *Mondongo*, a Spanish word signifying tripes, or the uncleaned entrails of a beast, full of filth." It is therefore suggested that Ward's poems were exported to the Colonies only for the purpose of packing bad tobacco.

3 *u*. VERSE 236.

He refers to the sale of oranges in the theatre. The audience were accustomed to eat oranges during the performance of the play (compare Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 228), and the orange-girls were therefore a standing institution at every play-house. The references to them in the prologues and pamphlets at the close of the seventeenth century are frequent. When the occupants of the gallery were excited they thus naturally fell to pelting the actors with orange-peel. For an illustration of this practice, see Burney's History of Music, vol. iv. p. 197-8.

3 *x*. VERSE 244.

A happy parody on Ovid, Met. xiii. 2:

> Clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.
> The master of the seven-fold shield.—Dryden.
> WAKEFIELD.

3 *y*. VERSE 247.

An imitation of Virgil, Æn. vi. 223

> Subjectam, more parentum
> Aversi, tenuere facem.
> And fire the pile, their faces turned away.—Dryden.
> WAKEFIELD.

3 *z*. VERSE 250.

Cibber wrote no play entitled "The Cid." The one to which Pope alludes is "Ximena, or the Heroic Daughter," produced in 1719, but without success. It is borrowed from "The Cid" of Corneille. "Indamora and Perolla" was acted and damned in 1706. "Cæsar in Egypt" was acted in 1725 with a like fate. It was founded partly on Fletcher's "False One" and partly on Corneille's "Pompey." Davies in his "Dramatic Miscellanies" explains Pope's line about King John (which was first acted in 1744), and the allusion in the note to its suppression as follows: "The 'Fatal Tyranny'[1] had been offered to Mr. Fleetwood, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre, about nine or ten years before it was acted. This was no sooner known to the public than Cibber was most severely attacked by the critics in the newspapers; Fielding wrote a farce upon the subject, which was played at the little theatre

[1] A mistake for "Papal Tyranny."

in the Haymarket, though I do not believe it is printed among his works. However the parts in the 'Fatal Tyranny' were distributed, and a time fixed for its performance: but the clamour against the author, whose presumption was highly censured for daring to meddle with Shakespeare, increased to such a height, that Colley, who had smarted more than once for daring to dabble in tragedy, went to the playhouse, and, without saying a word to anybody, took the play from off the prompter's desk, and marched off with it in his pocket."

4 *a*. VERSE 254.

Compare ver. 132, and note. It is said that Cibber was made Laureate chiefly in recognition of the political service he had rendered to the Government by this play.

4 *b*. VERSE 262.

From Dryden's Mac-Flecknoe:

> His brows thick fogs, instead of glories grace,
> And lambent dulness played around his face.

4 *c*. VERSE 270.

The Clubs of Quidnuncs or news-hunters were a fertile subject for the satirists of the eighteenth century. Compare for example the letter of "Thomas Quidnunc" in Spectator, No. 625. This couplet and the next, in all the editions down to that of 1743, followed what is now ver. 34.

4 *d*. VERSE 286.

Lewis Theobald, the original hero of the "Dunciad," was two years younger than Pope, and died the same year as his satirist. For further particulars respecting Ozell, see "The Translator," p. 463.

4 *e*. VERSE 290.

John James Heidegger came to England from Switzerland in 1708, and by his skill in putting operas on the stage obtained the chief management of the opera-house in the Haymarket. He was afterwards appointed Master of the Revels by George II. "As to his person, though he was tall and well made, it was not very pleasing from an unusual hardness of features. But he was the first to joke upon his own ugliness, and he once laid a wager with the Earl of Chesterfield, that within a certain given time his lordship would not be able to produce so hideous a face in all London. After a strict search a woman was at last found whose features were at first sight thought stronger than Heidegger's; but upon clapping her head-dress on himself, he was universally allowed to have won the wager."—Chalmers' Biog. Dictionary. He died in 1749, aged ninety.

4 *f*. VERSE 293.

See Editor's Note to Book ii. 4 *u*, Verse 425.

4 *g*. VERSE 296.

George Wither or Withers died in 1667, Edward Ward in 1730, and Charles Gildon in 1724. It is curious to find Wither, who is still read, mentioned in such company. But through the greater part of the eighteenth century his poetical reputation was very low. In 1765, Bishop Percy, in the first edition of his "Reliques," inserted one of Wither's poems, but did not venture to give his name; and in the fourth edition (1794) he only mentions him "as not altogether devoid of genius." Wither was

thrown into the Marshalsea in 1613, for publishing a volume of satires called "Abuses Stript and Whipt;" and was sent to Newgate in 1661 for a pamphlet entitled "Vox Vulgi." Gildon was born at Gillingham in Dorsetshire. For another mention of him, see Book iii. v. 173, and Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 151.

4 h. VERSE 298.

In the edition of 1736 there was the following variation:

Where wretched Withers, Banks, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
Impatient waits till * * grace the quire.
I see a *chief* who leads my chosen sons,
All armed with points, antitheses, and puns:
I see a monarch proud our race to own
A nursing mother born to rock my throne.
Schools, courts, and senates shall my laws obey,
Till Albion, like Hibernia, bless my sway.
She ceased: her owls responsive clap their wing,
And Grub Street garrets roar "God save the King!"

To which is added a note saying that the blank may be filled up with the name of H——y. In the edition of 1742–3 he inserted the word H——y, and added another couplet:

Yet, yet awhile at Court, my H——y stay,
See Cibber enters! haste, and turn the key.

I think it is evident from this passage that by the "Fool of Quality" in the text he means Lord Hervey, who died soon after the above couplet was written, and who, when the final edition of the "Dunciad" appeared, might therefore be said to have completed the quire of dunces referred to. For Lord Hervey's love of antithesis, see Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 325.

4 i. VERSE 309 (Note).

The night was Twelfth Night, and the play which was a remnant of festivals of that season was a custom not of the English Court alone. It prevailed equally in France. See Dangeau, *passim*. Thomas Archer, Esq., was groom-porter to the King with a salary of £550 a year.—CROKER.

4 j. VERSE 310 (Note).

Pope's note is a remarkable illustration of his political rancour. It breathes the spirit of the Epilogue to the Satires and "1740." Compare also the following lines with the reading in the edition of 1736, as given in the note to ver. 298. It will be seen that the later version is far the more virulent.

4 k. VERSE 319.

The King's Household included twenty-four musicians with an annual salary. These no doubt were employed to sing in the Chapel Royal and on the King's birthday.—CROKER.

4 l. VERSE 321.

Cibber was a member of this club. See Epistle to Arbuthnot, verse 97 and note.

4 m. VERSE 324.

Mrs. Needham's portrait may be seen in the first scene of Hogarth's Harlot's Progress.

4 n. VERSE 325.

The Devil Tavern was next door to Child's Bank in Fleet Street. Compare Epistle to Augustus, v. 42.

4 o. VERSE 326.

"There was a sort of amphitheatre here, dedicated originally to bull-baiting, bear-baiting, prize-fighting, and all other sorts of rough games; and it was not only attended by butchers, drovers, and great crowds of all sorts of mob, but likewise by dukes, lords, knights, &c. There were seats particularly set apart for the quality, ornamented with old tapestry hangings, into which none were admitted under half-a-crown at least."—J. Nichol's note to Tatler, 28. Compare Imitations of Horace, Sat. i. 49.

He has imitated Dryden's Mac-Flecknoe, v. 47, in this passage:

> Echoes from P—as—g Alley "Shadwell" call,
> And "Shadwell" they resound at Aston Hall.

BOOK II.

NOTE (*a*).

DRYDEN says of Flecknoe:

> The hoary prince in majesty appeared,
> High on a throne of his own labours reared.

The cause of Dryden's dislike of Flecknoe is somewhat obscure, but it was probably a pamphlet which the latter wrote in vindication of Dryden's enemy, Sir Thomas Howard. Flecknoe died in 1678.

b. VERSE 4.

A poetical invention. "This Edmund Curll stood in the pillory at Charing Cross, but was not pelted or used ill; for being an artful, cunning (though wicked) fellow, he had contrived to have printed papers dispersed all about Charing Cross, telling the people he stood there for vindicating the memory of Queen Anne; which had such an effect on the mob, that it would have been dangerous even to have spoken against him; and when he was taken down out of the pillory, the mob carried him off as it were in triumph to a neighbouring tavern."—State Trials, xvii. p. 160.

c. VERSE 5.

Compare Prologue to Satires, ver. 96.

d. VERSE 8.

This resembles Addison in his verses to Sir Godfrey Kneller:

> Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
> And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.—WAKEFIELD.

e. VERSE 12.

This couplet is entirely constructed from Milton's Paradise Lost, vii. 364 :

> Of light by far the greater part he took,
> Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
> In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
> And drink the liquid light, firm to retain
> Her gathered beams; great palace now of light.
> Hither as to their fountain other stars
> Repairing, in their golden urns draw light;
> And hence the morning planet gilds her horns.—WAKEFIELD.

f. VERSE 15.

For a fuller account of Querno see "Of the Poet Laureate," Appendix X.

g. VERSE 20.

The reader may see a couplet like this in his Odyssey, xxiv. 107 :

> An endless band
> Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.—WAKEFIELD.

h. VERSE 21.

The long wigs, falling on the shoulders, would mark the old-fashioned dunces ; the bag wigs, ending in the bourse, or bag of silk, the younger generation. See Epilogue to Satires, i. 40, and note.

i. VERSE 22.

Crapes, either to mark the inferior order of dunces as opposed to those in silks, or to indicate the clerical dunces :

> A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.

k. VERSE 24.

Pronounced "charets," from the French "charrette." Compare Prologue to Satires, v. 10, and note.

l. VERSE 28.

"The setting up of the Maypole in the Strand is attributed to John Harges, blacksmith, whose daughter had married Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle. The Parliamentary ordinance of 1644 swept away this among all the rest of the Maypoles; but on the Restoration a new and loftier one was raised with great ceremony and rejoicing. . . . . In 1713 it became necessary to have a new one, which was accordingly set up on the 4th of July, with two gilt balls and a vane on the summit, and on particular days the extra decorations of flags and garlands. This was removed about the time of the erection of the new church, and presented by the parish to Sir Isaac Newton, who sent it to the Rector of Wanstead. That gentleman caused it to be raised in Wanstead Park to support the then largest telescope in Europe." —Knight's History of London, vol. ii. 117.

m. VERSE 30.

The Church alluded to is St. Mary-le-Strand, the first of the fifty churches ordered to be built by the Act of Queen Anne. The architect was James Gibbs. It was begun in 1714, completed in 1717, and consecrated in 1723. Drury Lane was for a long time inhabited by the nobility, but in the early part of William III.'s reign it had lost its fashionable character, and its

reputation at this period may be inferred from the following lines in Gay's Trivia :

> O may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
> Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes !
> The harlots' guileful paths who nightly stand
> Where Catherine Street descends into the Strand.

n. VERSE 40.

All this is no doubt meant for an accurate portrait of the person of James Moore Smyth, son of Arthur Moore (see Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 23.) He took the name of Smyth from a maternal uncle, who left him his estate. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and died in 1734. Warton says that Young told him Pope's portrait of Smyth was by no means overcharged. His size is referred to in the following lines published after the appearance of the Dunciad :

> Why should one sad unpleasing form degrade
> Another Nature has unkindly made?
> Can Moore his large unhandsome shape reduce?
> This can't be satire, but low, mean abuse.

o. VERSE 43.

This characteristic of Smyth is preserved in an advertisement respecting his supposed disappearance, which Pope caused to be inserted in the Grub Street Journal : "Whereas J. M. S., a tall, modest young man, with yellowish teeth, a sallow complexion, and a *flattish eye*, shaped somewhat like an Italian in the shoulders, hip, and back parts," &c.

p. VERSE 50.

For the truth as to the circumstances referred to by Pope in this note, see note to ver. 373 of Prologue to Satires, Vol. iii. p. 269.

q. VERSE 55.

Lintot is no doubt introduced here as the purchaser of the copyright of Smyth's "Rival Modes." He gave £100 for it. Pope was angry with him on account of what he considered shabby conduct in reference to the publication of the Translation of the Odyssey. See Letter to Broome, March 5, 1725, and note (Vol. viii. p. 94).

r. VERSE 68.

Jacob Tonson, whom Dryden described in the following triplet :

> With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frowsy pores that taint the ambient air.

"There is a singular defect in Vandyke's picture of Charles I. in armour, both gauntlets being drawn for the right hand. When this picture was in the Wharton collection, Jacob Tonson, who had remarkably ugly legs, was finding fault with the two gauntlets. Lady Wharton said : 'Mr. Tonson, why might not a man have two right hands as well as two left legs.' Till I saw this anecdote as told by Horace Walpole, I was at a loss to comprehend the line in Pope's Dunciad, which were afterwards altered into :

> With legs expanded Bernard urged the race,
> And seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace.

Gentleman's Magazine, 1807, p. 738.

The couplet here quoted is the *earlier* reading of the existing text.

s. VERSE 70.

beth Thomas, born 1675, died 1731. She was Cromwell's mistress, ılluded to in that character in several numbers of the Tatler under me of "Corinna." As to the surreptitious publication of Pope's to Cromwell, see vol. vi. p. 131.

t. VERSE 77.

ı Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book XV. 879 :

Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia.

u. VERSE 82.

.'s shop was "at the Dial and Bible" from 1710 till 1715, but when t edition of the Dunciad was published he lived in Catherine Street in and.

x. VERSE 93.

name of this Goddess was borrowed from Gay's Trivia.

y. VERSE 100.

streets at this period were only very partially lighted, by means of ı in lanterns, placed at certain intervals above the doors of the

The side streets were often quite dark, so that passengers through required the services of men carrying torches. The character of these ›ys was of the worst, and may be inferred from the following lines of Trivia, iii. 133, describing much the same neighbourhood as that which celebrated :

Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is railed around,
Cross not with venturous step. . . . .
* * * * * *
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall,
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.

z. VERSE 108.

ı very ludicrous description may have received some improvement from l's version of Homer's Batracho-muomachia, Part iii. :

This saw Pelobates; and from the flood
Heaved with both hands a monstrous mass of mud
The cloud obscene o'er all the hero flies,
Dishonoured his brown face, and blots his eyes.—WAKEFIELD.

aa. VERSE 113.

ıding to Curll's professional character for piracy. He had recently hed Pope's letters to Cromwell, which Mrs. Thomas had sold to him. ›pe's note to v. 70.

bb. VERSE 114.

›collection of Milton's Paradise Lost, Book x. 282—288 :

Then both from out Hell Gates into the waste,
Wide Anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse, and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters ; what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.

cc. VERSE 116.

Dr. Abel Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford, and Vicar of St. Giles in that City. He was celebrated for his epigrams, and is one of the nine Oxford wits whose names are preserved in the well-known lines:

Alma novem genuit celebres Rhedycina poetas,
Bubb, Stubb, Cobb, Crabb, Trapp, Young, Carey, Tickell, Evans.

Young is of course the author of "Night Thoughts."

dd. VERSE 121.

A parody of Homer's description of the Gods laughing at Vulcan, Il. i. 599:

ἄσβεστος δ' ἄρ' ἐνῶρτο γέλως μακάρεσσι θεοῖσι.

ee. VERSE 126.

Scriblerus' note on these names is of course ironical. Bond was the author of a satire called "The Progress of Dulness," under the name of H. Stanhope, and as to Breval and Besaleel Morris, see Pope's note to ver. 124. The name Bezaleel is taken from Exodus, Chap. xxxi. 2. John Durant Breval was the son of Dr. Breval, a Prebendary of Westminster. He was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he was expelled by Bentley in 1708. He joined the army in Flanders under the Duke of Marlborough, by whom he was employed as a negotiator. More particulars about his life may be found in Monk's Life of Bentley, vol. i. p. 216.

Morris's satire on the Translation of Homer, to which Pope alludes in his note to v. 124, was dedicated to Welsted. The poet criticises Chapman, Ogilby, and Hobbs, and then comes to Pope:

Smart Pope comes now: yet not so stern as these;
He proves more kind, treats him with grace and ease,
And makes him strut the beaux and belles to please:
So gentle female habits heretofore
Renowned Achilles and Alcides wore.

ff. VERSE 128.

A pleasant allusion to Ixion embracing a cloud instead of Juno; or a parody on Homer, Il. iii. 376;

Κενὴ δὲ τρυφάλεια ἅμ ἔσπετο χειρὶ παχείῃ.

And left an empty helmet in his hand.—Pope.

WAKEFIELD.

The ambiguity of the word Joseph, which likewise signifies a loose upper-coat, gives much pleasantry to the idea.—WARBURTON.

gg. VERSE 136.

An allusion to Lady M. W. Montagu's unfortunate connection with the Frenchman, Remond. There is no ground for Pope's malicious insinuation. Compare Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue 1, 113 and note.

hh. VERSE 138.

His reason for selecting Cook and Concanen as the pseudo-Pope and false Swift seems doubtful, and perhaps he had no better one than that which he alleges in his note; though it is not true that in the first edition there were only asterisks in the place of the names. The line ran:

C— shall be Prior and C—n Swift.

However, Savage, in his "Author to Let," says: "At my first setting out I was

hired by a reverend prebend to libel Dean Swift for infidelity. Soon after I was employed by Curll to write a merry tale, the wit of which was its obscenity. This we agreed to palm upon the world for a posthumous piece of Mr. Prior's." As it appears from Memoranda of Curll's, published in Gentleman's Magazine, xciv. pp. 315, 410, 513, that Cooke was one of his "Pindars and Miltons," he may be the writer aimed at in the "Author to Let." In a note to the edition of 1729, Pope says that he "was the son of a Muggletonian, who kept a public house in Braintree, Essex." He was born in 1702. His Hesiod was published in 1728, but before the appearance of the Dunciad he had written, besides the "Battle of the Poets," several poems, and three plays, none of which, however, were successful. He died in 1756. After the publication of the first edition of the Dunciad he wrote to Pope, to apologise for the Battle of the Poets, and to deprecate the poet's resentment. The latter appears to have doubted whether to accept his excuses (see Lord Oxford's letter to him of January 20, 1729, Vol. viii. 245 and note), but he eventually printed the note which now appears against Cooke's name.

ii. VERSE 144.

John Dunton, the mad bookseller, born in 1659, died 1733. He is ironically alluded to, in company with Ridpath, by Swift in his Public Spirit of the Whigs, as one of the three most distinguished writers for that party—an honour which he earned for himself by his abusive pamphlet against Bolingbroke, "Neck or Nothing." Pope introduces him here because his writings are full of allusions to the booksellers and journalists of the time.

kk. VERSE 148.

Daniel Defoe never lost his ears, though Pope, by comparing him to Prynne in Book i. 103, seems to insist on the fact. He was put in the pillory and in prison in 1703 for writing "A Short Way with Dissenters," and he was again sent to Newgate in 1713 as being author of some ironical pamphlets about the return of the Pretender. The provocation he had given to Pope was, that, in his "System of Magic," he had thrown out some sarcasms against "Sylphs and Gnomes," and that the lines against Pope signed "H. Stanhope" had been printed after his Life of Duncan Campbell, in 1720. The poet thus identified him with his personal enemies.

As to Tutchin's sentence see Macaulay, History of England, vol. i. p. 648: "A still more frightful sentence was passed on a lad named Tutchin, who was tried for seditious words. He was as usual interrupted in his defence by ribaldry and scurrility from the judgment-seat. 'You are a rebel, and all your family have been rebels since Adam. They tell me that you are a poet. I'll cap verses with you.' The sentence was that the boy should be imprisoned seven years, and should during that period be flogged through every market town in Dorsetshire every year."

ll. VERSE 149.

A note in Nichols' edition of the Tatler (Number 18), says it is a remarkable fact that both the two persons mentioned in this line died on the same day.

mm. VERSE 152.

Curll was tossed in the blanket by the scholars of Westminster, in 1717, for printing a Latin oration by John Darby, the senior King's Scholar, on the death of Dr. South. The boys were angry because he had printed it with several

mistakes in Latin, and having inveigled him into Dean's Yard on pretence of giving him a more perfect copy of the speech, they there "exercised" him —as Pope says in a letter to M. Blount—in a blanket.

nn. VERSE 156 (Note).

The noble author was Lord Halifax :

> Boyne would for ever be the painter's theme,
> The Gobelin's labour and the poet's dream ;
> The wounded arm would furnish all their rooms,
> And bleed for ever scarlet in their looms.
> *Epistle to Lord Dorset.*

Pope rather unfairly makes the couplet more ridiculous than it is, either in itself or in its context.

oo. VERSE 157.

Eliza Heywood was born 1693, and died 1756. Being left destitute by the death of her husband, she determined, like Mrs. Centlivre, to support herself and her children by writing. In her early novels she imitated Mrs. Manley. Her later works were more decent.

pp. VERSE 158.

Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, says that one was reputed to be the offspring of a peer, and the other of a bookseller.

qq. VERSE 167.

In the first authorised edition, "Chetwood." In 1735 the name was altered to Chapman ; and in 1743 Osborne was substituted, for the reason mentioned in the note. Thomas Osborne, of Gray's Inn, was at that period (1743) the leading bookseller of the day. He bought Lord Oxford's library. Dr. Johnson, whom he insulted, knocked him down in his shop. An account of him is given in Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. 401 : "In his person he was short and thick, and generally spoke in an authoritative and insolent manner. He died 21st August, 1761." As to the cause of Chetwood's appearance, see note to ver. 190.

rr. VERSE 170.

This couplet is closely constructed from Dryden's version of the passage imitated, Æn. v. 570 :

> One on his youth and pliant limbs relies,
> That on his sinews and his giant size.—WAKEFIELD.

ss. VERSE 190.

In the first edition the second prize was won by Chetwood, and Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, says that the couplet refers to an incident which actually happened in a drunken frolic.

tt. VERSE 192.

Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, says that the tickling match is a libel on the Dukes of G—n, N—e, and B—n, *i.e.*, Grafton, Newcastle and Bolton. As the lines describing the dedicators have obvious reference to the Duke of Newcastle, and the verses that follow apply to the Duke of Bolton, it is not unlikely that "My Lord," who first appears, is Henry,

second Duke of Grafton, K.G., who succeeded to the Dukedom in 1690, and died in 1757. Other peers, however, appear to be glanced at besides those mentioned by Curll.

uu. VERSE 203.

Paolo Antonio Rolli, the son of a pastry-cook, was born at Rome 1687, died in Florence 1767. It is a curious fact that he was brought over to England by Pope's friend, the Earl of Burlington, to whom in 1718 he dedicates, in the style that is here satirised, the libretto of "Astartus." The Duke of Newcastle was Governor of the Academy of Music founded in 1722. See Sir J. Hawkins' History of Music, vol. v. 283. Rolli, in the libretto to Mutius Scævola, signs himself secretary to that Academy.

xx. VERSE 205 (Note).

Dr. Monk, in his Life of Bentley, supposes the letter referred to in this note to have been written in 1740, but he seems to have overlooked the fact that the note itself appears in the edition of 1736. Probably the letter was written in consequence of Pope's notes signed "Bentley" to the "Sober Advice from Horace," which was published in 1734, and called forth a protest from Richard Bentley the younger. See Pope's letter to Caryll of 31st Dec. 1734. Thomas Bentley's "Horace" was published in 1713.

yy. VERSE 206.

An imitation of Butler's Hudibras, i. i. 81 :

> For rhetoric he could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope.—WAKEFIELD.

the first authorised edition the "classic flattery" is given to Welsted. it the original MS. shows that Bentley was the original in Pope's mind. See print of the First Edition, v. 187, and note. Richard Bentley is no doubt ere aimed at. The initials B——y first appear in print in the quarto of 35, which for the reason given in Pope's note to v. 205, refer to Thomas ntley. Thomas was devotedly attached to his uncle. He died in 1742. e note against him first appeared in the edition of 1736.

zz. VERSE 210.

eonard Welsted, sprung of an old family in Worcestershire, was born 1689 and died in 1747. He was a friend of many of the men of letters of day, amongst others of Steele. For his dedications to Bubb Doding- see Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 250 and note. But the allusion here is bably to his *Οἰκογραφία*, in which he asks his patron, the Duke of Dorset, replenish his cellar. The Duke in answer, sent him a cask of Hermitage. elsted also dedicated a volume of Epistles, Odes, &c., and his Translation of nginus' Treatise on the Sublime, to the Duke of Newcastle in 1724.

3 *a.* VERSE 220.

Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, says that this "youth" was "Webster," which assertion is confirmed by Pope's own MS., where the feats of "aly W——" are described in some unquotable lines. The person referred to is evidently Edward Webster, who in 1718 was made Chief Secretary to the Duke of Bolton, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Eustace Budgell, who then held a post under the Irish Government, quarrelled with this man, and

being in consequence dismissed from his appointment, wrote a pamphlet in the shape of a "Letter to the Lord * * *," in which, after alluding to Webster's distinguished predecessor Addison, he thus describes Webster himself: "Before his late promotion he was one of the under copying clerks of the Treasury, sat at a little desk in the outer room, and his whole salary was thought to amount to about £200 per annum: out of which he was to maintain himself, a wife, two sons, and a daughter, who is generally said to be a *very pretty young woman*, (the italics are Budgell's). . . . For my part I cannot doubt but he has a great deal of merit, and *something about him particularly engaging*, although it was my misfortune to be removed by him from a post which gave me frequent access to him, before I was at leisure to *be thoroughly acquainted with it*. It must be confessed that common Fame (but your Lordship knows she is a malicious Baggage and is *frequently* mistaken) gives a reason for his preferment, which is so little for his *own reputation*, or for the *Honour of his Majesty's affairs*, committed to his charge, that I am sure he will have good nature enough to excuse me not mentioning it." Pope altered the facts, but so as to leave the meaning of the allusion transparent. Charles Pawlet, second Duke of Bolton, succeeded to the dukedom in 1690, and died in 1722. Pope mentioned him to Spence as one of those who had the "nobleman look" (Anecdotes, p. 285).

3 *b*. VERSE 226.

On "Thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl," Nichols, in a note to the Tatler, says: "In 1709 Mr. John Dennis's tragedy intituled 'Appius and Virginia,' was acted. The author on that occasion introduced a new or an improved method of making thunder. His tragedy did not succeed, but his other invention met with the approbation of the managers, and continues in use upon the stage to this day. Mr. Dennis soon after discovered it in the tragedy of Macbeth: the discovery threw him into a fury, and being addicted to swearing, he exclaimed: 'Sdeath! that's my thunder. See how the fellows use me, they have silenced my tragedy, and they roar out my thunder."—Oldys' MS. Note on Langbaine, under the Life of John Webster. Compare Spectator, No. 592, quoted in note to iii. 256.

3 *c*. VERSE 228.

Compare Addison in Spectator, No. 44, "I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with very good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in very great alarm all the while it has been ringing." The finest instance of this tragic effect is in Macbeth, Act ii. Scene 1.

3 *d*. VERSE 232.

For a dissertation on the nature and use of cat-calls in the theatres, see Addison's paper in the Spectator, No. 361. Malone, in his "History of the Stage," p. 186, says: "The custom of expressing disapprobation of a play, and interrupting the drama by the noise of cat-calls, or at least imitating the tones of a cat, is probably as ancient as Shakespeare's time. Decker, in his "Gull's Horn-book," counsels the gallant if he wishes to disgrace the poet, 'to *whew* all the children's action, to whistle at the songs, and *mew* at the passionate speeches.'"

3 *e*. VERSE 251.

i.e., Sir Gilbert Heathcote. Compare Moral Essays, iii. 101. Vol. iii., p. 13

3 *f*. VERSE 258.

. James Webster (born 1689, died September, 1755) was educated at
s College, Cambridge. He edited the Weekly Miscellany, under the
s of Richard Hooker, Esq., of the Inner Temple, and his paper being
ded with religious essays, was called "Old Mother Hooker's Journal."
was evidently put into the Dunciad to please Warburton, who men-
s him in the preface to the Divine Legation, as having attacked that
r. Whitefield is here coupled with him, because he had made some
ic remarks on one of Webster's Miscellanies, and had also criticised
Divine Legation. As to Whitefield's style of oratory see Boswell's Life
ohnson, Chap. XXX.: "We talked of Whitefield. He said he was
he same college with him, and knew him before he began to
etter than other people (smiling); that he believed he sincerely meant
but had a mixture of politics and ostentation; whereas Wesley
ght of religion only. Robertson said Whitefield had strong natural
ience, which, if cultivated, would have done great things. Johnson:
ıy, sir, I take it he was at the height of what his abilities could do, and
sensible of it. He had the ordinary advantages of education, but he
e to pursue that oratory which is for the mob.' Boswell: 'He had
t effect on the passions.' Johnson: 'Why, sir, I don't think so. He
d not represent a succession of pathetic images. He vociferated and
e an impression. There again was a mind like a hammer.'" This couplet
appears in 1742.

3 *g*. VERSE 260.

had been admitted into Heroic Poetry of another order, before either
ı or Blackmore:

> Arms on armôur clashing *brayed*
> Horrible Discord.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 209.

3 *h*. VERSE 264.

ıe versification and the satire are alike admirable. He seems to have had
ıs eye Virgil's Æn. v. 148:

> Tum plausu fremituque virûm, studiisque faventum,
> Consonat omne nemus, vocemque inclusa volutant
> Litora; pulsati colles clamore resultant.
>
> Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,
> From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.—WAKEFIELD.

3 *i*. VERSE 270.

was the custom in Pope's time to flog the criminals in Bridewell, in the
nce of the Court of Governors. They were tied to the whipping-post,
whipped over the back till the President of the Court knocked with a
ner which he held, when they were removed.

3 *k*. VERSE 272.

ift in his "City Shower" describes the "tribute" of Fleet Ditch:

> "Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
> And bear their trophies with them as they go:
> Filth of all hues and odours seem to tell
> What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.
> They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,
> From Smithfield to St. Sepulchre's shape their course,
> And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
> Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn-bridge.

Sweeping from butcher's-stall, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down the flood.

34. Verse 281.

The banks of Fleet Ditch were at this period chiefly occupied by coal wharves.

35. Verse 283.

In the early editions "Mr. Oldmixon." Oldmixon was born 1673, and died 1742. He obtained the place of Collector of Customs, in reward for his party writings. For other reflections on his veracity as an historian, besides those in the note, see Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 146 and note, and Second Versification of Donne, ver. [illegible]. He is buried in Ealing Church.

36. Verse 287.

Fleet Ditch, after the fire of London, was made navigable for barges to come up by the assistance of the tide as far as Holborn Bridge, where Turnmill Brook fell into this channel. It had five feet of water at the lowest tide. The poet, as we see by the "stranded lighter," makes the diving match take place at low tide.

37. Verse [illegible].

The alteration was made in consequence of the publication of "Gulliveriana," after the first edition of the Dunciad had appeared.

Jonathan Smedley was Dean of Ferns and of Clogher in Ireland. It was he who fixed on the door of St. Patrick's the witty verses "On Swift," on the day of the Dean's installation.

38. Verse 295.

In the edition of 1729, the reading was "Then * * tried;" to which there was the following note: "This is an instance of the tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him founded on a mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when he fell into a second mistake, and abused both him and his friend. He is a writer of genius and spirit, though in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a panegyric instead of a satire, being edified beyond measure by the only instance he ever met with in his life of one who was much a poet confessing himself in an error: and has suppressed his name as thinking him capable of a second repentance." This referred to Aaron Hill. Hill thereupon wrote to Pope, protesting against the justice of the reference to him. Pope's answer in his letter of February 5, 1730, is a curious specimen of shuffling. After endeavouring to prove that the allusion need not bear the sense which Hill put upon it, he asks, "Would you have the note left out? It shall. Would you have it expressly said you were not meant? It shall if I have any influence on the editors." Apparently, in order to satisfy Hill, he made an alteration in the line in the Quarto of 1735-6—"Then P. essayed;" but he restored the asterisk in subsequent editions. The note as it now stands was added in an Appendix to the said Quarto.

39. Verse 299.

In the first edition:

True to the bottom * * * and * * * creep.

The MS. supplies "Roome" and "Whatley."

Concanen died of consumption in England in 1738, after his return from Jamaica. He was one of Warburton's associates before the latter became the champion of Pope.

3 *r*. VERSE 304.

These lines were not in the early editions. They were added in 1742, when Pope's political feelings were intensely bitter against the Ministry and all its supporters. Compare Epilogue to Satires, i. 84, Vol. iii. p. 465.

3 *s*. VERSE 309.

So Juvenal, Satire x. 219, where Dryden renders:

Ask ye their names, I sooner could relate.—WAKEFIELD.

3 *t*. VERSE 312.

"The signature to one of the Ministerial Papers being 'F. Osborne, Esq.' (who was the eldest and gravest of their writers), his antagonists made an old woman of the author, and nicknamed him Mother Osborne."—DR. MATEY'S note to Chesterfield's Paper, Fog's Journal, 376. The person referred to was one Thomas Pitt, who, John Nichols the Antiquary says, "was for a time the oracle of a political circle in George's Coffee House, Temple Bar, giving 'his little senate laws.'" (Literary Anecdotes, iii. 649.)

3 *u*. VERSE 314.

A most felicitous parody on Virg. Æn. ii. 325:

Fuimus Troes; *fuit* Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.—WAKEFIELD.

3 *x*. VERSE 315.

In the first edition this passage was applied to Welsted. Arnall appears in the 4to of 1735. His name was no doubt substituted for the same reason that the gazetteers were introduced. Compare Epilogue to Satires, ii. 129.

3 *y*. VERSE 323.

It having been invidiously insinuated that by this title was meant a truly great Prelate, as respectable for his defence of the present balance of power in the *civil* constitution, as for his opposition to no power at all, in the *religious*; I owe so much to the memory of my deceased friend as to declare that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this insinuation, he called it vile and malicious, as any candid man, he said, might understand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the poem.—WARBURTON. It was imagined he meant Bishop Sherlock, whom Bolingbroke attacks so violently in the Dissertation on Parties, for defending the measures of Sir Robert Walpole, who was Sherlock's contemporary at Eton College, and who used to relate, that when some of the scholars, going to bathe in the Thames, stood shivering on the bank, Sherlock plunged in immediately over his head and ears.—WARTON.

This couplet first appears in the edition of 1743. "His ponderous Grace" was perhaps meant for the Archbishop of Canterbury, whether Wake, who died in 1737, or Potter, who was Archbishop in 1743, and who had published some ponderous editions of Greek authors. I think the meaning is that Walpole—the "one Layman"—succeeded in diving even deeper in flattery than Sherlock and the Archbishop. Sherlock had used his influence at

Court against Walpole in the Mortmain Bill of 1736, but Walpole's arts prevailed, and Sherlock, with other Bishops, afterwards made their peace with the Minister, perhaps with "holy envy" of his powers as a courtier. Sherlock afterwards spoke strongly against Whitehead and Dodsley in the House of Lords, on an occasion when Pope was doubtless aimed at. The "compliment" Pope referred to in his conversation with Warburton is in ver. 204 of Book iii.; as to which see Editor's Note *v v* on that place.

3*z*. VERSE 342.

From Milton's Arcades:

> Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice
> Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse.

4*a*. VERSE 349.

Luke Milbourn is said to have been educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was Rector of St. Ethelburga within Bishopsgate, and died 1720. For his criticism on Dryden's Translation of Virgil, see Johnson's Life of Dryden.

4*b*. VERSE 350.

Surcingle, *i.e.*, the hood worn over the surplice.

4*c*. VERSE 352.

Compare Dryden's Prologue to "Troilus and Cressida:"

> Dulness is decent in the Church and State.

4*d*. VERSE 358.

So Dryden in "Hind and Panther":

> Those Swisses fight on any side for pay.

This passage was first introduced in the edition of 1743. Pope's feelings against the clergy were probably embittered by Bolingbroke (see note to ver. 323), and by the indirect attack made on him by Sherlock in the House of Lords.

4*e*. VERSE 359.

It is observable that in all the editions up to 1743 the procession moves through Ludgate into the City (compare Pope's note to ver. 270), but in the text as it stands they are made to retrace their steps, and to move back in the direction of the Strand from which they had started.

Lud Gate stood till 1761, when the Corporation took it down, with all the other gates but Newgate, in order to obtain a freer current of air for the City.

4*f*. VERSE 370.

This was the first reading. Pope afterwards filled in the name as "Henley," and added a note to what is now ver. 400. "This is scandalously said by Curll, Key to Dunciad, to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop. But the context shows it to be meant of a famous public orator, not more remarkable for his long-winded periods, than his disaffection to Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, and to the doctrine that Christ's kingdom is of this world." Pope's real meaning is shown by a note in his MS.: "The reverend author of the London Journals subscribed Britannicus in the year ——, in accusation and invective against Bishop Atterbury, after his sentence was executed in the year ——." Warburton, in 1751, restored "H—ley's," and suppressed the misleading note. Compare Second Versification of

Donne, v. 73. John Hoadley was born 1676, and died in 1761. He was made Bishop of Bangor in 1715, and afterwards Bishop, successively, of Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester.

4 *g*. VERSE 379.

At first "Three Cambridge Sophs;" and more properly, as, I believe, the term is not used at Oxford; but he was desirous, no doubt, of avoiding a more particular reflection.—WAKEFIELD.

4 *h*. VERSE 385.

Mum was a kind of strong beer made in Brunswick. It was made from wheat malt, seven bushels oatmeal and ground beans, one bushel, and sixty-three gallons of water. Philips, in his "Cyder," speaks of

> The Belgæ sedulous and stout,
> With mugs of fattening mum.

4 *i*. VERSE 398.

So Dryden, in his translation of Ovid. Met. x.:

> And raised his tardy head which sunk again;
> And sinking on his bosom, knocked his chin.

"Potent Arthur" has a double meaning, referring in the first place to Blackmore's poem of Prince Arthur, and next to Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons in 1728. Compare Second Versification of Donne, ver. 71. Pope doubtless alludes to Budgell's attempts to obtain a seat in the English House of Commons, on which he spent thousands of pounds in vain.

4 *k*. VERSE 399.

John Toland, born in 1669, died 1722. His pamphlet entitled "Pantheisticon" was published in 1705. Matthew Tindal was born in 1657 and died 1733. His name is coupled again with Toland's in Book IV. 212, and Pope also mentions him in Imitation of Horace, Epistles, Book i. Ep. 6, 65. His "Rights of a Christian Church" was published in 1706. By "Earl S——," in his note, the poet doubtless means Earl Stanhope. His statement is probably inaccurate. In 1717 Tindal wrote a pamphlet called "The Defection Considered," but this was directed not against Stanhope (then Mr. Secretary Stanhope), but against Walpole and Townshend, who had recently seceded from the Whig Ministry, leaving Stanhope at the head of affairs. A vindicatory reply to this pamphlet was written by "R—— W——, Esq.," presumably Robert Walpole, though the real author is said by Tindall's anonymous biographer in 1733 to have been Daniel Defoe.

4 *l*. VERSE 400.

Alluding to Hoadley's sermon, "On the Nature of Christ's Kingdom," preached in 1717, which gave rise to the Bangorian Controversy, so called because the preacher then occupied the see of Bangor.

4 *m*. VERSE 406 (Note).

Warburton's note is absurd, as the lines in the text appeared in the

edition of 1728, before the Essay on Man was written. The passage is, however, a parody of a passage in Pope's own poems :

> "As on the pure expanse of crystal lakes,
> The sinking stone at first a circle makes."
> *Temple of Fame*, 436.

Oddly enough, the first parody on these lines, which suggested the one in the text, appeared in a libel on Pope. The lines are not quotable, but the curious in such matters may find them in Æsop's Bear Garden (1715).

4 *n*. VERSE 411.

Mrs. Centlivre (born 1667, died 1723) is best known as the authoress of "The Busy-body" and the "Wonder a Woman keeps a Secret," which long kept possession of the stage. Her life was romantic. She ran away when a girl from her home, and lived under the protection of Anthony Hammond—father of the poet—at Cambridge, disguising herself as a boy. She was married twice before her last marriage with Centlivre, first to a nephew of Sir Stephen Fox, and secondly to Mr. Caroll, an officer who was killed in a duel. Being left destitute on the death of the latter, she maintained herself by writing for the stage. Centlivre fell in love with her after seeing her act at Windsor, in the "Rival Queens," and married her in 1706. Curll, in his Key to the Dunciad, says that the ballad which Pope ascribes to her was really written by Oldmixon. She was one of the four poetesses whom Pope named to Lord Peterborough, as possible originals of Sappho in the First Imitation of Horace. See Introduction to that Satire in vol. iii. p. 279.

4 *o*. VERSE 412.

In the first authorised edition :

> Old James himself unfinished left his tale.

Peter Motteux, though by birth a Frenchman, was successful as a dramatist on the English stage. He translated Don Quixote and Rabelais. He was also an extensive tea-dealer in Leadenhall Street, and there is a curious letter written by him in the Spectator (No. 288), in which he alludes to his two different occupations. Pope mentions his loquacity again in the Second Versification of Donne, v. 50. He was found dead, March 24, 1717-18, in a house of ill-fame in Star Court, Butcher Row, near Temple Bar.

4 *p*. VERSE 413.

A. Boyer, born at Castres, in Upper Languedoc, in 1667. He came to England as a Protestant refugee, and published a History of King William in three volumes, Annals of Queen Anne in eleven vols., State Trials, &c. He died in Chelsea, 1729.

William Law, well-known in Pope's time as a controversialist. Among other antagonists he encountered with great skill and logical power, Mandeville, who is here classed with him as a dunce. He is still known by Dr. Johnson's praises, and by his "Serious Call to a Devout Life." In his latter days he became a mystic, but Warburton's insinuation that he advocated Atheistic principles is quite unwarrantable. He died in 1761. His book against the stage was entitled "The Absolute Unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment fully Demonstrated." It was published in 1726.

4 *q*. VERSE 414.

Morgan was a Dissenting minister in Bristol, author of "The Moral Philosopher," published in 1737. It was a dialogue between Philalethes, a Christian Deist, and Theophanes, a Christian Jew, maintaining the superiority of Reason over Revelation.

Bernard Mandeville, author of the famous Fable of the Bees. He died in 1733. In spite of Pope's contemptuous mention of Mandeville, he was evidently impressed by his reasoning, or found it convenient for his poetical purposes. See introductory remarks to the Third Moral Essay. The names in this line underwent considerable alteration.

In the first edition, the verse was :

Nor * * * nor S—— whispered more.

Over the asterisks in the MS. he wrote Kelsal (Kelsey?), and he filled up the blank "Selkirk."

In 1729 :

Nor Motteux talked, nor Naso whispered more.

In 1735 :

Nor Kelsey talked, nor Naso, &c. ;

which remained till 1743, when the present reading was substituted.

4 *r*. VERSE 415.

The name of Ostrœa, meaning an oyster-wench, is borrowed from Gay's Trivia, iii. 185 :

Be sure observe where brown Ostrœa stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Walfleet sands.

In the preface to the "Author to Let," by Savage, the writer asks, "Had it not been an honester livelihood for Mr. Norton (Daniel Defoe's son of love by a lady who vended oysters), to have dealt in a fish-market than to be dealing out the dialects of Billingsgate in the Flying Post?"

4 *s*. VERSE 418.

Creech in his translation of the story of Lucretia from Ovid, Fast. ii. :

And all was hushed as Nature's self lay dead.—WAKEFIELD.

4 *t*. VERSE 424.

Round-house, *i.e.*, the "lock-up" of the period.

4 *u*. VERSE 425.

In the first authorised edition :

How Laurus lay inspired beside a sink ;

i.e., Lawrence Eusden, the "parson much bemused in beer," of Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 15. Gray says in a letter to Mason, that Eusden "set out well in life, but afterwards turned out a drunkard, and besotted his faculties away." He died in 1730.

4 *x*. VERSE 427.

The Fleet was used as a prison for debtors as early as the time of Richard I.

BOOK III.

a. VERSE 8.

OGILBY'S version of the passage imitated from Virgil is :

When wondrous shapes of fleeting forms appear,
He talks with Gods, and doth strange language hear.

Prior in his Simile :

In noble songs and lofty odes,
We tread on stars, and talk with Gods.—WAKEFIELD.

b. VERSE 12.

Compare this passage with Ariosto's description of the varieties of human folly stored in the Moon. Canto xxxiv. 74.

Le lacrime e i sospiri degli amanti,
L' inutil tempo che si perde a giuoco,
E l' ozio lungo d'uomini ignoranti,
Vani disegni che non han mai loco
I vani desideri sono tanti,
Che la piu parte ingombran di quel loco.
Cio che in somma quaggiù perdesti mai,
Lassu salendo ritrovar potrai.

c. VERSE 19.

John Taylor was born at Gloucester in 1580 and died in 1653. He held the post of Royal Waterman, and was noted for the vehemence of his loyalty as well as for his doggerel verse.

d. VERSE 21.

Benlowes' taste ay be inferred from the titles of his books : "Papa perstrictus (Echo) ictus," "Sphinx theologica, sive Musica templi ubi Discordia concors : in tres decades totidemque libros divisa," "Oxonii Encomium (On Oxford the Muses' Paradise)." The poems in the last-named work are subscribed thus : "B e n e v o l u s"
1 2 3 8 6 5 4 7 9.

e. VERSE 22.

He took the hint from Dryden's Mac-Flecknoe :

His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding, seemed to consecrate his head.—WAKEFIELD.

Thomas Shadwell was born in 1640 of a good Staffordshire family, and was educated at Caius College, Cambridge. He was made Laureate after Dryden had been deprived of the post in 1688, and died in 1692. His comedies were once much in vogue, and Rochester says of him :

Of all our modern wits none seem to me
Once to have touched upon true comedy,
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.

He is satirised by Dryden as Og in "Absalom and Achitophel," as well as in Mac-Flecknoe.

f. VERSE 28.

William Mears and Daniel Browne had shops near Temple Bar. Dunton speaks well of the latter.

g. VERSE 34.

For fuller particulars about John Ward see note to Moral Essay, iii. 20.

h. VERSE 36.

An imitation of Homer, Il. iii. 226 :

ἀνὴρ ἠΰς τε μέγας τε
ἐξοχος Ἀργείων κεφαλήν τε καὶ εὐρέας ὤμους.

And Settle's size is thus intimated by our poet's master in his "Absalom and Achitophel," part ii. :

Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
Fit for thy bulk : do anything but write.—WAKEFIELD.

After Settle's death in 1724 he was thus described in the "True Briton," of 19th February : "He was a man of tall stature, red face, short black hair, lived in the city, and had a numerous poetical issue, but shared the misfortune of several other gentlemen to survive them all."

i. VERSE 37.

Elkanah Settle was the son of Joseph Settle of Dunstable. He was born in 1648, and was entered as a Commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1666, but left it the following year, and came to London to seek his fortune in literature. He died, in great poverty, in 1724. For the battles between him and Dryden over "The Empress of Morocco" and "The Conquest of Granada," see Johnson's Life of Dryden.

k. VERSE 40.

From Horace, Carmen Seculare, 9 :

Alme Sol, curru nitido diem qui
Promis et celas, aliusque et idem
Nasceris.

l. VERSE 43.

A recollection of Virgil, Æn. vi. 391 :

Corpora viva nefas Stygiâ vectare carinâ.—WAKEFIELD.

m. VERSE 50.

In the edition of 1729, there was a reference to Book i. 23, in which place this note was originally printed, with the following variation : "Though each of these nations produced one of the greatest wits and greatest generals of their age." He refers, in the case of Bœotia, to Pindar and Epaminondas ; in the case of Ireland, to Swift and the Duke of Ormonde.

n. VERSE 56.

Pope told Spence that this couplet was taken word for word from a poem on Deucalion, written when he was twelve years old.—SPENCE's Anecdotes, p. 24.

o. VERSE 70.

These are excellent verses indeed, and may owe some obligations to a very animated and polished passage in Tickell's "Prospect of Peace:"

> Now o'er his head the Polar Bear he spies,
> And freezing spangles of the Lapland skies;
> Now swells his canvas to the sultry line,
> With glittering spoils where Indian grottoes shine,
> Where fumes of incense glad the southern seas,
> And wafted citron scents the balmy breeze.—WAKEFIELD.

p. VERSE 88.

Johnson was told that Pope said this was the couplet which in all his works most gratified his own ear.

q. VERSE 90.

> A multitude like which the populous North
> Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
> Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
> Came like a deluge on the South.—*Paradise Lost*, i. 351.

r. VERSE 92.

These barbarians are well characterised. For "Alaric's stern port," compare Gibbon's account of that conqueror before Rome in 409: "*He* then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome: *all* the gold and silver in the city, whether it were the property of the state, or of individuals; *all* the rich and precious moveables; and *all* the slaves who could prove their title to the name of *barbarians*. The ministers of the Senate presumed to ask in a modest and suppliant tone, 'If such, O king! are your demands, what do you intend to leave us?' 'Your lives!' replied the haughty conqueror they trembled and retired." Genseric, King of the Vandals, is said by Gibbon "to have been of middle stature, with a lameness in one leg, which he had contracted by an accidental fall from his horse." He is described by Jornandes in his De rebus Gesticis, as "luxuriæ contemptor." Attila's dread name was "the Scourge of God."

s. VERSE 94.

The history in this couplet is not quite accurate. The *Visigoths* under Alaric invaded Latium in A.D. 408 and 409, and, under Alaric's brother-in-law Adolphus, established themselves in Gaul in 412, but they did not invade Spain. The Ostrogoths invaded neither Latium, Spain, nor Gaul. It was the Vandals and Alans who in 409 overran Gaul and Spain.

t. VERSE 100.

A modification of his exemplar Dryden, Epistle xiv.:

> Long time the sister arts, in iron sleep,
> A heavy Sabbath did supinely keep.—WAKEFIELD.

u. VERSE 104.

He probably means that Bacon trembled lest the stories told about his making a brazen head for the purposes of magic, should be gravely accepted against him as good evidence. Bacon had a belief in judicial astrology, but the tale about the brazen head has been transferred to him from Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, of whom it was originally told.

x. VERSE 106.

Pope's meaning in this line is obscure. How could the Antipodes in the time of Pope Gregory I. have known anything of the burning of Virgil, when Gregory himself did not know of the existence of Antipodes?

y. VERSE 108.

Compare Epistle to Addison, ver. 11—14.

z. VERSE 110.

The medieval belief was that Moses, after descending from Sinai, had horns on his head. The error began with St. Jerome in the Vulgate, the Hebrew word for "ray" being also the word for "horn," and being translated adjectivally "cornutus."

aa. VERSE 118.

After vehement controversies the method of calculating Easter was finally settled at the First Council of Nicæa in A.D. 196. Pope's note is not to be taken literally.

bb. VERSE 125.

Suggested by Virgil, Eclogue i.:

Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.

cc. VERSE 136.

For the fate of Grub Street, see B. iii. 311, and note.

dd. VERSE 142.

He refers to the shameless Theophilus Cibber. The justice of the satire received a striking illustration in 1738, in the action brought by Theophilus Cibber against Mr. Sloper for adultery with his wife. He was born in 1703, and was drowned in 1757 while passing over to Ireland.

ee. VERSE 146.

He appears to have consulted Dryden's translation of the verses parodied with so much humour:

Ah! couldst thou break through fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.—WAKEFIELD.

ff. VERSE 147.

A more immediate parody perhaps of Smith's poem on the death of J. Philips:

Thee, Philips, thee despairing Vaga mourns,
And gentle Isis soft complaints returns.—WAKEFIELD.

gg. VERSE 148.

It seems doubtful whether the word "gill-house" should be understood as meaning a house where gill—as distinguished from ale—was sold, gill being beer impregnated with ground ivy; or whether it signifies an inferior kind of ale-house where beer was sold by the gill. In the latter case he would seem to mean that Ward's fate would be lamented in all public-houses, down to the lowest gin-shop. Oldys says that Ward kept a public-house first in Moorfields, afterwards in Clerkenwell, and lastly a punch-house in Fulwood Rents, within one door of Gray's Inn.

hh. VERSE 150.

Giles Jacob was born in 1686, and died 8th of May, 1744.

ii. VERSE 151.

William Popple was the colleague of Aaron Hill in conducting a newspaper called "The Prompter," and was the author of two plays, called "The Lady's Revenge," and "The Double Deceit," and also of a translation of Horace's Ars Poetica. He was a clerk in the Cofferer's Office, and was, in 1737, made Solicitor and Clerk of the Reports to the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations. In 1745 he was made Governor of Bermudas. He died on 8th of February, 1764. It is not unlikely that he had offended Pope as a theatrical critic, perhaps by strictures on "Three Hours after Marriage."

kk. VERSE 152.

Horneck was Solicitor to the Treasury, a post in which he was succeeded by Roome, who was his friend. The latter was joint author with Sir W. Yonge and Concanen of "The Jovial Crew," for which see Moral Essay, ii. 79. He died 10th December, 1729.

ll. VERSE 154.

Barnham Goode was a native of Maldon in Surrey, elected from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, in 1691, B.A. in 1695. He was an under-master at Eton.

mm. VERSE 156.

Borrowed from two lines of Young's "Universal Passion:"

> Is there a wit who chants the reigning lass,
> And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?—WARTON.

nn. VERSE 165.

A. Philips, in his letter from Copenhagen:

> The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
> And to the moon in icy vallies howl.—WAKEFIELD.

Ralph was a friend of Benjamin Franklin, and came with him from America, where he left his wife and children. He is said to have married again in England. As a party writer he was very successful, and managed to obtain a pension of £600 a year. The editor of Lord Melcombe's Diary says that he put himself up to auction to the two contending factions of the Duke of Bedford and the Pelhams, and was bought by the latter. He died at Chiswick, January 24, 1762, of a fit of the gout.

oo. VERSE 169.

He calls Beer his inspirer, in reference to a passage in Welsted's poem, Οἰκογραφία, in which he laments to the Duke of Dorset, his patron, that his cellar is empty of wine, and indeed the allusions to drinking in Welsted's poems are frequent. The satire upon his style in these lines is admirably just and pointed. On the other hand, the story about the £500 is a slander. Nichols, in his sketch of Welsted's Life, says that the latter received the money from the Treasury for Steele, and paid it to him.

pp. VERSE 178.

From Dryden's version of the verses in the Æneid, expressly parodied:

Embrace again, my sons; be foes no more,
Nor stain your country with your children's gore.—WAKEFIELD.

He also remembered the Epilogue to Dryden's "All for Love:"

We wonder how the devil this difference grows,
Betwixt our fools in verse, and yours in prose.
For, faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis civil war with their own flesh and blood.

He had previously introduced the second line of the couplet in the Prologue to "Three Hours after Marriage:"

Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor,
But fool 'gainst fool is barbarous civil war.

The allusion is ironical, and refers to the statement of Dennis, quoted in the "Testimonies of Authors" (p. 72), that he had not written *in concert* with Gildon.

qq. VERSE 184.

In the first edition:

Behold yon pair in strict embraces joined,
How like their manners, and how like their mind!
Famed for good nature, B——, and for truth,
D—— for pious passion to the youth,
Equal in wit, &c.

Thomas Burnet, third son of the Bishop, was appointed Consul at Lisbon in 1718. He was afterwards made Justice of the Common Pleas. He died in 1753. George Duckęt was gazetted Commissioner of Excise, June 16, 1728.

rr. VERSE 186.

So Gay, in his Epistle to our Poet, stanza 18:

O, Wanley, whence com'st thou with shortened hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent.—WAKEFIELD.

ss. VERSE 188.

Hearne was not hurt by this satire. He died in 1735 (aged 55), and was buried in St. Peters'-in-the East, Oxford, with an inscription written by himself: "Here lyeth the body of Thomas Hearne, M.A., who studied and preserved antiquities."

tt. VERSE 199 (Note).

The Oratory Transactions to which Pope alludes in his note, were published by Henley as written "By Mr. Welstede." Henley misspelt the name to save himself if Welsted should call him to account. Pope must of course have been aware that the book was not really by Welsted. John Henley, born 1692, was educated among the Dissenters. He says in his Oratory Transactions, that one bar to his obtaining church preferment was the fact that he "introduced regular action into the pulpit." His "Hyp-Doctor" was started to counteract the "Craftsman." The origin of the name is accounted for by Chalmers in the preface to his edition of the Spectator, where many anecdotes of Henley are given: "He went to Sir R. Walpole, represented himself as a man who could do great service to the State, and hinted that it would be wise to employ him. Sir Robert declined the offer in very polite terms, and Henley left the room with a threat

that 'he could wield a pen.' On recollection, the minister thought it might be proper to stop this writer's opposition by a small salary, and called after him from the top of the stair-case, 'Hyp! Doctor!' promised him his support, and immediately Hyp-Doctor No. 1 made its appearance." Henley was the writer of the letter signed 'Peter de Quir,' in Spectator, No. 396, and of that signed 'Tom Tweer,' in No. 518."

u u. VERSE 203.

From Juvenal, vii. 82:

> Curritur ad vocem jucundam, et carmen amicæ
> Thebaidos, lætam fecit cum Statius urbem,
> Promisitque diem. Tantâ dulcedine captos
> Afficit ille animos, tantâque libidine vulgi
> Auditur: sed, cum *fregit subsellia versu*,
> Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.

v v. VERSE 204.

In the first edition: K——, Br——, W——, perhaps "Kennet, Bramston Warren." In the 12mo of 1729, the blanks are filled up, "Ken net, Hare, and Gibson," while in 1743 (Warburton's edition) the line is altered to the present reading. It is probable that Pope intended to sneer a the Bishops named for their ineffective preaching. He disliked them all, and is therefore not likely to have paid them a compliment. But see Editor's Note to Book ii. v. 323.

x x. VERSE 208.

> Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
> Ægyptus portenta colat? . . . .
> Effigies sacri nitet aurea cercopitheci.—Juv. Sat. xv. 1.

y y. VERSE 212.

For Toland and Tindal see Editor's Note to Book ii. 399.

Woolston received sentence for blasphemy on Nov. 28, 1729.

Swift, in his Ode on his own Death, speaks of Woolston's popularity, and pretends that he was favoured by the Court:

> Here's Woolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
> 'Tis read by every politician.
> The country members when in town,
> To all their boroughs send them down;
> You never read a thing so smart;
> The courtiers have them all by heart:
> Those Maids of Honour who can read
> Are taught to use them for their creed.
> The reverend author's good intention
> Has been rewarded with a pension.
> He does an honour to his gown
> By bravely running priest-craft down.
> He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
> That Moses was a grand impostor.
> That all his miracles were cheats
> Performed as jugglers do their feats.
> The Church had never such a writer;
> A shame he has not got a mitre!

z z. VERSE 219.

i.e.: Content *that* each emanation, &c.,—are given for you to hate.

3 a. VERSE 224.

Roscoe thinks that these lines are serious, and, if they are, it is rather difficult to see why they should have been put into the mouth of Dulness. Pope, however, seems to intend a reflection on the age, which, he

implies, is tolerant, of libel though severe upon blasphemy. Dulness argues: "Abuse and injure God's creatures in any way you choose, but beware how you take His name in vain. Blasphemy may cost you your ears."

3 *b*. VERSE 232.

"Goodman often came to a Rehearsal for amusement, and having sat out The Orphan the day before, in a conversation with some of the principal actors, enquired what new young fellow that was whom he had seen in The Chaplain? Upon which Montford replied, 'That's he behind you.' Goodman, then turning about, looked earnestly at me, and after some pause, clapping me on the shoulder, rejoined, 'If he does not make a good actor, I'll be d—d.'"—COLLEY CIBBER'S Apology, chap. vi. Goodman was one of the elder school of actors who flourished towards the end of the 17th century. He was a favourite of the Duchess of Cleveland. One of his most celebrated parts was "Julius Cæsar." Some characteristic anecdotes of him may be found in Cibber's Apology, chap. xii.

3 *c*. VERSE 233.

Doctor Faustus was first made the subject of a pantomime by Thurmond, a dancing-master, who brought out the piece at Drury Lane in the early part of 1723-4. Rich then produced his rival pantomime, the Necromancer, or Doctor Faustus, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, in Dec. 1723.

The following is a contemporary description of the pantomime:—"At the drawing of the curtain, Dr. Faustus's study is discovered; the Doctor enters, pricks his finger, and with the blood signs a contract. It thunders, and a devil riding on a fiery dragon flies swiftly across the stage: the devil alights, receives the contract, and embraces Dr. Faustus, delivers him a wand, and vanishes. Two countrymen and women enter to be told their fortunes; the Doctor waves his wand, and four pictures turn out of the scenes opposite to the country-people, representing a judge, a soldier, a dressed lady, and a lady in a riding-habit: Dr. Faustus, by his action, shows them they are to be what is represented in those pictures. The scene changes, and discovers the outside of a handsome house, the two men and women enter, as returning home; as they are going off the Doctor seizes the two women; the countrymen return to rescue their wives; the Doctor waves his wand, four devils enter, the men are frighted, run up the steps of the house, clap their backs against the door, the front of the house immediately turns, and the husbands are thrown out of the stage; the wives remain with the Doctor, and at the same instant the machine turns, a supper ready dressed rises swiftly up, and a devil is transformed into an agreeable shape, who dances while they are regaling, and then vanishes. The husbands appear at the window threatening the Doctor, who by art magic have large horns affixed to their heads, that they can neither get out nor in. Dr. Faustus and the women go out; he beckons the table and it follows him off. The scene changes to the street. Punch, Scaramouch, and Pierrot enter in scholars' gowns and caps; they are invited into the Doctor's house by a devil: they enter and the scene changes to the inside of the house. The Doctor receives them kindly, and invites them to sit down to a bottle of wine; as they are drinking the table rises, upon which they start back affrighted. Then the spirit of Helen rises in a chair of state with a canopy over her; she entertains them with a dance, goes to her seat again, and sinks. While the scholars are drinking, the Doctor waves his wand, and large Asses' ears appear at once

upon each of their heads. They join in a dance, each pointing and laughing at the others; the Doctor follows them out, pointing and laughing at them all."—Exact description of the two famed Entertainments of Harlequin Doctor Faustus and the Necromancer. Printed for T. Payne, at the Crown in Stationers' Court.

3 *d*. VERSE 237.

Theobald's "Rape of Proserpine" was acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1725.

3 *e*. VERSE 248.

Theobald wrote several farces besides the "Rape of Proserpine." Probably the one referred to was called "Harlequin Sorcerer."

3 *f*. VERSE 256.

This passage was probably suggested by Addison's paper in the Spectator, No. 592: "I look upon the play-house as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder, which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed and more voluminous; not to mention a great storm locked up in a chest that is designed for the tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets cut and shredded for that use."

3 *g*. VERSE 261.

John Rich, long the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, of whom Davies, in his Life of Garrick, i. 369, says: "Mr. Rich was not only a very artful contriver of that kind of stage entertainment called pantomime, but an admirable actor of Harlequin, the principal character in it. Nor can we boast of any one man who has during the space of fifty years approached to his excellencies in that part; his gesticulation was so perfectly expressive of his meaning, that every motion of his hand or head, or of any part of his body, was a kind of dumb eloquence that was readily understood by the audience. Mr. Garrick's action was not more perfectly adapted to his characters than Mr. Rich's attitudes and movements to varied employment of the wooden sword of the magician. His taking leave of Columbine in one or two of his pantomimes, was at once graceful and affecting."

3 *h*. VERSE 267.

From Milton's Paradise Lost, viii. 248:

> She in a cloudy tabernacle,
> Sojourned the while.

3 *i*. VERSE 270.

i.e., the two theatres in Drury Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields, from whose rivalry these exhibitions first arose. For an account of the competition between them, see Cibber's Life, chap. xv. He calls pantomime "poetical drams," and "gin-shops of the stage."

3 *k*. VERSE 282.

The monthly wars in the Artillery Ground, *i.e.* the drill and exercises of the Train-bands. The Artillery Ground was between Moorfields and Bunhill Fields, where is now Finsbury Square. The Train-bands, which were first recruited at the time of the Spanish Armada, were by no means the despicable troops that they are made to appear. Lord Clarendon, in his History of the Rebellion, gives a fine account of the stubborn stand they made against Prince Rupert's horse at the battle of Newbury.

3 *l*. VERSE 284.

As to the ceremony of Pope-burning, see Moral Essays, iii. 214, and note. Settle, as the City Poet, was the antagonist of Dryden, the poet of the Court.

3 *m*. VERSE 305.

The opera of Polifemo was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1738, the libretto being by Rolli.

3 *n*. VERSE 306.

He refers to Cibber's defects of voice. Cibber says of himself ("Life," p. 148): "The first thing that enters into the head of a young actor is that of being a hero: in this ambition I was soon snubbed by the insufficiency of my voice."

3 *o*. VERSE 308.

Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.—Virg. Æn. vii. 312.

3 *p*. VERSE 310 (Note).

With reference to Pope's note on this verse it is fair to consider the plea that Booth advanced in extenuation of his subserviency to the public taste for raree shows and pantomime. Being complimented on one occasion on his performance in the character of Varanes, by some gentlemen, who at the same time expressed their surprise that he could afterwards act in such follies as Perseus and Andromeda, "he begged them," says Theophilus Cibber, "to consider that there were many more spectators than men of taste and judgment; and if by the artifice of pantomime they could entice a greater number to partake of a good play than could be drawn without it, he could not see any great harm in it."

3 *q*. VERSE 311.

Grub Street has fallen. It is now called Milton Street, not as has been supposed, because Milton was born there, but because Milton happened "to be the name of a very respectable carpenter, who has lately taken the lease of the whole street, and who is swayed by the very pardonable ambition of perpetuating the fact."—SOUTHEY's Common-place Book, vol. iv. p. 457.

3 *r*. VERSE 315.

He seems also to reflect on Congreve's opera of Semele, in which (Act iii. Sc. vii.) there is the following stage direction: "As the cloud which contains Jupiter is arrived just over the canopy of Semele, a sudden and great flash of lightning breaks forth, and a clap of loud thunder is heard; when at one instant Semele, with the palace and the whole present scene, disappears, and Jupiter reascends swiftly."

3 *s*. VERSE 320.

Our poet had his eye throughout on Dryden's translation of the passage alluded to in Virgil's 4th Eclogue :

> The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes,
> Renews its finished course ; Saturnian times
> Roll round again ; and mighty years, begun
> From their first orb, in radiant circles run. —WAKEFIELD.

3 *t*. VERSE 324.

Cibber was corrector of plays at Drury Lane Theatre. The author of "The Laureat" gives the following vivid description of him in that capacity : "Well, the day being come for reading, the corrector in his judicial capacity, and the other two being present, that is the court sitting (for the other two like m——rs in Chancery sat only for form's sake, and did not presume to judge), nodded to the author to open his manuscript. The author begins to read, in which if he failed to please the corrector, he would condescend sometimes to read it for him : when, if the play shook him very warmly, as it would if he found anything new in it in which he conceived he could particularly shine as an actor, he would lay down his pipe (for the Chancellor always smoked when he made a decree) and cry, 'By G—d, there is something in this : I do not know but it may do, but I will play such a part.' Well, when the reading was finished, he made his proper corrections, and sometimes without any propriety ; nay, frequently, he very much and very hastily maimed what he pretended to mend : but to all this the author must submit, or he would find his work postponed to another season, or perhaps *sine die*."

3 *u*. VERSE 325 (Note).

In the earlier editions the line was :

> B * * sole Judge of architecture sit.

of which the present note is explanatory. In 1737 Benson erected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey, and inscribed his own name on it as founder. Pope altered his satire in consequence of this. The statement in the note is not quite accurate. The Lords ordered on the 16th March, 1718 : "That the said Resolution (viz., one stating that Benson's representation was false) be laid before his Majesty by the Lords with white staves." On the 16th of April the Lord Chamberlain acquainted the House that the Resolution had been laid before the King, and that his Majesty had been pleased to make answer that he had given orders for Benson's suspension. Whereupon the Lords ordered, "That a humble address of thanks be presented to his Majesty."

3 *x*. VERSE 326.

Ambrose Philips was taken to Ireland by Bishop Boulter (for whom see Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 100) as his secretary. In December, 1726, he was made Secretary to the Lord Chancellor; and in September, 1734, Registrar of the Prerogative Court. This line occurs in an extract from a satire sent by Pope to Swift, in a letter dated October, 1725.

3 *y*. VERSE 327.

By the "new Whitehall," he probably means the Admiralty, which Ripley

then engaged in building. There may also be a reference to his own line Windsor Forest :

I see, I see a new Whitehall ascend,

s pointing ironically to the unexpected and unwelcome fulfilment of his phecy. For the cause of Pope's dislike of Ripley, see Moral Essay, iv. and note.

3 *z*. VERSE 328.

ompare Moral Essay, iv. 193.

4 *a*. VERSE 329.

ren was removed, through party malice, in 1718 from the surveyorship, ost which he had filled under six monarchs. But he did not die orrow. "When his patent was superseded this modest man retired is house at Hampton Court, saying only, 'Nunc me jubet fortuna ex- ius philosophari.' Accordingly he spent the greatest part of his last five in contemplation and studies, and principally in the contemplation of Holy Scriptures ; cheerful in solitude, and as well pleased to die in the as in the light."—J. Nichols' note to Tatler, No. 52.

4 *b*. VERSE 330.

e line has a double meaning, viz., that though unrewarded by the , Gay was rich in friends ; and that, with all his great friends, none em procured him the rewards he deserved. In this latter sense the s a reflection on Lady Suffolk. See Epistle to Arbuthnot, 256. The long on the Beggar's Opera is a pleasing proof of Pope's real affection for Gay, of his freedom from petty jealousy where his friends were concerned. e person who," as the note says, "acted Polly," was Lavinia Fenton, afterwards became the Duchess of Bolton. It was her pathetic way of ng :

For on the rope that hangs my dear,
Depends poor Polly's life,

secured the success of the piece.

4 *c*. VERSE 332.

all the editions before 1736 the couplet ran :

Hibernian politics, O Swift, thy doom,
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with Broome.

the translation of the Odyssey was finished, Broome was irritated Pope about his remuneration, and Pope with Broome, because the had told how many books he had translated and how little he had re- d. The result was the injurious couplet in the early editions of the iad. On 22nd Sept., 1735, Broome made advances towards Pope, which oet showed himself ready to meet, and a reconciliation was effected on nderstanding that Broome should publicly announce the amount which ad received from Pope for his translation, and that Pope should alter the et in the Dunciad, and omit the note. See the correspondence on the ct in Vol. iii. of this edition, 171—181. The change was made in the on of 1736.

BOOK IV.

a. VERSE 1.

I HAVE in a separate sheet in Pope's autograph the following note: "The invocation as it was first writ was thus:

> Yet, yet a moment one dim gleam of light
> Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night,
> Let there be darkness visible so long
> To sing your reign, and then absorb the song.—CROKER."

b. VERSE 3.

From Milton's Paradise Lost, Book i. 63.

> No light but rather darkness visible.

c. VERSE 6.

The poet had in his memory Milton's Sonnet, vii.:

> How soon hath *Time*, the subtle thief of youth,
> *Stol'n on his wings* my three and twentieth year—
> To that same lot however mean or high
> *Toward which Time leads me* and the will of Heaven.—WAKEFIELD.

d. VERSE 22.

Alluding to Atterbury, who was exiled by a Bill of Pains and Penalties; and perhaps also to Bolingbroke.

e. VERSE 26.

"His" referring to Logic, "her" to Rhetoric.

f. VERSE 28.

Judges and Bishops.

g. VERSE 30.

Compare Imitation of Horace, Book ii. Sat. 1.

h. VERSE 31.

The only authority for pronouncing the word Mathĕsis is Prudentius, Contra Symmachum, 893:

> Involvit Mathesi, magius impellit in artes.

i. VERSE 36 (Note).

It is evident that, in this note, he is thinking much more of his own satire than of the plays of which he speaks. The Opposition pretended that the Licensing Act of 1737 was the first step taken by Walpole to suppress all liberty of speech, but it was generally acknowledged that Pasquin and the farces at which the Play-house Bill was aimed had passed the bounds of the freedom proper to the stage.

j. VERSE 54.

A parody on a well-known Tory song by Durfey, beginning "Joy to great Cæsar!" See Sir J. Hawkins' History of Music, vol. v. p. 161.

k. VERSE 54.

'his seems to have reference to Senesino, who was the chief singer in ndel's operas from 1720 till 1729, after which date he quarrelled with ndel, and joined the opposition to him. Burney, in his History Music, says he was famous for his wonderful "Divisions." Dr. Byrom ins one of his poems with two lines which may have suggested Pope's:

> If Senesino do but rift,
> *O caro, caro!* that flat fifth.

l. VERSE 58.

'his line must be understood from the point of view of the speaker. ra finds the devotional music of the Church "dull," and the energetic ion of the tragic drama "ranting."

m. VERSE 61.

'his note refers to a passage in Bouhour's "Art of Criticism," in which logue, one of the speakers, having quoted an obscure rhapsody of a French acher, '"That is not intelligible," said Philanthus. "No!" replied loxus, "nor is it quite nonsense; but it is what we call Phœbus only." What, then, you make some difference between Phœbus and Gallimatias," wered Philanthus. "Yes," replied Eudoxus, "as thus: the Gallimatias within itself a deep obscurity without a reasonable sense, and Phœbus has ightness, which signifies, or seems to signify, something; there is a kind lustre in it, which, perhaps, is the reason of its being called Phœbus; but ietimes Phœbus becomes obscure, so far as not to be understood; then isense is joined to it, for you can see nothing but Brightness and Dark-s."' Bouhour's Art of Criticism, Dialogue iv. 'Gallimatias' is derived n καλη and ματία.

n. VERSE 70.

'After this period (1741) Handel, having been ruined by carrying on operas is own expense in opposition to the nobility, and unable to indemnify iself by the profits of his oratorios, went to Ireland, a measure which probably precipitated by the certain information he had received of the l of Middlesex having taken upon himself the troublesome office of *resario* of Italian operas, for the performance of which he had engaged the ig's Theatre in the Haymarket, and an almost entirely new band of gers from the Continent, with Galuppi to compose."—BURNEY'S History Music, iv. 445.

o. VERSE 88.

He means that the town dunce—marked by the toupee, or fashionable head-ssing—sneers at the college dunce in the gown; and the college dunce at town dunce. The toupee was a kind of fore-top by which the hair of wig was raised to a great height above the forehead.

p. VERSE 96.

'robably a stroke at Lord Halifax. Compare Epistle to Arbuthnot, 235—6, 248.

q. VERSE 97.

Most likely Bishop Kennett, who obtained his preferment in consequence of

his adulatory funeral sermon on the Duke of Devonshire. Compare Imitation of Horace, Ep. ii. 2, 229, and note.

r. VERSE 98.

i.e. from Eusden to Cibber. The former was made Laureate by the Duke of Newcastle, the latter by the Duke of Grafton.

s. VERSE 100.

I suppose by this worst sort of dunce he means poetasters like Lord Hervey.

t. VERSE 104.

Lord Hervey, praised by Dr. Conyers Middleton in his dedication to the Life of Cicero, published in 1741.

u. VERSE 105.

Sir Thomas Hanmer. Born in 1667, died in 1746. He was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1713 to 1715. Pope seems to have given him the name "Montalto," to describe his solemn and somewhat pompous demeanour. Sir C. Bunbury, his biographer, says: "Of the personal appearance and manners of Sir Thomas Hanmer, in his latter days, I have heard something from a yeoman at Mildenhall, whose father was one of his tenants. His description of the great man accorded well with the Montalto of Pope, and with the outward and visible signs of his character which may be gathered from other sources. My informant spoke of the baronet as a portly old gentleman, of a very stately carriage, accustomed to walk solemnly to church twice on every Sunday, followed by all his servants, and moving from his own gates to the porch of the church between two ranks of his tenants and adherents, who stood, hat in hand, bowing reverently low, while the great man acknowledged their salutations by a few words and a dignified condescension."—Life of Sir Thomas Hanmer, p. 95.

Sir Thomas had mentioned Pope in the Preface to his own edition of Shakespeare, together with Theobald, and had given the preference to the latter, though speaking with great admiration of Pope's genius. Pope was probably displeased with him on this account. Warburton, however, who was angry with the knight for forestalling his edition of Shakespeare, asserts that the lines were added out of friendship to himself. The note on this passage stating that the edition was to be published "at his [Sir T. H.'s] own expense," has reference to the following circumstances. Sir Thomas had written to Dr. Smith, the Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, on the 28th October, 1742: "As to my own particular, I have no aim to pursue in this affair; I propose neither honour, reward, nor thanks, and should be very well pleased to have the books remain upon their shelf in my own private closet. If it is thought they may be of use or pleasure to the public, I am willing to part with them out of my hands, and to add, for the honour of Shakespeare, some decorations and embellishments *at my own expense.*" After Hanmer's death it was intended to publish in an article in the "Biographia Britannica" all the correspondence about his edition of Shakespeare, whereby Warburton's conduct would have been represented in an unfavourable light. The Bishop caused the article to be suppressed, and published his own account of the transaction, which was as follows: "A bookseller in London, of the best reputation, had wrote me word that Sir Thomas Hanmer had been with him to propose his printing an edition of Shakespeare on the following conditions: of its being

pompously printed with cuts (as it afterwards was at Oxford) *at the expense of the said bookseller*, who besides should pay one hundred guineas, or some such sum, to a friend of his (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) who had transcribed the Glossary for him. When the bookseller would not deal with him on those terms, he appealed to the University of Oxford, and was at the expense of his purse in procuring cuts for his edition, and at the expense of his reputation in employing a number of my emendations, in the text, without my knowledge or consent; and this behaviour was what occasioned Mr. Pope's perpetuating the memory of the Oxford edition of the Shakespeare in the Dunciad." An account of the quarrel between Warburton and Hanmer may be found in Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 588. Johnson praises Hanmer as a critic.

x. VERSE 108.

As being of no *one* party.—WARBURTON. Sir Thomas Hanmer belonged to that section of the Tories which Bolingbroke calls "the Whimsicals," because they held aloof both from himself and Lord Oxford, and from the Whigs.

y. VERSE 110.

William Benson, Surveyor General, published in 1739, "Letters Concerning Poetical Translations, and Virgil's and Milton's Arts of Verse;" and in 1741, "A Prefatory Discourse to a New Edition of the Psalms of David, translated by A. Johnston." These are the two "crutches" to which Pope alludes in ver. 111. Arthur Johnston was born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen, in 1587, and died in 1641. He published in 1637 his "Psalmorum Davidis Paraphrasis Poetica," which was a translation of the Psalms into Latin Pentameters. Benson in his Preface compared this translation with Buchanan's, to the disadvantage of the latter. He dedicated his volume to the King, and hence Pope satirises him here for his obtrusive flattery.

z. VERSE 116.

i.e. the authorities of Oxford University, by whom the edition was published.

aa. VERSE 117.

Alluding to the gold tassels on the caps of the gentlemen commoners.

bb. VERSE 126.

The Soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.—Waller.
WARBURTON.

cc. VERSE 131.

Alluding to the monument erected to Butler, author of Hudibras, by Alderman Barber.—WARBURTON.

dd. VERSE 132.

Warton says that the Lord in question was his neighbour, Lord Radnor.

ee. VERSE 134.

From Juvenal, Sat. x.:

Et sibi consul
Ne placeat, servus curru portatur eodem.

ff. VERSE 139.

The spectre would probably be the ghost of Busby, head-master of Westminster School from 1648 to 1695.

gg. VERSE 144.

A reminiscence of his own Translation of Il. xvi. 672 :

> Troy at the loss through all her legions shook.

hh. VERSE 146.

In the edition of 1742 :

> All flesh is humbled, youth's bold courage cools,
> Each shuddering owns the genius of the schools.

ii. VERSE 166.

Westminster Hall and the House of Commons.—WARBURTON.

kk. VERSE 170.

Of the four orators mentioned, Murray and Pulteney were educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, Wyndham at Eton and Christ Church, and Talbot at Oriel College, Oxford. Pope seems in this passage to be satirising the practice of Latin verse composition encouraged in the Public schools and the Universities.

ll. VERSE 174.

I think it fully certain that Pope alluded to the following passage in South's Sermon against prolixity of prayer: "In fine, brevity and succinctness of speech is that which in philosophy or speculation we call maxim and wisdom, and the deep mysteries of religion, oracle; and lastly, in matters of wit and the finenesses of imagination, epigram. All of these severally and in their kinds, the greatest and the noblest things that the mind of man can show the force and dexterity of its faculties in." (South's Sermons, ii. 128, ed. of 1710). It is clear that the writer of the note could not have read the original passage, which it misrepresents, for neither Pope in his satire, nor South in his sermon, allude to an epic poem, nor to the syllogistic phrase by which Warburton's ingenuity endeavoured to find some excuse for an absurdity which he could not understand."—CROKER.

mm. VERSE 178.

Referring to James I.'s pedantry and to his pusillanimous disposition, with a side glance at the peace policy of the Ministry.

nn. VERSE 188.

Warton, in a note on these lines, exclaims: "The doctrines of true Whiggism, as it is called, were never placed in a stronger light, or set off in more forcible language. What will the disciples of Hobbes or Filmer say to this passage?" If any of this obsolete sect had survived to Warton's time, they might have answered that at least it was very absurd of him to suppose that Pope meant to extol the principles of Whiggism. Pope belonged to the political school of Bolingbroke, who was equally severe on the old system of Government by Prerogative, and the new Whig or Walpolian system of "Government by Corruption." As far as these verses and their explanatory notes advance a general principle of politics, they appear to have a republican tendency. But in fact the "dulness" and the "arbitrary sway" aimed at in verses 181, 182, refer to George II.; and the universities are attacked for their subserviency to the arbitrary Hanoverian *régime*.

oo. ERSE 192.

›r, with great propriety, hath made these, who were so *prompt*, of Dulness, to become preachers of the divine right of kings, *riends* of *Aristotle;* for this philosopher, in his *politics*, hath ı as a principle, that some men were, by nature, made to serve ɔ command.—WARBURTON.

loes not defend Absolute Monarchy on theoretical principles; he ıt experience proves it to be the form of government best suited to ›ns. See his Politics, Book iii., c. 12.

pp. VERSE 194.

note is of course an allusion to the dispute between himself and hurch wits about the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris.

qq. VERSE 196.

ys, "Whatever might have been the case in the year 1703, certain Locke's Essay has been universally read and recommended ›ove fifty years last past."

rr. VERSE 198.

ırgersdyk, born in 1590, Professor of Logic and Moral Philosophy versity of Leyden, died 1629. His "Logic" is still referred ›atise on Ethics, "Idea Philosophiæ Moralis," was published y in 1644.

ss. VERSE 200.

on this verse means, of course, by the reference to the "skill ›n" of Magdalen and Clare Hall, that the authorities of these › prominent in the quarrel between Bentley and the University.

tt. VERSE 202.

to his disputes with the authorities at Cambridge. He was r the Bishop of Ely to be ejected from his Mastership, and by › be stripped of his degrees, but he contrived to set both authori- ıce. This war, which lasted thirty years, ended in 1738. As ›ing in port," Dr. Monk says: "Bentley is stated to have been ›f good port wine, while he thought contemptuously of claret, id, 'would be Port if it could.'"—Life, vol. ii. p. 401.

uu. VERSE 204.

to use the word "Remark" with special reference to the controversial pamphlets of Bentley and his opponents: *e.g.*, a Free Thinking," published in 1713; "Remarks on Dr. Bent- on Popery," 1717; "A full Answer to all the Remarks of a late , 1721," with reference to his proposals for editing the Greek

xx. VERSE 206.

rally wore, while sitting in his study, a hat with an enormous shade to protect his eyes."—Dr. Monk's Life of Bentley, 01. Dr. Richard Walker, commonly called "Frog Walker," 's most devoted follower. He was Vice-Master of Trinity r was sentenced to be deprived of his Mastership.

7 y. Verse 210.

Bishop Monk, describing Bentley's Preface to Horace, says: "In addition to a complete knowledge of all Greek and Roman authors, which he ranks as the lowest and meanest requisite of a verbal critic, he says, 'Est et peracri insuper judicio opus: est sagacitate, et ἀγχινοίᾳ; est, ut de Aristarcho olim praedicabant, divinandi quadam peritiâ et μαντικῇ: quae nulla laborandi pertinacia vitaeva longinquitate acquiri possunt, sed naturae solius munere nascendique felicitate contingunt.' This implied assumption of the attributes of Aristarchus fastened upon Bentley that appellation, and he continued to receive it, either with a serious or ironical meaning, according as it was applied by a friend or an enemy."—Life of Bentley, vol. i. p. 311.

7 z. Verse 218.

"Bentley's printer having no better method of representing the digamma than by a Roman capital F, gave occasion to Pope's allusion to its towering size."—Monk's Life of Bentley, note to p. 620. It would seem from the passage in the text that Pope disbelieved in the very existence of the digamma: and Richard Dawes, the Cambridge scholar, who set up a counterclaim to Bentley, to be the discoverer of the letter, says in his Miscellanea Critica: "Recordari quoque potuit notissimum Popii locum, ubi Satyricus ille in versibus quidem facetis et admodum ridiculis, Bentleium et digamma suum in ludibrium vertit, ingeniosior sane quam doctior poeta."—Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, iii. 224.

3 a. Verse 222.

"Lord Granville had long wanted to pass an evening with Mr. Pope. When he at last did so, Mr. P. said that two hours were wholly taken up by his Lordship, in debating and settling how the first verse in the Æneid was to be pronounced, and whether we should say Cicero or Kikero."—Warburton, quoted by Spence, p. 376.

3 b. Verse 224.

Dr. Robert Freind (born 1667, died 1751), one of the most prominent combatants in the Boyle and Bentley controversy. He was made Head Master of Westminster in 1711, and Canon of Windsor in 1729. He exchanged his stall for a prebend at Westminster in 1731, and was appointed Canon of Christ Church in 1737.

Antony Alsop, educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, of which college he became censor. He obtained a prebend at Winchester, and held the Rectory of Brightwell in Berks. His death, which happened in 1726, was occasioned by the falling in of the bank of his garden on which he was walking by the side of the river. A volume of his Latin Odes was published in 1748. The editor says of his Sapphics, that they showed "a facility so uncommon, and a style so natural and easy that he has not unjustly been esteemed inferior only to his master Horace." He was the writer of the Latin metrical version of the Fable of the Dog in the Manger, prefixed to Boyle's answer to Bentley in the Phalaris controversy. Spence reports Pope as having said: "Those two lines on Alsop and Freind have more of satire than of compliment in them, though I find they are generally mistaken for the latter only. They go on Horace's old method of telling a friend some less fault, while you are commending him; and which indeed is the best

time of doing so. I scarce meet anybody that understands delicacy."—Anecdotes, p. 265.

3*c*. VERSE 226.

Bentley published his edition of Manilius in 1739. He had previously expressed a high opinion of his merits. In the controversy between him and Boyle, the latter remarked: "He forgets, I believe, when and where a certain critic of our times maintained that Ovid and Manilius were the only two poets that had wit amongst the ancients! 'Tis just as if I should say that Sir W. Temple and Dr. Bentley are the two best-bred writers living; or to put it in the Doctor's more learned and polite way, that Nireus and Thersites were the two most famous men that repaired to the siege of Ilium." To which Bentley says in his "Reply": "I am not at all concerned to justify this opinion, for I know not that ever I said so. But, however, not to desert Manilius, for whom I have an esteem, I see no reason at all why he that said this should be ashamed of it. When the Examiner reads Manilius (for by his censure one would guess he yet had not) he will find in the best editions what Scaliger said of him: "A most ingenious poet, a most elegant writer, that could manage an obscure and knotty subject with that clearness and smoothness of style; equal to Ovid in sweetness, and superior in majesty." Thus we see, one of the greatest scholars among all the moderns, and a very great poet himself, thought Manilius a very witty one; and, just as that 'certain critic' did, has joined him with Ovid."

3*d*. VERSE 228.

If we should deduct from the compilation of Suidas all his chronological, historical, and biographical communications, which are very copious and important, as they consist of extracts from the best authors of antiquity, and should leave only his philological information, with its concomitant examples, a mass of literature would remain of much the same value as Johnson's Dictionary, if a general wreck of English authors should be produced by casualty and time: but how inestimably valuable such a repository would then be it is easy for any man to discover.—WAKEFIELD.

3*e*. VERSE 237.

Ludolph Kuster, a German scholar, editor of Suidas, in three vols., published by the University of Cambridge through Bentley's influence. He suggested the emendation "Tu potes *Archiacis* conviva recumbere lectis," instead of "archaicis." He was born in 1670, and died in 1716.

Peter Burman, of Utrecht, the chief adversary of Le Clerc, whom he defeated in controversy mainly by means of materials with which Bentley furnished him. He was born in 1668, and died in 1741.

Joseph Wasse, Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, commentator on Sallust and Thucydides. Bentley is reported to have said of him: "When I am dead, Wasse will be the most learned man in England." Wasse, however, died four years before Bentley, in 1738, aged 66.

3*f*. VERSE 245.

An allusion to the Latin proverb, "Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius."—WAKEFIELD.

3 *g*. VERSE 246.

Isaac Barrow was born in 1630; was made Professor of Greek at Cambridge in 1660, Mathematical Professor in 1663, and Master of Trinity College in 1672. He died in 1677.

3 *h*. VERSE 249.

This and the next five lines stood originally in the first book as part of Tibbald's invocation of the Goddess.

3 *i*. VERSE 258.

These two verses are verbatim from an epigram of Dr. Evans, of St. John's College, Oxford; given to my father twenty years before the Dunciad was written.—WARTON.

Pope borrows another line from Dr. Evans in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, v. 188.

3 *k*. VERSE 262.

Here again he is indebted to an enemy. Dennis, in his Remarks on the Essay on Criticism, had observed: "By the way what rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce on account of impotence from some superannuated sinner?" Compare note to Book ii. 406.

3 *l*. VERSE 272.

Meaning the late Duke of Kingston and his celebrated mistress, Madame de la Touche.—WARTON.

But Mr. Croker says: "On the sheet referred to in the note on ver. 2, Pope writes ver. 319 thus:

> See to my country happy I restore
> Another Grace, and add one Venus more.

to which there was a note in these words: 'N.B. *There are three Graces already*, by which were meant the Duke of Rut—d, D. of King—n, D. of Bol—n.' This proves that none of these three Dukes, and indeed no particular Duke, was aimed at in the text." The Duke of Bolton's mistress was Lavinia Fenton, who acted "Polly" in the "Beggar's Opera."

3 *m*. VERSE 273.

This refers to a real incident: "Philip Miller, the celebrated botanist, and author of the 'Gardener's Dictionary,' went on an embassy to Cambridge to consult Aristarchus upon some classical subject for the advantage of a foreign scholar. He was hospitably received at Trinity Lodge, and after dinner propounded his question, when Bentley, perhaps not approving this style of consultation, recommended him to drink his wine. Miller, however, took three opportunities of recurring to the object of his mission, when Bentley, offended, called to his faithful companion, 'Walker, my hat!' and quitted the room in a manner not unlike that described by the poet."—Monk's Life of Bentley, p. 653. Walker, so far from being offended by Bentley's assumption of superiority, seems to have readily accepted the position assigned to him by his friend. According to Bishop Monk, he preserved "with reverence" Bentley's hat after his death, and was accustomed to point it out as a sacred relic of the departed hero.

3 *n*. VERSE 276.

Compare Imitation of Horace, Ep. ii. 2, 325.

3 *o*. VERSE 284.

It is perhaps needless to remind the reader that Horace's full line is

Non sine dis animosus infans.

3 *p*. VERSE 286.

The *blessing of a rake* signifies no more than that he might be a rake; the effects of a thing for the thing itself, a common figure. The careful mother only wished her son might be a *rake*, as well knowing that its attendant *blessings* would follow of course.—WARBURTON.

3 *q*. VERSE 318.

A compound before employed by Sheffield in a very beautiful couplet on the death of Don Alonzo, condemned to death for aspiring to the Infanta of Portugal:

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.—WAKEFIELD.

3 *r*. VERSE 326.

The note here is evidently punning. Fleetwood and Cibber were stage managers, but Jansen was not. All three however were gamblers, and two at least were sharpers. For Jansen, see First Versification of Donne, v. 88, and note. Fleetwood was manager of the Haymarket Theatre from 1734 to 1745. He ran through a fortune of £5,000 a year in gaming. Victor says of him, in his History of the Theatre (vol. i. 36): "The sudden ruin of this once amiable young gentleman happened at a period of universal havoc, when a noble personage of the first rank and fortune, and his companion, a baronet of twelve thousand a year, were surrounded and destroyed by a set of honourable sharpers. Mr. Fleetwood unfortunately fell into this set, and received great injury in his fortune before he had time to recollect himself:

At the young heir the gamester points his eye,
And, like the spider, feasts upon the fly.

From the fly this gentleman was transformed into the spider, and taken into this honourable set." The "noble personage" was no doubt the Duke of Bedford, the baronet perhaps Sir William Colepepper, for both of whom see Moral Essay, iii. 65, 67, and notes.

3 *s*. VERSE 328.

As a member of the House of Commons he could not be arrested for debt, and he might make a bargain with the Ministry.

3 *t*. VERSE 344.

From Boileau, Epistle xi. 86:

Le pénible fardeau de n'avoir rien à faire.

3 *u*. VERSE 347.

Warton says that Annius was meant for Sir Andrew Fountaine. See Moral Essay, iv. 8, and note. Pope gives him the ebon wand because he was Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, and carried the black rod. Nichols (Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 253) says that "While in Italy he acquired

such a knowledge of *virtu*, that the dealers in antiquities were not able to impose on him." And again: "By his skill and judgment he furnished the most considerable cabinets of this kingdom, to his own no small emolument."

3 *x*. VERSE 356.

Creech thus renders the original verse in Horace:

And o'er my cheats and forgeries spread a cloud.

3 *y*. VERSE 364.

He refers to the pigeon, which according to the legend, brought Mahomet inspiration from heaven. Bayle says that this and other impostures attributed to Mahomet are monkish inventions.

3 *z*. VERSE 370.

Compare Epistle to Addison, ver. 39—44. That both these coins were great request among collectors appears from an advertisement to the Tatle No. 149: "A catalogue of choice medals lately collected in Turkey, Gree Egypt, Persia, and Georgia, among which are many Arabic and Persi coins, a brass Otho, a silver Pescennius Niger, several Syrian Kings, &c."

4 *a*. VERSE 371.

Warton says he was informed that by Mummius, Mead was intended. The idea no doubt arose from the fact that Mead had obtained for his museum a mummy which had occasioned some discussion (Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, v. 336); but I cannot think Warton's information was correct. It is evident that Pope had a high opinion of Mead. See Imitations of Horace, Ep. i. 51. He might indeed have satirised him for his antiquarian tastes, but he would not have called him "fool-renowned," for Mead's reputation was universal. Besides, Pope evidently meant that his readers should identify Mummius, as appears from his note to the next line, but if he had been satirising Mead, he would not have been so precise, as he lived on terms of great familiarity with that great physician. I have little doubt that he meant Woodward, the hero of Martinus Scriblerus, whom he had ridiculed as Vadius in the Epistle to Addison, and alluded to under his own name in the Second Versification of Donne, v. 30.

4 *b*. VERSE 383.

Emissumque ima de sede Typhœa terræ
Cœlitibus fecisse metum; cunctosque dedisse,
Terga fugæ: donec fessos Ægyptia tellus
Ceperit.—Ovid.—WARBURTON.

4 *c*. VERSE 394.

Dr. James Douglas, the most celebrated *accoucheur* of the day, famous for his anatomical collection. He was instrumental in detecting the imposture of Mary Toft of Godalming, who, in 1726, pretended to have been delivered of rabbits.

4 *d*. VERSE 442.

The argument in this passage seems to be: The share of Dulness allotted to ordinary mortals is only sufficient by nature to produce pertness and knavery; but, if judiciously cultivated by the various arts of the *virtuoso*, it may serve to lead the mind farther and farther from the true knowledge of God and his laws.

4 e. VERSE 450.

Compare Moral Essay i. 18, and note.

4 f. VERSE 452.

Alluding to the first work (published in 1638) of John Wilkins, afterwards Bishop of Chester. "The Discovery of a New World; or a discourse tending to prove that 'tis probable there may be another habitable World in the Moon; with a discourse concerning the possibility of a passage thither."

4 g. VERSE 459.

He alludes to Dr. Samuel Clarke's "Demonstrations of the Attributes of God."

4 h. VERSE 468.

So in Essay on Man, iv. 32:

> And looks through Nature up to Nature's God.

4 i. VERSE 472.

Pope derived his dislike of Clarke from Bolingbroke, who hated him both in his person (see Moral Essay iv. 78, and note) and his philosophy. It is worthy of remark, however, that a better reasoner than either Pope or Bolingbroke was dissatisfied with Clarke's method. "I have made it, sir, my business," writes Butler, when a student at Tewkesbury, to Clarke, "ever since I thought myself capable of such sort of reasoning, to prove to myself the being and attributes of God. And being sensible that it is a matter of the last consequence, I endeavoured after a demonstrative proof, not only more fully to satisfy my own mind, but also in order to defend the great truths of natural religion, and those of the Christian Revelation which follow from them, against all opposers: but must own with concern that hitherto I have been unsuccessful; and though I have got very probable arguments, yet I can go but a very little way with demonstration in the proof of these things."

4 k. VERSE 492.

Silenus is Thomas Gordon, the translator of Sallust and Tacitus. He was born about the end of the seventeenth century, and first distinguished himself in the Bangorian controversy by two pamphlets in defence of Hoadley. In 1720 he started, in company with Trenchard, "The Independent Whig," and wrote a series of letters under the name of "Cato," in some of which he attacked the established religion. Hence Pope classes him here with Tindal. He was afterwards taken into Walpole's pay, and was made First Commissioner of the Wine Licences, which is the reason why he is called Silenus. He died July 28th, 1750. For a further mention of him, see Epilogue to Satires, i. 26, and note.

4 l. VERSE 504.

Compare Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 327:

> The trifling head or the corrupted heart.

4 m. VERSE 512.

K * is no doubt the Duke of Kent, K.G., elsewhere satirised as Bug, who died in 1740. Compare Imitation of Horace, Epistle i., B. i. v. 88, and note. B * is very probably James, third Earl of Berkeley, K.G.

He was satirised by Swift in Gulliver's Voyages as Skyresh Bolgolam, being described (with reference to his office), as "galbet or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion." After George I.'s death, a paper was found in one of his cabinets in Berkeley's handwriting, proposing to carry off the Prince of Wales to the colonies. The Earl was dismissed from his post and never employed again. He died in 1737. If he is the person intended, Pope would seem to suggest that he and Kent owed their places and pensions to the influence of one of George I.'s mistresses, perhaps the Duchess of Kendal, and that they were obliged to share their spoils with her. Compare Second Versification of Donne, ver. 136 :

> Whose place is quartered out three parts in four,
> And whether to a Bishop or a Whore.

4 *n*. VERSE 514.

W * is the Duke of Wharton, for whom see Moral Essay i. 179. After his death his works were published in two volumes with a prefatory memoir supposed to be written by Dr. Young, who owed much to Wharton's patronage. This memoir is no doubt alluded to in the second line of the couplet, as Wharton died in Spain, and had no inscription on his tomb.

4 *o*. VERSE 517.

No doubt Walpole.

4 *p*. VERSE 518.

Alluding to the recent defections from the ranks of the Opposition, notably Pulteney and Carteret. See "1740," v. 9, and note, and v. 31-2, and note; also Epilogue to Satires, i. 24, and note.

4 *q*. VERSE 520.

The star in the Order of the Garter.

4 *r*. VERSE 521.

Meaning the hat and feathers of the Knights of the Garter.

4 *s*. VERSE 528.

A fine allusion to the revellers turned by Circe into swine.

4 *t*. VERSE 541.

By the "Syren Sisters," he means the poetry and music of the Italian Opera, which was then so popular that many of the young nobility thought of nothing else. The Earl of Middlesex had some years before obtained a licence for the production of operas at the new house in the Haymarket, which was the occasion of Handel's being driven to Ireland. Another noble musical director was the second Lord Cowper, for whom see next note.

4 *u*. VERSE 545.

In the first editions of the Dunciad, both 4to and 12mo, this line appears :

> Great shades of * *, * *, * *, *.

In Warburton's edition of 1751, these initials are first added, but no attempt has been made to explain the names. In Wilkes' MS. notes, however, we find:

> Great Cowper, Harcourt, Parker, Raymond, King,

and certainly these names accord with two or three hints that the context affords. Pope indicates that the parties were all peers, and that their peerages were earned by their "toils," and those named by Wilkes were lawyers advanced for professional eminence. Harcourt, Cowper, Parker, and King, were Lord Chancellors, and Raymond was Lord Chief Justice. All were dead before this piece was written. It is not quite clear whether by "your sons have learnt to sing," Pope meant that, by a singular coincidence, the sons of these five great lawyers were all musicians.—CROKER.

If we may infer the young Lord Cowper's character from Spence's Anecdotes, his character would seem to answer to Pope's general meaning in this place. Spence says: "Lord Cowper on his death-bed ordered that his son should never travel (it is by the absolute desire of the queen that he does). . . . . Atwell, who is the young lord's tutor abroad, gives but a very discouraging account of it too in his letters, and seems to think that people are sent out too young, and are too hasty to find any great good from it." It appears also from Burney's History of Music (vol. iv. 380), that Lord Cowper was the principal manager of the opera at the Haymarket under Porpora. George, second Earl of Macclesfield, had scientific tastes. He was a good mathematician, and took an active part in the passing of the Bill for the Reform of the Calendar. He afterwards became President of the Royal Society from 1752—1764, in which latter year he died. Mr. Croker gives two extracts from letters written by Lord Barrington to Mallet, which show the character of the second Lord Raymond. In the first, dated 7th June, 1737, he says: "Lord Raymond plays much the same game with the —— at Venice, that he played with the singing women at Florence." The second is dated July, 1737: "I own I long to hear the diverting history of Lord Raymond's adventures, but more to hear that the modern Don Quixote is out of capacity of being troublesome to a modern poet equal to an ancient." Of the second Lord Harcourt and the second Lord King I cannot discover that anything is known.

4 *x*. VERSE 549.

i.e. The cook. The idea throughout the passage seems to be to clothe the cook with the power of absolution claimed by the Roman Catholic priesthood.

4 *y*. VERSE 550.

From Horace, Ars Poetica, 144:

> Non fumum ex fulgore sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.

4 *z*. VERSE 560.

Bladen had been twice before mentioned in Pope's verse, though the lines had not been published. See notes to v. 14 of Moral Essay iii. and to v. 68 of the First Imitation of Horace. In the former passage he is named in connection with Jansen and Knight; in the latter he is classed with Macheath. From these circumstances, I feel little doubt that Thomas Bladen, the son-in-law of Sir Theodore Jansen, and the brother-in-law of the Jansen who cheated the Duke of Bedford, was meant, and that Pope, whether justly or not, included him among the gang of "honourable sharpers" described by Victor in his History of the Theatre. See note to v. 326. The striking similarity of the following additional statement of Victor to what is said in this passage is strongly confirmatory of the conjecture that Bladen and

Hays (of whom I can nowhere else find any mention) were satirised by Pope as members of this fellowship: "What pity it is as some of those sharpers are still in their chariots, rolling (as Count Bassett says) on the four aces, that they cannot be pointed out to the world with safety! I remember at that time to have heard it computed that the vast sum of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds was divided amongst six of those knights of the order of industry. One of them (and indeed the most iniquitous) only added a great sum to a plentiful fortune; and as he had not the highwayman's common excuse to plead, it was no wonder that reflection should drive him into a state of madness, in which dreadful condition he died."

5 *a*. VERSE 562.

See note to verse 593.

5 *b*. VERSE 566.

It is the custom at the universities for recipients of a degree to kneel before the Vice-Chancellor.

5 *c*. VERSE 568.

Warburton has a note on this passage insinuating that Thomas Edwards, author of "Canons of Criticism," was intended. This, however, is an obvious falsehood, springing out of Warburton's enmity against Edwards in consequence of the criticism which the latter had bestowed on his edition of Shakespeare; for Edwards was quite unknown to fame during Pope's lifetime. The allusion is probably general: Pope was fond of sneering at the dilettante studies of the Templars.

5 *d*. VERSE 570.

These tastes had been ridiculed before by Bramston, author of the "Man of Taste":

> Bears, lyons, wolves, and elephants I breed,
> And *Philosophical Transactions* read;
> Next lodge I'll be Freemason, nothing less,
> Unless I happen to be F.R.S.

Pope writes against the *virtuosi* in a style common to all the men of letters in the first half of the eighteenth century. Thus the writer of Tatler No. 236 (Steele or Addison) says: "There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of Natural Philosophy; but as several of our modern *virtuosi* manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles. This in England is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made in our Royal Society. They seem to be in a confederacy against men of polite genius, noble thought, and diffusive learning; and choose into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom but want of wit, or to natural knowledge but ignorance of everything else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow that is an humble admirer of these sciences, but more dull than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society."

5 *e*. VERSE 572.

Perhaps a reflection on the memory of James Moore Smyth, who was Freemason. See Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 98.

5f. VERSE 574.

He implies that the members of the scientific societies are often dunces, who join them merely for the sake of the annual dinner.

5g. VERSE 576.

Throughout the eighteenth century there was a mania both in England and on the Continent for joining secret societies, some of which were formed merely for convivial, but others for political purposes. The Gregorians formed a society which seems to have had its head-quarters at Norwich. They appear to have taken part in politics, proceeding to the hustings in regular order, and in full costume. They were also distinguished for their deep potations of port. (See Notes and Queries, 2nd series, vol. vi. p. 273.) It is not improbable that they may have voted on the Whig side, as the royal family were Masons, so that Pope may have had a political motive for his satire. I think that there may be also a second meaning intended in the word "Gregorian," which is the cant name for a hangman, the term being derived from Gregory Brandon, whom Grose (Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue) calls "a noted finisher of the law," and who was granted a coat of arms through a mistake of Sir William Seagar, a former Garter King-at-Arms. In this case Pope would have intended to ridicule the Heralds' College. The Gormogons were another secret society, which existed in England from 1725 to 1738, being dissolved in the same year that the first Papal Bull was issued against the Freemasons. They derived their mysteries from China. There is a very rare print of Hogarth's called "The Mystery of Freemasonry, brought to light by the Gormogons," representing in a ridiculous light the initiation of a novice into the rites of the order. Henry Carey also ridiculed them in some verses called "A Moderator between the Freemasons and Gormogons."

5h. VERSE 578.

Pope was angry with the University of Oxford for not conferring on Warburton the degree of D.D. He writes to the latter on 12th August, 1741: "I have received some chagrin at the delay of your degree at Oxon. As for mine (viz., the degree of D.C.L.) I will die before I receive one in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any scruple of bestowing one on you, in a science of which you are so great a master. In short, I will be doctored with you, or not at all."

5i. VERSE 585.

An allusion no doubt to the Duke of Devonshire, the breeder and owner of "Flying Childers." "A man," says Lord Hervey, "of no uncommon portion of understanding, and a much better jockey than he was a politician" (Memoirs, vol. i. 33). This is the "most dirty D—" satirised in Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii., ii. 22.

5k. VERSE 586.

From the previous allusion to the Duke of Devonshire, it would seem not unlikely that his son the Marquis of Hartington is here referred to. He also was a jockey, but Pope, in this line, appears to assign to him the equipment of the running footmen who were armed with staves to clear obstacles out of the way of their masters' carriages on the high roads. These footmen were selected for their powers of speed and endurance, and were

frequently known to run sixty or seventy miles in one day. Pope may be glancing at some juvenile frolic of the Marquis (who was only twenty-one when this book was written), or he may intend a political allusion, representing the Marquis as a running footman to the King under his father, who was Lord Steward, and therefore carried the white *staff*. The poet hated the whole house of Cavendish.

5 *l*. VERSE 588.

In Hogarth's picture of "Night" (published in 1738), one of the incidents represented is the upset of the "Flying Salisbury Coach," and J. Nichols the antiquary says that the allusion was to a certain peer who was fond of acting as coachman. This I have no doubt refers to the Earl of Salisbury, of whom Walpole writes (Letters, vol. iv. p. 131): "If Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now." "Paired with his rival charioteer the sun," may be either a poetical way of saying that the Earl drove his coach from east to west (a coach from London to Oxford and Birmingham was started in 1742), or that, like Phaethon, when driving the horses of the sun, he upset the coach, as Lord Salisbury, according to Nichols, frequently did.

5 *m*. VERSE 590.

Baron Charles de Geer, a friend and pupil of Linnæus, and a celebrated entomologist, whose observations on insects were communicated in a series of papers to the Royal Society, and were afterwards published in seven quarto volumes with illustrations. The second line of the couplet refers to the attempts which were made to obtain silk from the webs of spiders. Some gloves and stockings so made were sent to the Royal Society, but the experiments were generally unsuccessful, the quality of the silk being inferior, and the spiders devouring one another.

5 *n*. VERSE 591.

If the note here be taken as really explanatory, this line would appear to allude to the ceremony which took place at a call of serjeants, and which fell into disuse not long after this period. The serjeants-at-law formed a double line as in a country dance, and when the new serjeant appeared, the oldest serjeant present cried: "I spy a brother." At the call of Serjeant Prime in 1735, some wag placed an owl on a door opposite his chambers, with the inscription: "I spy a brother!" But Wynne, whose "Eunomus" was published in 1774, and who would therefore have been likely to know, says distinctly (vol. iv. p. 108) that what Pope meant to ridicule was the Revels at the Inns of Court. These were of great antiquity, and Wynne describes the last, which was held in the Inner Temple in 1733, when Mr. Talbot took leave of the society. A play, "Love for Love," was first acted by the company of the Haymarket Theatre. "After the play the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Temple, Judges, and Benchers, retired into their Parliament Chamber; and in about half an hour afterwards came into the hall again, and a large ring was formed round the fire-place (but no fire nor embers were on it). Then the Master of the Revels, who went first, took the Lord Chancellor by the right hand, and he with his left took Mr. J[ustice] Page, who, joined to the other Judges, Serjeants, and Benchers present, danced or rather walked round about the coal fire, according to the old ceremony, three times."—Eunomus, vol. iv. p. 106.

5*o*. VERSE 592.

No doubt Lord John Sackville, grandson of the Earl of Dorset, of Pope's epitaph. Walpole writes on the purchase of Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1747: "Lord John Sackville predeceased me here, and instituted certain games called cricketalia, which have been celebrated this very evening in honour of him in a neighbouring meadow." And a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1743, says, in an article on cricket matches: "I can't say but it would shock me a little, if I saw honest Crispin tipping against a member of either House of P—t. . . . Noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen have certainly a right to divert themselves in what ways they think fit, nor do I dispute their privilege of making butchers, coblers, or tinkers their companions, provided they are qualified to keep them company. But I very much doubt whether they have any right to invite thousands of people to be spectators of their agility at the expense of their duty and honesty." He classes cricket with skittles.

5*p*. VERSE 593.

A phrase perhaps suggested by the verse of Horace: "Pontificum potiore cœnis."—WAKEFIELD. A note to ver. 554 ("Three essential partridges in one") of the edition of 1742, afterwards suppressed, explains the allusion in this line: "Two dissolved into quintessence to make sauce for the third. The honour of this invention belongs to France, yet has it been excelled by our native luxury, an hundred squab Turkeys being not unfrequently deposited in one pye in the Bishopric of Durham: to which our Author alludes in ver. 583 of this work." Pope refers to Dr. William Talbot (father of the Lord Chancellor), who was born in 1659, made Bishop of Oxford in 1699, of Salisbury in 1715, and of Durham in 1722. He died in 1731. His character is thus described by Nichols' Illustrations of Literature, vol. i. p. 419: "He was of a magnificent taste and temper, which often ran him into difficulties, his great revenue not being answerable to his expenses, and his son was often obliged to extricate him from his embarrassments. . . . . It is remarkable of this prelate that in nine years' time he disposed of all the best livings in his patronage, both the Archdeaconries and half the stalls in his cathedral; and it has been hinted that he did not come to this opulent See without a *douceur* of six or seven thousand pounds."

5*q*. VERSE 596.

This may be an allusion to Richard Oldfield. See note to ver. 25 of Imitations of Horace, Book ii. Sat. 2.

5*r*. VERSE 598.

This line must be taken in the allegorical sense given to it in the note. George II. was no fiddler. Pope means that Parliament danced as the King fiddled, and that the government had become as arbitrary as that of France. As to the banishment of the French Parliament to Pontoise, see Moral Essays, iii. 44, and note.

5*s*. VERSE 604.

In these bitter and pointed lines he prefers the charge which is so constantly repeated in the Craftsman, and in all Bolingbroke's political writings—

that Walpole aimed at the exercise of despotic power under cover of exercising the King's constitutional prerogative.

5 *t*. VERSE 608.

Gilbert, Bishop of Salisbury. He had never given Pope any particular offence, but he had attacked Dr. King of Oxford, whom Pope respected. And this attack was made in a rude and rough manner.—WARTON.

Dr. John Gilbert, eightieth Archbishop of York, was educated at Oxford, and became Canon of Christ Church. He filled successively the posts of King's Chaplain, Sub-Almoner and Dean of Exeter; was promoted to the See of Llandaff in 1740, was translated to Salisbury in 1748, and in 1757, on the promotion of Dr. Hutton to Canterbury, succeeded to York. Rasthall, who gives these particulars about him in his "History of Southwell," says that he died at Twickenham in 1761, "having rather languished than lived through a pontificate of four years." Bishop Newton, in his account of his own life, says: "There is a method of confirmation, which was first introduced by Archbishop Gilbert; he first proposed it to the clergy of Nottingham, at his primary visitation, and, upon their unanimous approbation, he put it in practice. This was, instead of going round the rail of the Communion Table, and laying his hands upon the heads of two or four persons held close together, and in a low voice repeating the form of prayer over them, he went round the whole rail at once, laid his hand upon the head of every person severally, and when he had gone through the whole, he drew back to the Communion Table, and in as audible and solemn a manner as he could, pronounced the prayer over them all." Horace Walpole tells us in his Memoirs of George II., that Gilbert's promotion to York was very unpopular in that See, but that he kept open table for nine months, and ended by winning all opinions over to himself.

5 *u*. VERSE 610.

Convocation was prorogued in 1717, in consequence of the disputes arising out of the Bangorian Controversy, and till 1861 received no licence from the Crown to proceed to business. It met, however, for consultation on several occasions between 1717 and 1741, and in the latter year there was some probability of its being allowed to deliberate for practical purposes, but the Lower House having refused to receive a communication from the Upper House, the convocation was prorogued, and was not again summoned even for the purposes of consultation till the middle of the present century. Pope here alludes to the incident of 1741.

5 *x*. VERSE 611.

Compare Epilogue to Satires, i. 78.

5 *y*. VERSE 614.

This very elegant allusion he owes to Young, Sat. vii. v. 225:

> What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm,
> Our Palinurus slept not at the helm.—WAKEFIELD.

5 *z*. VERSE 618.

They are in the State Poems of the edition of 1704, vol. iii., p. 407, being called "Orpheus and Margarita" (*a*), the writer being Halifax:

(*a*) Margarita L'Epine, the favourite Prima Donna of the day.

Hail tuneful pair! Say by what wondrous charms
One 'scaped from Hell, and one from Greber's (*b*) arms;
When the soft Thracian struck the trembling strings,
The winds were hushed and furled their ruffling wings;
And since the tawny Tuscan raised her strain,
R—k (*c*) furled his sails, and dozes on the main.
Treaties unfinished in the office sleep,
And Sh—el (*d*) yawns for orders on the deep.
Thus equal charms an equal conquest claim,
To him high words and bending timber came,
To her shrub H——s and tall N——m (*e*).

6*a*. VERSE 644.

Alluding to the doctrine of the Cartesians, that gravity was a quality inherent in matter, by which they sought to get rid of the belief in God.

(*b*) Manager of the theatre in which Margarita sang. She was called Greber's Peg.

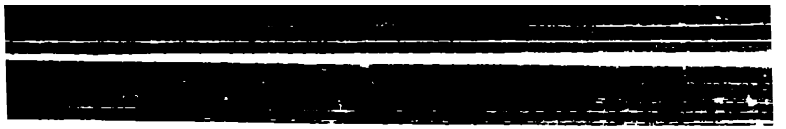
(*c*) Admiral Sir George Rooke.

(*d*) Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

(*e*) Sir John Hawkins (History of Music, vol. v. p. 154) fills up the blanks with the names "Hedges" and "Nottingham," i.e., Sir Charles Hedges, Secretary of the Admiralty in 1708, and the Earl of Nottingham. Rowe alludes to the amour of the latter with Margarita, who was very ugly:

Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.

;CELLANEOUS PIECES IN VERSE.



INTRODUCTION.

THE only poems included by Warburton in the edition of 1751, among those which he classed as "Miscellaneous" (apart, that is to say, from the Epitaphs, the Odes, and the Early Imitations of the English Poets),[1] were the following: The Epistles to the Earl of Oxford, Mr. Craggs, Mr. Jevons, and Miss Blount; The Basset Table; Verbatim from Boileau; Answer to a Question of Mrs. Howe; Occasioned by some Verses of the Duke of Buckingham; A Prologue to a Play for Mr. Dennis's Benefit; Macer; To Mr. John Moore; Song by a Person of Quality; On a Certain Lady at Court; On his Grotto at Twickenham; To Mrs. M. B. on her Birthday; To Mr. Thomas Southern on his Birthday.

It might have been thought that, as Pope had entrusted his literary reputation to Warburton, any of his writings, which did not appear in the edition of the latter, were suppressed by the poet's own wish. But the industry or the avarice of the collectors of curiosities could not be satisfied with this conclusion. In 1757 a volume was published entitled "A Supplement to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.," with a preface, in which the Collector says: "As the leaves of the Sibyl were too valuable to be lost, so we apprehend the recovering the subsequent pieces of Mr. Pope's from the obscurity they lay in, will be an acceptable service to the public." He accordingly prints the following poems: Verses to Lady M. W. Montagu; Version of the First Psalm; Moore's Worm Powder (giving a verse omitted by Warburton);

[1] Warburton separates from the Miscellanies,—the Epitaphs, the Odes, and the Imitations of the English Poets.

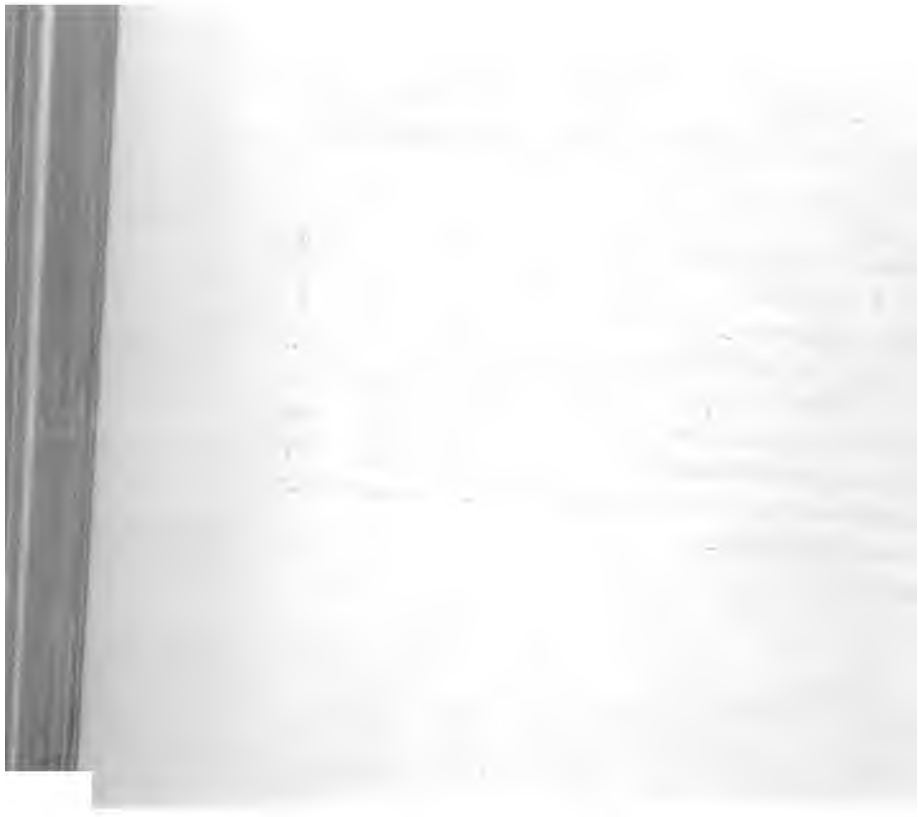
The Translators; Roxana; The Looking Glass; The Fourth Epistle of the Fifth Book of Horace's Epistles; Epigram on a Dog's Collar; Sober Advice from Horace; The Three Gentle Shepherds; The Challenge. Of these we know from Warburton that "Roxana" was not written by Pope, and internal evidence is sufficient to prove that the Imitation of Horace's Fourth Epistle in the Fifth Book could not possibly have been his. The others, with the exception of "The Challenge" and the "Sober Advice," were certainly not worth preserving; and it might have been inferred that, as the latter was not printed by Warburton, Pope had wished, or at least consented, to suppress it.

In 1776 appeared another adventurer with two volumes called "Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq.," and a preface still more elaborate in its apologies for raking up all the leavings of the poet. "When Authors," says he, "have long engaged the public attention, when their works are read with avidity, and universally receive a classical stamp, those who can add anything to their illustration, and recover by time what has eluded former diligence, bring an acceptable present to the public." To the unpublished poems printed in 1756 the new compiler added: A Farewell to London; Lines added to the Address to Miss Martha Blount on her Leaving London; Lines Sung by Durastanti; Mr. Gay's Epitaph; Lord Coningsby's Epitaph; A Dialogue; Verses to be Prefixed before Bernard Lintot's New Miscellany; On the Duke of Marlborough's House at Woodstock. The "Farewell" has distinct merit of its own; but Pope's reputation could certainly gain nothing from the publication of the other pieces.

When once, however, the poems suppressed by Pope's literary legatee were admitted by his editors into the body of his works, it became practically impossible to exclude compositions which were known to be his. The number of the "Miscellaneous Poems" has therefore been constantly increasing in recent editions. Mr. Dyce inserted in the Aldine Edition of 1831 many which had not been previously collected;

and Mr. Carruthers added more in his edition of 1853. The "Miscellanies" of Pope and Swift, published in 1727, furnished the two last named editors with the larger part of their materials, but others were obtained from scattered sources.

On the whole, it may be said that, with a few exceptions, the verses thus collected are only of interest as having been written by Pope; and it must be remembered, in justice to the poet, that he is not responsible for their preservation. For the sake of completeness, however, it has been thought best to admit in the present edition all the miscellaneous poems that have been added since Warburton's edition, except where any obvious reason made their publication undesirable. Wherever I could, I have ascertained the authenticity of the piece, and the place in which it first appeared; for the rest I have confided in the high authority of Mr. Dyce and Mr. Carruthers. The verses reprinted from the "Miscellany" of 1727 cannot in all cases be certainly ascribed to Pope; some of them have been included in the works of Swift; as the honour, such as it is, of the parentage is doubtful, it seems fair that it should be divided.



EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

" His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!" VIRGIL, Æneid vii. vv. 885, 6.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,[1]

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.[2]

(1706.)

DORSET, the grace of Courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay;[3]
His anger moral, and his wisdom gay.
Blest satirist! who touch'd the mean so true,
As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,[4]
Yet sacred keep his friendships, and his ease.

[1] Born, 1638; died, 1706.

[2] In the quarto of 1735, where the epitaph first appears, this part of the inscription was:

" In the Church of Knolle in Kent."

[3] This line was probably suggested by Rochester's description of him:

" For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose—
The best good man with the worst-natured Muse."

[4] Though a favourite with James II. he appeared at the trial of the Seven Bishops and gave them his countenance and support, and he afterwards concurred in the Revolution, and was made Lord Chamberlain by William III., the day after his accession, besides receiving the Garter subsequently.

Blest peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.[1]

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,[2]

ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE TO KING WILLIAM III., WHO HAVING RESIGNED HIS PLACE, DIED IN HIS RETIREMENT AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKSHIRE, 1716.

A PLEASING form; a firm, yet cautious mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest courtier, yet a patriot too;
Just to his prince, and to his country true:
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth,
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth;
A gen'rous faith, from superstition free;
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny;
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd.

[1] Particularly the first Earl, of whom he said to Spence: "Mr. Sackville (afterwards the first Earl of Dorset of that name) was the best English poet between Chaucer's and Spenser's time."—Anecdotes, p. 21.

[2] This epitaph was written in the first place for John, Lord Caryll. It first appears as an epitaph on Trumbal, in the quarto edition of Pope's poems in 1735.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,[1]

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT; AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1720.

To this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near;
Here lies the friend most lov'd,[2] the son most dear;
Who ne'er knew joy, but friendship might divide,
Or[3] gave his father grief but when he died.[4]
How vain is reason, eloquence how weak!
If[5] *Pope* must tell what Harcourt cannot speak.
Oh[6] let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe thy stone,
And, with a father's sorrows, mix his own![7]

[1] He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Evelyn, and left one son, who became Earl of Harcourt, and is alluded to in Dunciad, iv., 545. The St. James's Evening Post of July 7th, 1720, announces: "The Hon. Simon Harcourt, only son of Lord Harcourt, died lately in France." A copy of the epitaph appeared in Hill's Plain-Dealer, Nov. 13th, 1724.

[2] In the Plain-Dealer: "wept."

[3] In the Plain-Dealer: "Nor."

[4] Mr. White remarks as follows: —"This poor conceit was by no means original in Pope." "A great prince" (says Reresby in his Miscellany) "on the death of his queen was heard to exclaim, 'Is it possible that she should be dead, and that I should lose her for ever. She who never gave me the least trouble besides this of her death.'" And Hackett, ii. p. 15, quotes from Montfaucon:

LUCIA JULIA PRISCA,
Vixit Annos XXVI.
Nihil usquam peccavit
Nisi quod mortua est.

And on a stone in St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondsey, 1694:

"Complete in all but days resigned her breath,
Who never disobeyed but in her death."
—WAKEFIELD.

The same thought is also found in an epitaph at Stoneland, near Tonbridge, to the memory of Thomas Sackville, one of the thirteen children of Richard, Earl of Dorset:

"He scarce knew sin but what curs'd nature gave,
And yet grim death hath snatched him to the grave.
He never to his parents was unkind,
But in his early leaving them behind."

[5] In the Plain-Dealer: "When."

[6] In the Plain-Dealer: "Yet."

[7] In the Plain-Dealer, the epitaph ends with the following additional couplet:

"Ah no! 'tis vain to strive, it will not be,
No grief that can be told is felt for thee."

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

JACOBUS CRAGGS[1]
REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS
PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR
ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd;
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.[2]

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THY relics, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes.

[1] This epitaph first appears in Dodsley's edition of Pope's Works, 1738, among the Addenda to Epitaphs.

[2] These lines are inserted at the end of the Epistle to Addison as an inscription for a supposed medal in honour of Craggs. But the last line is there different:

"And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved."

See the note on the passage, p. 206 of Vol. VI. of this edition.

Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blessed in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies,
What a whole thankless land to his denies.[1]

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,[2]

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that virtue only is our own.

he epitaph in Westminster
r is as follows:

reliques, Rowe, to this sad shrine we
ist,
near thy Shakespeare place thy
noured bust.
next him, skilled to draw the tender
ir,
never heart felt passion more sin-
e;
obler sentiment to fire the brave,
never Briton more disdained a slave.
e to thy gentle shade, and endless
t,
; in thy genius, in thy love, too,
st!
blest that timely from our scene re-
ved,
soul enjoys the liberty it loved.
ease, so mourned in death, so loved
life,
childless parent and the widowed
fe,
tears inscribes this monumental
ne,
holds their ashes and expects her
n."

is no positive external evidence
ne amended epitaph was written

by Pope. The style of the verses, however, is almost conclusive as to their authorship. Rowe's widow married for her second husband, Colonel Deane: hence, as Lord Hailes tells us, the sarcastic reference to her in Epilogue to Satires, ii. 108. (See Vol. iii. 480.) By this (his second) wife, Rowe had a daughter, who, Johnson says, married Mr. Fane, and who, according to Mr. Cunningham, died in 1739. This latter statement, however, seems inconsistent with what Lord Hailes says about the verse in the Epilogue, for the epitaph must clearly have been written first, and the Epilogue was published in 1738.

[2] This epitaph first appeared in Lewis's Miscellany, 1730, with the heading, "Epitaph on Mrs. Elizabeth Corbet." The monument is now in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by tortures try'd;
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

VII.

ON THE MONUMENT OF THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY, AND OF HIS SISTER MARY,[1]

ERECTED BY THEIR FATHER, THE LORD DIGBY, IN THE CHURCH OF SHERBORNE IN DORSETSHIRE, 1727.[2]

Go! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth:
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:
Go live! for Heav'n's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy moral to divine.
And thou, blest maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
Yet take these tears, mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a stone, a verse, receive;
'Tis all a father, all a friend can give!

[1] This epitaph first appeared in Lewis's Miscellany, 1730. It was also published in the Grub Street Journal, the same year.

[2] This can scarcely have been the case, for Mary died of small-pox, on the 5th April, 1729.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,[1]

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n, and not a master, taught,
Whose art was Nature, and whose pictures Thought;
Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with princes' honours, poets' lays,
Due to his merit, and brave thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature feared he might outvie
Her works; and dying, fears herself may die.[2]

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1729.[3]

HERE, Withers, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy country's friend, but more of human kind.

[1] First published in the quarto tion of Pope's Works, 1735: "I id Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit but o days before he died; I think I ver saw a scene of so much vanity my life. He was lying in his bed l contemplating the plan he had de for his own monument. He d many gross things in relation to nself and the memory he should ve behind him. He said he should ; like to lie among the rascals at stminster; a memorial there would sufficient; and he desired me to ite an epitaph for it. I did so erwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life." —Pope quoted by Spence, Anecdotes, p. 165.

[2] The turn in Spenser's epitaph, said to be written by himself, is much the same:

"Anglia, te vivo, vixit plausitque poetis;
Nunc moritura timet, te moriente mori."
—WAKEFIELD.

[3] Lieutenant-General Withers, died in 1729, aged 78. The prose epitaph in the Abbey on his monument is merely an expansion of these lines. Withers is mentioned among Pope's intimate friends in Gay's Welcome.

Oh born to arms! O worth in youth approv'd!
O soft humanity, in age belov'd!
For thee the hardy vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay courtier feels the sigh sincere.
Withers, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy martial spirit, or thy social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,[1]

AT EASTHAMSTEAD IN BERKS, 1730.[2]

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest man:[3]
A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great:
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.[4]

[1] First published in the quarto edition of Pope's Works, 1735.

[2] The seat of Lady Trumbull, to whose son he was tutor, and whose accounts he audited.

[3] From Crashaw's Epitaph on Mr. Ashton:

"The modest front of this small floor,
Believe me, reader, can say more
Than many a braver marble can:
Here lies a truly honest man."

[4] So in his letter to Broome of 29th August, 1730, he says of Fenton: "No man better bore ye approaches of his dissolution (as I am told), or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments. He had a conscious satisfaction no doubt

XI.

ON MR. GAY,[1]

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, 1732.

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:
With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in thy end.
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive[2] bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.[3]

ing right, in feeling himself
, true and unpretending to
han was his own. So he died,
ıad lived, with that secret, but
ınt, contentment." Fenton was
!0th May, 1683, and died 13th
1730.

rst published in the quarto
ı of Pope's Works, 1735. See
criticisms on the first draft of
ıitaph in his Letter to Pope
31st March, 1733.

iginally "their aching bosoms."
ift's criticism in the Letter be-
ferred to.

[3] A copy of this epitaph with variations exists in MS. at Longleat:

"A manly wit, a child's simplicity,
The morals blameless, and the temper free:
Words ever pleasing, yet sincerely true,
Satyr still just, with Humour ever new.
Above temptation in a low estate;
And uncorrupted e'en amongst the great.
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Beloved through life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy Honours, not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their aching hearts—here lyes Gay."

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,[1]

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:
QUEM IMMORTALEM
TESTANTUR *TEMPUS, NATURA, COELUM:*
MORTALEM
HOC MARMOR FATETUR.

NATURE and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be!* and all was light.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

WHO DIED IN EXILE AT PARIS, 1732 (HIS ONLY DAUGHTER HAVI EXPIRED IN HIS ARMS, IMMEDIATELY AFTER SHE ARRIVED IN FRAN TO SEE HIM).[2]

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear father! now have all thy heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

[1] First published in quarto edition of Pope's Works, 1735.
[2] First published in Warburton's edition, 1751.

HE.

Dear shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless ghost!
O more than fortune, friends, or country lost!
Is there on earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—Save my country, Heav'n,[1]
He said, and died.

XIV.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,[2]

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest youth, with cool reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning virtue blooming round,
Could save a parent's justest pride from fate,
Or add one patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy tear,
Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
The living virtue now had shone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his country lov'd.
Yet softer honours, and less noisy fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a race, for courage fam'd and art,
Ends in the milder merit of the heart,
And chiefs or sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last tribute of a saint to Heav'n.

[1] mpare Moral Essay i. 265.

[2] died November, 1735, at This epitaph first appeared sley's edition of Pope's Works, 1738. The son of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and Pope's friend and enemy Katharine, the proud Duchess. See Moral Essay ii. 148.

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.[1]

HEROES and kings! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.[2]

UNDER this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

XVI.

ON JOHN HUGHES AND SARAH DREW.[3]

WHEN Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful fair expire:
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

[1] First published in Dodsley's edition of Pope's Works, 1738.

[2] First published in Warburton's edition, 1751.

[3] Sent to Lady M. W. Montagu in a letter dated 1st September, 1718. See that letter for an account of the incident commemorated in the epitaphs.

I.

THINK not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

ODES.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

MDCCVIII.

AND OTHER PIECES FOR MUSIC.

ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
  In a sadly-pleasing strain
  Let the warbling lute complain:
    Let the loud trumpet sound,
    Till the roofs all around
    The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
  Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
  Gently steal upon the ear;
  Now louder, and yet louder rise,
  And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
  Till, by degrees, remote and small,
      The strains decay,
      And melt away,
  In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warms the cold veins with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rises from his bed,
Sloth unbinds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,

Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What sounds were heard,
What scenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coasts!
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See, shady forms advance!
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,[1]
Ixion rests upon his wheel,
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs;
By those happy souls who dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

[1] This line is taken from an ode of Cobb.—WARTON.

He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer:
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A greater how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows;
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear,
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.[1]

[1] The Ode as here printed was first published in the edition of Pope's Works issued in 1717. It reappears in the edition of 1736, with the statement that it was written in 1708. In 1730 it was re-cast by the poet that it might be set to music, and it is inserted in its new form in a pamphlet entitled "Quæstiones unâ cum Carminibus, in Magnis Comitiis Cantabrigiæ celebratis, 1730," with the following heading:—

"An Ode composed for the Public Commencement at Cambridge: on Monday, July the 6th, 1730. At the Musick Act. The words by Alexander Pope, Esq. The Musick by Maurice Green, Doctor in Musick."

It will be seen that a new stanza is inserted after Stanza ii., but that otherwise the Ode is considerably shortened, and thereby improved. It cannot, however, even in its amended form, be considered as one of Pope's happiest performances. He himself told Spence that he was not pleased with it, as compared with Dryden's Ode on the same subject, and indeed neither the theme nor the mode of poetical expression was suited to his genius. The intellectual element always overbalances the emotional in his poetry: his lyrical style is wanting in movement and spontaneity. As for his subject, we learn from Sir John Hawkins that, though he de-

ferred to the taste of his friends, Lord Burlington and Dr. Arbuthnot, and recognized their high appreciation of the genius of Handel, he was himself insensible to the power of Music. The consequence is that, while there is something elevated in the opening of the Ode, which is in the more didactic vein, of which he was a master, the general effect is cold and uninspiring. Dryden treats the subject historically, and so keeps it always within touch of human action and passion; Pope on the other hand, by illustrating it with merely mythological examples, removes it from the sphere of human interest, and gives it an air of unreality.

The Ode as prepared for music is as follows:—

AN ODE.

I.

Descend, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire;
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
In more lengthened notes and slow
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers, soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder they sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
Till by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is sunk in cares,
Exalts her with enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires by sprightly sounds;
Pours balm into the lover's wounds:
Passions no more the soul engage,
Ev'n factions hear away their rage.

III.

Amphion thus bade wild dissension cease,
And softened mortals learned the arts of peace.
Amphion taught contending Kings
From various discords to create
The music of a well-tuned state,
Nor slack nor strain the tender strings,
Those useful touches to impart,
That strike the subjects' answering heart,
And the soft silent harmony that springs
From sacred union and consent of things.

IV.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
When the first vessel dared the seas,
The Thracian raised his strain,
And Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main,
Transported demigods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflamed with glory's charms!
Each chief his sevenfold shield displayed,
And half unsheathed the shining blade:
And seas and rocks and skies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!

V.

But when through all the infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
Sad Orpheus sought his comfort lost:
The adamantine gates were barred.
And nought was seen and nought was heard,
Around the dreary coast,
But dreadful gleams,
Dismal screams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortured ghosts!
But hark! he strikes the golden lyre,
And see! the tortured ghosts respire,
See shady forms advance!
And the pale spectres dance!
The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
And snakes uncurled hang listening round their heads.

VI.

By the streams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elysian flowers:
By those happy souls that dwell
In yellow meads of Asphodel,
Or Amaranthine bowers.
By the heroes' armed shades,
Glittering through the gloomy glades,
By the youths that died for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life,
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and Hell consented
To hear the poet's prayer,
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard and how glorious!
Though Fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.

TWO CHORUSES

TO THE TRAGEDY OF "BRUTUS."[1]

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd![2]
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!

[1] Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. —Pope. Two plays of the Duke of Buckingham, called "Julius Cæsar" and "Brutus," altered from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," were published in 1722, after the Duke's death. They were designed on a classical model, with musical choruses to be sung between the acts.

[2] The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that *Brutus*, one of the heroes of this play, was of the old Academy; and *Cassius*, the other, was an Epicurean; but, this had not been enough to justify the poet's choice, had not Plato's system of *Divinity*, and Epicurus's system of *Morals*, been the most rational amongst the various sects of Greek philosophy.—Warburton.

I cannot be persuaded that Pope thought of Brutus and Cassius as being followers of different sects of philosophy.—Warton.

To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore,
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh Tyrant Love! hast thou possest
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.

Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,[1]
Which Nature has imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire,
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;

lusion to that famous conceit of Guarini,
"Se il peccare è si dolce, etc."—WARBURTON

What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine!
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

ODE ON SOLITUDE.[1]

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And Innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

[1] This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.—POPE.

It first appears in a letter to Cromwell, dated July 17, 1709. Pope says: "Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short Ode on Solitude (which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date was written when I was not twelve years old), that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it." For the variations of this version from the above text, see Vol. VI. p. 82.

THE

DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

[WRITTEN 1712.]

THIS Ode was first published in its present form in an 8vo edition of Pope's Works published by Lintot in 1736. In 1737 a letter was published in Roberts's edition of Pope's Works, written, as it was stated, by Steele to Pope, and dated December 4, 1712, in which the writer requests Pope to make an Ode as of a cheerful dying spirit, that is to say the Emperor Hadrian's 'Animula vagula, blandula,' put into two or three stanzas for music. Pope's reply, which is without date, is also given. He says; "I do not send you word I will do, but I have already done the thing you desire of me. You have it, as Cowley calls it, just warm from the brain. It came to me the first moment I waked this morning; yet you will see it was not so absolutely inspiration, but that I had in my head not only the verses of Adrian, but the fine fragment of Sappho." Thus it appears, at first sight, that the Ode was first published by Pope in 1736, and that in the following year an indirectly authoritative account was given of its history. But as a matter of fact Pope himself never avowed the authorship either of the Ode or of the letters. The former was inserted in what was merely a reprint of Lintot's old copyright poems; the latter were not included either in the authorised 4to edition of the correspondence published in 1737 or in that of 1741. Yet Pope of course furnished the publishers in each case with their materials, and the reason of his secrecy and indirectness is now apparent. On the 12th June, 1713, he had written a letter to Caryll, enclosing three versions of 'Adrianis Morientis ad Animam': "I desire," he says, "your opinion of these verses, and which are best written." One version was Prior's; another was the poem beginning "Ah fleeting spirit!"; the third was the first draft of "Vital spark," and ran as follows:

1.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Dost thou quit this mortal frame?
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying;
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
Let me languish into life.

2.

My swimming eyes are sick of light,
The lessening world forsake my sight,
A damp creeps cold o'er every part,
Nor moves my pulse, nor heaves my heart,
The hovering soul is on the wing,
Where, mighty Death? oh where's thy sting!

3.

I hear around soft music play,
And angels beckon me away!
Calm as forgiven hermits rest,
I'll sleep, or infants at the breast;
Till the last trumpet rends the ground,
Thus wake with pleasure at the sound.

Many years later, at some period after 1730, the poet perceived that his paraphrase might be improved, and he altered the Ode to its present form, a signal proof of his art and judgment, of which he might well have been proud. Unfortunately his vanity made him anxious to exhibit his finished version to the world as the birth of sudden inspiration, and, in order to produce his effect, he as usual had recourse to elaborate fraud. If the letter to Caryll had been the only evidence that the Ode in its present form was not "warm from the brain," he would no doubt have inserted the fictitious letter to Steele in the authorised volume of correspondence published in 1737. But he was confronted by the difficulty that the verses in their original form had already been printed in Lewis's 'Miscellany' of 1730, so that if any one who had read them there were to find the letter to Steele in the so-called genuine correspondence, suspicion might have been awakened. The Ode and the correspondence with Steele were therefore introduced to the public by the back-stairs; the poet, no doubt, calculating that he should afterwards be able to find an opportunity for embodying both with his acknowledged works.

O D E.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
"Sister Spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

ANIMULA VAGULA BLANDULA.

TRANSLATED.

Ah fleeting spirit! wandering fire!
That long hast warmed my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire;
No more a pleasing cheerful guest!
Whither, ah whither, art thou flying,
To what dark undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivering, dying,
And wit and humour are no more.

It is an open question whether Pope was the writer of these verses. As has been already said, the first occasion on which we find them is in the letter to Caryll of the 13th July, 1713, in which Pope states that each of the versions enclosed was by a different hand. Mr. Ruffhead considers that this establishes the fact that "Ah, fleeting spirit" was not written by Pope; but though we know that one of the versions was Steele's, the author of the third is unknown, and the poet, with his love of mystification, may have had reasons for wishing to mislead Caryll. He certainly caused the verses to be printed in the surreptitious volume of correspondence published by Curll in 1735, where they appear after the prose translation of Hadrian's lines which Pope contributed to the "Spectator" of Nov. 10, 1712. On the other hand, they are omitted in the authorised edition of 1737. This manœuvre may be explained in one of two ways. If the verses were not written by Pope, he may have furnished Curll with them, for the purpose of quoting them as a proof of the untrustworthy character of his edition in the event of the genuineness of the correspondence being called in question. But I am inclined to think that he himself wrote the lines, and was originally in doubt whether they or the first draft of "Vital Spark" were the better. Caryll's opinion seems to have inclined him to the latter, which he sent to Lewis's "Miscellany" in 1730. Perhaps, however, he still disliked, and thought that "Ah, fleeting spirit" had sufficient merit to warrant its publication through the agency of Curll. Afterwards the happy improvements in "Vital Spark" occurred to him, and were printed in 1736. There could no longer be any question of its superiority to "Ah, fleeting spirit:" he therefore suppressed the latter, when reprinting his prose translation, in the authorised edition of 1737, and composed the fictitious letter to Steele for Roberts's edition, to raise the belief that the improved version of the "Dying Christian" was a flash of genius.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,[1]
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling State.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?

[1] This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterwards used as a motto to his play, when it was printed.—WARBURTON.

Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar less than Cato's sword.
Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,[1]
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdained to hear.[2]

PROLOGUE TO THE "THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE."[3]

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the small ones fools:

[1] *Britons, attend*] Mr. Pope had written it *arise*, in the spirit of Poetry and Liberty; but Mr. Addison, frighten'd at so *daring an expression*, which, he thought, squinted at rebellion, would have it altered, in the spirit of Prose and Politics, to *attend*.—Warburton.

[2] *As Cato's self, etc.*] This alludes to the famous story of his going into the Theatre, and immediately coming out again, related by Martial.—Warburton. The first epigram of Martial's first book is the one referred to by Warburton.

Nosses jocosæ dulce cum sacrum Floræ
Lususque festos et licentiam vulgi;
Cur in theatrum, Cato severe, venisti
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?

[3] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727.

Yet sure the best are most severely fated,
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor;
But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.[1]
Why on all authors then should critics fall,
Since some have writ, and shown no wit at all?
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it,
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it."
By running goods, these graceless owlers[2] gain;
These are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common draught.
They pall Molière's and Lopes'[3] sprightly strain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.
How shall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares most impudently not translate?
It had been civil in these ticklish times,
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes,
Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end,
But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by our satire bit,
Let him hiss loud, to show you all, he's hit.
Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes,
We take no measure of your fops and beaus,
But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.[4]

[1] Compare Dunciad, B. iii. 178, where this line is repeated.

[2] *i.e.*, smugglers. "Owl" was the country word for "wool." So Smollett: "I have toiled and moyled to a good purpose, for the advantage of Matt's family, if I can't save as much *owl* as will make me an under petticoat." The "owling trade," was the clandestine trade in wool carried on between England and France, chiefly by Romney Marsh.

[3] Lope di Vega.

[4] *i.e.*, chapmen. Monmouth Street in Soho was famous for the sale of cast-off clothes. Lady M. W. Montagu says in a letter to the Countess of Bute: "Ever since I knew the world, Irish patents have been hung out to sale, like the laced and embroidered coats in Monmouth Street, and bought up by the same sort of people." And Gay, in his "Trivia," says:

[illegible]

[Flings down his cap and exit.

PROLOGUE DESIGNED FOR MR. D'URFEY'S LAST PLAY.[1]

Grown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard
Your persevering, unexhausted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men;
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' adventurous lover is successful still,
Who strives to please the fair against her will:

[illegible]

[illegible]

'Some ways have been, who boldly durst adventure,
To club a farce by Tripartite indenture.
But let them share their dividend of praise,
And their own Fool's-cap wear instead of bays.'

Which attack procured him a place in the Dunciad." Genest, History of the Stage, ii. 598.

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727.

Tom D'Urfey was born about the middle of the seventeenth century, his parents being of French extraction. He was a highly popular writer of farces under Charles II., but fell into destitution in his old age. Through Addison's influence one of his comedies, "The Plotting Sisters," was revived and acted for his benefit, and it is probable that this is the play to which Pope here refers. The proceeds must have been considerable, as D'Urfey appears to have been in fairly easy circumstances at his death in 1723. Compare Pope's letter to Cromwell, of April 10, 1710.

Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own despite has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore;
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, should each man bring his claim,
Have desperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws;
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song.
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis substantial happiness, to eat.
Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

PROLOGUE TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT, IN 1733.[1]

WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND, AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LITTLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

As when that hero, who in each campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,

[1] This prologue was spoken by Theophilus Cibber, 18th December, 1733. The play acted was "The Provoked Husband," and Dennis got £100 by it. He died 6th January, 1734, aged 77.

Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of woe!
Wept by each friend, forgot by every foe:
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,[1]
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a chief but melted at the sight?[2]
A common soldier but who clubb'd his mite?
Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
Their quibbles routed, and defy'd their puns;
A desperate bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the Gothic sons of frozen verse:
How changed from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's hope,
Maul the French tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
If there's a Briton then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;[3]
If there's a critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's friend.

[1] The fine figure of the commander in that capital picture of Belisarius at Chiswick supplied the poet with this beautiful idea.—Warburton.

[2] [illegible]

[3] Alluding to Dennis's hatred of the French, the dragonnades of Louis XIV., and the wooden shoes worn by the French peasantry. Dennis acquired his hatred of everything French during his travels in 1688.

EPILOGUE TO MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.[1]

DESIGNED FOR MRS. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the frail-one of our play
From her own sex should mercy find to-day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
"How strangely you expose yourself, my dear!"
But let me die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natured things alive.
There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within:
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.
The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.
Well, if our author in the wife offends,
He has a husband that will make amends,
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.

[1] Acted in 1713.

In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
Pin-Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life?
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his wife:
Yet if a friend a night or so should need her,
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
But pray, which of you all would take her back!
Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
But the kind cuckold might instruct the city:
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
In all the rest so impudently good;
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down.[1]

[1] This Epilogue is one of the last written in the style that became fashionable after the Restoration. The corrupt taste of that period found a desirable flavour in witty indecency, particularly when it proceeded from the mouth of a woman. A comparison of the Prologues and Epilogues, written even for serious plays, under Charles II., with Pope's own Prologue to Cato and with Johnson's very fine Prologues, is interesting as showing the gradual triumph of good sense and good manners over brazen licentiousness.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

These Imitations were first grouped in the "Miscellanies," 1727, but the verses on Silence had previously appeared in Lintot's Miscellany, 1712. The Imitation of Swift is probably of a later date than the others, as Pope's acquaintance with the Dean only began in 1713, and the latter had at that date published little in the manner which is here copied. Generally speaking these compositions, though not always decent, are extremely interesting as showing the versatility and sympathy of Pope's genius, and his rare command of style.

I.

CHAUCER.[1]

WOMEN ben full of Ragerie,[2]
Yet swinken not sans secresie.
Thilke Moral shall ye understond,
From Schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there passen by the Way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
"But ho! our Nephew," (crieth one)
"Ho!" quoth another, "Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely Clerk full low doth lout:

[1] In the "Miscellanies" the Imitation is entitled "A Tale of Chaucer, lately found in an old manuscript."

[2] From the Wife of Bath's Prologue:

And I was yonge and full of ragerie.

They asken that, and talken this,
" Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss."
But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,
The Ducke sore tickleth his Erse-roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.
" Te-he," cry'd Ladies; [1] Clerke nought spake:
Miss star'd; and gray Ducke crieth Quake.
" O Moder, Moder," (quoth the daughter)
" Be thilke same thing Maids longer a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
" Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke."

[1] So Hudibras, Part 3, Canto 3, 133:
That laughed and te-he'd with derision.

II.

SPENSER.[1]

THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow pass there is, with Houses low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.

[1] He that was unacquainted with Spenser, and was to form his ideas of the turn and manner of his genius from this piece, would undoubtedly suppose that he abounded in filthy images, and excelled in describing the lower scenes of life. But the characteristics of this sweet and allegorical poet are not only strong and circumstantial imagery, but tender and pathetic feeling, a most melodious flow of versification, and a certain pleasing melancholy in his sentiments, the constant companion of an elegant taste, that casts a delicacy and grace over all his compositions. To imitate Spenser on a subject that does not partake of the pathos, is not giving a true representation of him, for he seems to be more awake and alive to all the softnesses of nature than almost any writer I can recollect.—WARTON.

Warton's criticisms are strangely beside the mark. This Imitation is merely so called in the sense in which the parodies in the "Dunciad" are imitations—it is, in fact, a broad

There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur (the passengers' annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep bass are drown'd.[1]

burlesque. Pope meant to turn the style of Spenser upside down; and as the Elizabethan poet excelled in describing abstractions with so much "circumstantial imagery" as to make them resemble paintings, so the eighteenth century satirist gives a mock elevation to the basest realities of life by gravely associating them with allegorical figures, drawn with all the breadth and vigour of Hogarth, and exhibiting their deformity the more plainly under the transparently antique disguise in which they are presented.

[1] A parody of "Faery Queen," Book ii., Canto 12, St. 71:

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Mag-pie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting Cat), dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.[1]

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dog's, at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passed by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

[1] joyous birds, shrouded in cheerfull shade,
Ir notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
angelical soft trembling voices made
the instruments divine respondence meet;
silver-sounding instruments did meet
h the base murmure of the water fall;
water's fall, with difference discreet,
v soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
gently warbling wind low answered to all.

These passages of Obloquy, Slander, Envy, and Malice are not marked with any distinct attributes; they are not those living figures, whose attitudes and behaviour Spenser has minutely drawn with so much clearness and truth, that we behold them with our eyes as plainly as we do on the ceiling of the banqueting-house. —WARTON.

But it was not Pope's intention really to describe allegorical figures. He meant to paint, in Hogarth's manner, four fish-wives, and to give them the mock dignity of allegorical names.

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch,[1]
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meandring streams, and Windsor's tow'ry pride.

[1] It was long before I could understand what this hemistich could mean, nor did I ever meet anyone who could make even a guess, till at last I recollected Secretary Johnston's villa, and it then occurred to me that it was probable that it had a terrace towards the river, the terminating buttresses of which might have been ornamented by two statues which Pope would be glad of an opportunity of deriding. On this conjecture I set about enquiring and examining whether there were any remains of such a terrace or such statues. Nothing of the kind was to be found. Old prints of the time, and old people whose memory went back for three score years, were consulted in vain. All that could be seen was within about a hundred yards east of the mansion, a high brick wall, which enclosed one side of the fruit garden, which Mr. Johnston cultivated with great care and success, and with the produce of which, Lord Hervey tells us, he used to supply Queen Caroline's breakfast-table; but this old wall and its ivy-clad buttresses afforded no trace of either Dog or Bitch. I was, however, reluctant to be forced to resign so plausible a solution of the difficulty, and lo! on a further and more minute examination, it was found that the ivy had overgrown each end of the wall, and had clustered itself round two miserable little leaden figures of a *dog* and a *bitch* of small size and no beauty; but which pleased us more than better works would have done, for they not only unexpectedly elucidated Pope's meaning, but were sufficiently mean and ridiculous to justify his sneer at the old gentleman's taste. There, however, they are, and there, I hope, they may be preserved as evidence of Pope's minute accuracy, even in such a trifle as 'Johnston's dog and bitch.'—CROKER.

For Secretary Johnston, the then proprietor of Orleans House, see Moral Essay i.

III.

WALLER.

OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.[1]

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize,
A heart resign'd, the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned vessel fail,
Which winds and light'ning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees, but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

ON A FAN OF THE AUTHOR'S DESIGN,

[WHICH WAS PAINTED THE STORY OF CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS, WITH THE MOTTO, "AURA VENI."

"COME, gentle Air!" th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade:
"Come, gentle Air," the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.

Compare Waller's verses "Of my
y Isabella playing on the Lute,"
also "Of a true cut in paper,"
uplet from which latter poem has
ı expanded by Pope into his four
cluding lines:

pheus could make the forest dance,
but you
make the motion and the forest too.'

ope writes to Cromwell, July 20, 1710: "I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands some verses of my youth or rather childhood; which, as I was a great admirer of Waller, were intended as an imitation of his manner, and are perhaps such imitations as the awkward country dames make after the fine and well-bred ladies of the Court."

Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.[1]

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.[2]

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips show so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day.[3]
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;

[1] This Imitation is extremely happy. The verses are themselves an admirable reproduction of Waller's 'smoothness'; and the idea of complimenting 'Delia'—whoever she may have been—by making the fan which he had designed for her the subject of a courtly conceit in an old-fashioned style, shows all the fine tact and artful delicacy which made Pope pre-eminently the poet of "good society."

[2] I presume that this Imitation was suggested by Cowley's Latin poems on Plants and Trees, which are full of the same kind of ingenious conceits as his English verses.

[3] He seems to have been pleased with this verse, as he afterwards transferred it to Moral Essay iv. 84.

And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play,
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day;
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,[1]
Still turns her Beauties from th' invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

While Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus thro' Mists we see the Sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

[1] This couplet is a curious mixture of Cowley's style and Pope's own. The conceit of making the laurel protect itself with its thick leaves from the sun, as Daphne sought to protect herself from Apollo, is a very humorous reproduction of Cowley's manner; but "vindicates her shade" is Pope in his most characteristic form.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,
And blasting lightnings burst away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
So like a Phaëthon appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.[1]

V.

E. OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.[1]

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's-self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

[1] This Imitation is suggested by Cowley's lines on the same subject in his "Mistress." The last stanza has its parallel in Cowley:

As stars reflect on waters, so I spy
In every drop, methinks, her eye:
The baby, which lives there, and always plays
In that illustrious sphere,
Like a Narcissus does appear,
Whilst in his flood the lovely boy did gaze.

This is not perhaps quite so excruciating as Pope's 'wit,' but the next stanza will show that Pope's imitation did not overshoot the mark:

Ne'er yet did I behold so glorious weather
As this sunshine and rain together;
Pray Heaven her forehead that pure hill of snow;
(For some such fountain we must find
To waters of so fair a kind)
Melt not to feed that beauteous stream below.

The "baby" in the eye is of course the pupil, the Greek κόρη. Almost all the poets of the seventeenth century avail themselves of the conceit.

[2] An imitation of the Earl of Rochester's verses "On Nothing."

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
'Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence, the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
Thy very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee!
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be!

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

E. OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

THO' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock.[1]

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness and so much pride
Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a Magpye hight,
Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

[1] Compare Moral Essay ii. 24.

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign state,
Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si*, *Signior*, 'twas *Yaw*, *Mynheer*,
'Twas *S'il vous plaist*, *Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length she turns a Bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
Still vary shapes and dyes;
Still gain new Titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.[1]

[1] These two Imitations are evidently suggested by Dorset's lines 'On the Countess of Dorchester, Mistress to James II.'

VII.

DR. SWIFT.[1]

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,[2]
Tithe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:[3]
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:[4]
A large Concordance, bound long since:
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglot—three parts,—my text,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next.
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.[5]
He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

[1] First published in the "Miscellanies" as an Imitation of Martial.

[2] *i.e.*, October ale and shag tobacco.

[3] The Burial fee.

[4] Compare Dunciad i. 231, and note. The allusion to Bland would seem to show that this Imitation must have been written about the same time as the "Dunciad."

[5] He here imitates what he calls in the Second Versification of Donne, Swift's 'closer style.'

EPIGRAMS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

EPIGRAMS AND INSCRIPTIONS.

FROM THE GRUB STREET JOURNAL.[1]

I.

EPIGRAM

OCCASIONED BY SEEING SOME SHEETS OF DR. BENTLEY'S EDITION OF MILTON'S "PARADISE LOST."

Did Milton's prose, O Charles, thy death defend?[2]
A furious foe unconscious proves a friend.
On Milton's verse does Bentley comment?—Know
A weak officious friend becomes a foe.
While he but sought his author's fame to further,
The murderous critic has aveng'd thy murder.

II.

EPIGRAM.

Should D——s[3] print, how once you robb'd your brother
Traduc'd your monarch, and debauch'd your mother;
Say, what revenge on D——s can be had;
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad?

[1] "The Grub Street Journal" was begun in 1730, and continued till 1738. Pope disclaimed all connection with it (see Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 378), but he certainly wrote in it under the signature "A.," as appears from the Epitaph on Mr. Digby, which was published in it, and as might easily be guessed from the subjects and the style of many of the following epigrams.

[2] In the Defensio pro Populo Anglicano, 1649.

[3] *i.e.*, Dennis.

Of one so poor you cannot take the law;
On one so old your sword you scorn to draw.
Uncag'd then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dulness, madness, want, and age.

III.

MR. J. M. S——E [1]

CATECHISED ON HIS ONE EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

WHAT makes you write at this odd rate?
Why, Sir, it is to imitate.
What makes you steal and trifle so?
Why, 'tis to do as others do.
But there's no meaning to be seen.
Why, that's the very thing I mean.

IV.

EPIGRAM

ON MR. M——RE'S GOING TO LAW WITH MR. GILLIVER: INSCRIBED TO ATTORNEY TIBBALD.

ONCE in his life M——re judges right: [2]
His sword and pen not worth a straw,
An author that could never write,
A gentleman that dares not fight,
Has but one way to tease—by law.
This suit, dear Tibbald, kindly hatch;
Thus thou may'st help the sneaking elf;
And sure a printer is his match,
Who's but a publisher himself.

[1] *i.e.* Smythe. [2] *i.e.*, Moore.

V.

EPIGRAM.

A GOLD watch found on cinder whore,
Or a good verse on J——y M——e,[1]
Proves but what either should conceal,
Not that they're rich, but that they steal.

VI.

EPITAPH.

HERE lies what had nor birth, nor shape, nor fame;
No gentleman! no man! no-thing! no name!
For Jamie ne'er grew James; and what they call
More, shrunk to Smith—and Smith's no name at all.
Yet die thou canst not, phantom, oddly fated:
For how can no-thing be annihilated?[2]
Ex nihilo nihil fit.

VII.

A QUESTION BY ANONYMOUS.

TELL, if you can, which did the worse,
Caligula or Gr——n's Gr—ce?[3]
That made a Consul of a horse,
And *this* a Laureate of an ass.

VIII.

EPIGRAM.

GREAT G——,[4] such servants since thou well canst lack,
Oh! save the salary, and drink the sack.

[1] *i.e.*, Jemmy Moore.
[2] Compare Dunciad, ii. 50.
[3] "Grafton's Grace," Charles, second Duke of Grafton, Lord Chamberlain, who made Cibber Poet Laureate in 1730.
[4] *i.e.*, George.

IX.

EPIGRAM.

Behold! ambitious of the British bays,
Cibber and Duck contend in rival lays.
But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail,
Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail:
Therefore thy claim resign, allow his right:
For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write.[1]

ON MRS. TOFTS,[2]

A CELEBRATED OPERA-SINGER.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died.

[1] Stephen Duck was born about the beginning of the last century. He was almost entirely self-educated, and was brought into notice by his verses in 1729. Queen Caroline patronised him, and made him her Librarian at Richmond (compare Imitation of Horace, Epistle ii. 2. 14), besides obtaining for him the living of Byfleet, in Surrey. He afterwards fell into a melancholy, and threw himself off a bridge into the Thames, near Reading, in 1756.

[2] One of the most celebrated singers in the early part of the eighteenth century, and the great rival of Margarita L'Epine (see note to Dunciad, iv. 615). Colley Cibber is enthusiastic in her praise: "Whatever defect the fashionably skilful might find in her manner, she had in the general sense of her hearers charms that few of the most learned singers ever arrived at. The beauty of her fine-proportioned figure, and exquisitely sweet silver tone of voice, with peculiar rapid swiftness of her throat, were perfections not to be imitated by art or labour." The epigram first appeared in the Miscellanies, 1727.

EPIGRAM ON THE FEUDS ABOUT HANDEL AND BONONCINI.[1]

STRANGE! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-*dum* and Tweedle-*dee!*

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.[2]

Now Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

EPITAPH.[3]

JOANNES jacet hic Mirandula—cætera nôrunt
Et Tagus et Ganges—forsan et Antipodes.

HERE Francis C——[4] lies. Be civil;
The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil!

[1] Though this has been printed in recent editions of Pope's works, and though it appeared in the Miscellany of 1727, the real author was certainly Dr. Byrom, in whose work the epigram is printed at length:

> Some say, compared to Bononcini,
> That Mynheer Handel is a ninny,
> Others aver that he to Handel
> Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
> Strange! all this, &c.

The Biographia Britannica [ed. 1784, article 'Byrom'], says: "Mr. Byrom's epigram on the feuds between Handel and Bononcini was greatly admired; and Mr. Melmoth, who erroneously ascribes it to Dr. Swift, has spoken of it with applause."

[2] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727. They were written in 1709, and were sent in a letter to Caryll, dated 19th July in that year.

[3] This epitaph first appeared in the Miscellanies, 1727. Spence gives a variation: "You know I love short inscriptions, and that may be the reason why I like the epitaph on the Count of Mirandula so well. Some time ago I made a parody of it for a man of very opposite character:

> "Here lies Lord Coningsby; be civil,
> The rest God knows, perhaps the devil."

[4] Francis Chartres. Compare Moral Essay iii. 20.

EPITAPH.[1]

WELL then, poor G——[2] lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

EPIGRAM[3]

ON THE TOASTS OF THE KIT-KAT CLUB,[4] ANNO 1716.

WHENCE deathless *Kit-Cat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from Pastry-cook it came,[5]
And some from Cat and Fiddle.[6]
From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
Gray statesmen or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
Of old "Cats" and young "Kits."[7]

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727.

[2] *i.e.*, John Gay.

[3] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727.

[4] The Kit-Kat Club met in Shire Lane, near Temple Bar. It was formed in the year 1700.

[5] Malone says in his Life of Dryden, p. 526: "The Club is supposed to have derived its name from Christopher Katt, a pastry cook, who kept the house where they dined, and excelled in making mutton pies, which always formed part of their bill of fare. In Spectator, No. 9, they are said to have derived their title not from the maker of the pie, but the pie itself. The fact is that, on account of its excellence, it was called a *Kit-Kat*, as we now say a sandwich. So in the prologue to "The Reformed Wife,' a comedy, 1700:

Often for change the meanest things are good.
Thus though the town all delicates afford,
A Kit-Kat is a supper for a lord.

[6] This is the derivation of Ned Ward, who in his "History of Clubs," asserts that it was called from a person of the name of Christopher, who lived at the sign of the Cat and Fiddle.

[7] A lady was chosen by ballot every year as the toast of the Club; and her name was written with a diamond on a drinking glass. Lady M. W. Montagu was nominated by her father, the Duke of Kingston, when she was only eight years old.—CARRUTHERS.

AN EMPTY HOUSE.[1]

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOWE.[2]

WHAT is prudery?
'Tis a beldam,
Seen with wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no, 'tisn't) like Miss *Meadows*.[3]
'Tis a virgin hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and you.[4]

[1] rst published in the Miscel- 1727.

[2] rst published in Warburton's , 1751. Mary Howe was er of the first Viscount Howe. 20 she was appointed Maid of r to Caroline, Princess of Wales, rds Queen. On 14th June, 1725, ame the third wife of Thomas, Earl of Pembroke; and after th she married, in Oct., 1735, Mordaunt, brother to Charles, Earl of Peterborough. She died 12th Sept., 1749.

[3] Eldest daughter of Sir Philip Meadows. She died unmarried in April, 1743. Compare "The Challenge," v. 25.

[4] Mary, daughter of Brigadier Nicholas Lepell, one of the Maids of Honour to Caroline, Princess of Wales. She married John, Lord Hervey, on the 25th Oct., 1720, and died 2nd Sept., 1768.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.[1]

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon
(Envy, be silent, and attend!);
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, or gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says), Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

ON CERTAIN LADIES.[2]

WHEN other fair ones to the shades go down,
Still Chloe, Flavia, Delia, stay in town:
Those ghosts of beauty wandering here reside,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

[1] First published in Warburton's edition, 1751. Mrs. Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, the "Chloe" of the Second Moral Essay. See note to v. 157 of that poem.

[2] First published in Lewis's Miscellaneous Poems, 1730.

CELIA.[1]

Celia, we know, is sixty-five,
  Yet Celia's face is seventeen;
Thus winter in her breast must live,
  While summer in her face is seen.

How cruel Celia's fate, who hence
  Our heart's devotion cannot try:
Too pretty for our reverence,
  Too ancient for our gallantry!

EPIGRAM[2]

ENGRAVED ON THE COLLAR OF A DOG WHICH I GAVE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?[3]

ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE,

DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON.

Peace, flattering bishop! lying dean![4]
This portrait only paints the Queen!

[1] First published in the Aldine edition (Dyce), 1831.

[2] First published in Dodsley's edition of Pope's Works, 1738.

[3] From Sir W. Temple's Heads designed for an Essay on Conversation. "Mr. Grantam's fool's reply to a great man that asked whose fool he was,—'I am Mr. Grantam's fool—pray tell me whose fool are you?'"

[4] First published by Mr. Carruthers. It is impossible to identify the "flattering bishop" with certainty. But it may have been Sherlock the "plunging prelate," who appears in the diving-match in the Dunciad. The "lying dean" is of course Dr. Alured Clarke, alluding to his sermon on the Queen's death. See Epilogue to Satires, i. 69.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.[1]

ON MRS. PULTENEY.

With scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.[2]
Far other carriage grac'd her virgin life,
But charming G——y's[3] lost in P——y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the sire renown'd in glass,[4] produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more!

ON BEAUFORT HOUSE GATE AT CHISWICK.[5]

I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather;
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane let me alone;
Burlington brought me hither.

[1] First published in Curll's Miscellany, 1717.

[2] The same character is given of her by Sir C. H. Williams, who in one of his political squibs calls her "Pulteney's vixen."

[3] Mrs. William Pulteney's maiden name was Anna Maria Gumley.

[4] John Gumley was the proprietor of a china manufactory at Isleworth, and he had a shop in Norfolk Street. Compare Moral Essays, iii. 85, and note

[5] Beaufort House, Chelsea, at the north end of Beaufort Row, once the residence of Sir Thomas More, was sold in 1738 to Sir Hans Sloane, and was pulled down in 1740. Sloane gave the gateway built by Inigo Jones to the Earl of Burlington, who removed it to his garden at Chiswick. The lines were first published in Mr. Carruthers' edition.

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.[1]

"Atria longa patent; sed nec cœnantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habitas."
MARTIAL, *Epigr.* [XII. 50, vv. 7, 8.]

SEE, sir, here's the grand approach;
This way is for his Grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contrived for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.
Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find, by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

LINES TO LORD BATHURST.[2]

"A WOON!" quoth Lewis, and with that
He laugh'd, and shook his sides of fat.

[1] These verses first appeared among a collection of poems added to Curll's second vol. of Miscellanies, entitled Original Poems and Translations, by Mr. Hill, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Broome, Dr. King, &c. Never before printed, London: E. Curll, 1714. There is no positive proof that they were written by Pope.

[2] First published in Mitford's edition of Gray's Correspondence with the Rev. Norton Nichols, 1843. Compare Pope's Letter to Bathurst: —"I believe you are by this time immersed in your vast wood; and one may address to you as to a very abstracted person, like Alexander Selkirk or the self-taught philosopher. I should be very curious to know what sort of contemplations employ

[illegible] [illegible] his [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible]:
[illegible]—
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] 'em.
[illegible] is,
[illegible]
[illegible] word,
[illegible]:
And [illegible] d.
[illegible]
[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible] see,
[illegible] sea.
[illegible]—[illegible]
An honest man, because not hang'd."

[illegible] OF APOLLO, [illegible] AND [illegible]LES.

[illegible]

[illegible] move,
[illegible]?
'Twas friendship [illegible] as [illegible], kind as love,
[illegible]

[illegible] He [illegible] will be [illegible] in time, as birds are [illegible] by being whirled about; and [illegible] not to despise the [illegible] or coppice wood, [illegible] he seems more inclined to [illegible] God in his greater works, the tall timber." "Mr. L." is Erasmus Lewis, Lord Bathurst's "[illegible]." See Imitation of Horace, Sat. i. 64, and note.

[1] First published in a note to Warton's edition of Pope's Works.

A DIALOGUE.[1]

1717.

POPE.—SINCE my old friend is grown so great
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true, I hope,
That Craggs will be ashamed of Pope.

CRAGGS.—Alas! if I am such a creature
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be ashamed of Craggs.

TO A LADY WITH "THE TEMPLE OF FAME."[2]

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation;
About them both why keep we such a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

Horace Walpole says: "Sir Godfrey had drawn for Pope the statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules; Pope paid for them in the following lines. He was in the right to suppress them. What idea does muscular friendship convey?"—Anecdotes of Painting, vol. ii. 592. The drawings were in chiaroscuro, and were presented to Pope to adorn his staircase at Twickenham.

[1] First published in Additions to Pope's Works, 1776.

[2] Sent in a letter to Martha Blount, 1714. Pope says in it: "I send you my Temple of Fame, which is just out; but my sentiments about it you will see better by this epigram." The verses were afterwards printed in the Miscellanies, 1727.

IMPROMPTU TO LADY WINCHILSEA[1]

OCCASIONED BY FOUR SATIRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN-WITS, IN THE "RAPE OF THE LOCK."

In vain you boast poetic names of yore,
And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of every female wit;
But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia[2] writ.
Of all examples by the world confess'd,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praise you but in vain essay;
E'en while you write, you take that praise away:
Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
But shines himself till they are seen no more.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.[3]

Muse, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain;
Time, health, and fortune are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727.

[2] The name under which Lady Winchilsea, then the Honourable Mrs. Finch, published a volume of poetry.

[3] Alluding to the Duke of Buckingham's lines in commendation of his Translation of the Iliad, and his merits as a friend.

First published in the Aldine Edition (1831).

EPIGRAM ON A LORD SEEKING HIS ACQUAINTANCE.[1]

My lord complains that Pope, stark mad with gardens,
Has cut three trees, the value of three farthings.
"But he's my neighbour," cries the peer polite:
"And if he visit me, I'll waive the right."
What! on compulsion, and against my will,
A lord's acquaintance? Let him file his bill!

CHARITY.[2]

Yes! 'tis the time, (I cried,) impose the chain,
Destined and due to wretches self-enslaved;[3]
But when I saw such charity remain,
I half could wish this people should be saved.

Faith lost, and Hope, our Charity begins;
And 'tis a wise design in pitying Heaven,
If this can cover multitude of sins,
To take the *only* way to be forgiven.

INSCRIPTION ON A PUNCH-BOWL,[4]

IN THE SOUTH-SEA YEAR [1720], FOR A CLUB, CHASED WITH JUPITER PLACING CALLISTO IN THE SKIES, AND EUROPA WITH THE BULL.

Come, fill the South Sea goblet full;
The gods shall of our stock take care;
Europa pleas'd accepts the *Bull*,
And Jove with joy puts off the *Bear*.

[1] First published by Warburton in his Notes to the Dunciad (1751), Book v. 132. The peer alluded to is supposed to have been Lord Radnor.

[2] "The severity of the weather has occasioned greater sums of money to be given in charity than was ever heard of before. Mr. Pope has written two stanzas on the occasion, which I must send you because they are his: for they have no other merit to entitle them to be conveyed so far."—Countess of Hertford to Countess of Pomfret, 20 Feb., 1740.

[3] Compare with these two lines the sentiment in "1740."

[4] First published in the Aldine Edition (1831). On a fly-leaf of the first

ON THE COUNTESS OF BURLINGTON CUTTING PAPER.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spell
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.[1]

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue!
See, madam, see the arts o'erthrown,
Between John Overton and you!"

vol. of Warburton's Pope's Works, formerly belonging to Cracherode, now in the British Museum, these lines are written in Dr. Birch's handwriting, with the following certificate: "This Epigram of Mr. Pope was communicated by the Rev. Dr. Warburton to Tho. Birch."

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727.

[2] Before her marriage her name was Lady Dorothy *Saville*.

[3] We may conjecture that the Countess of Burlington had in an absent mood amused herself with cutting to pieces one of the Sibylline

LINES ON SWIFT'S ANCESTORS.[1]

JONATHAN SWIFT
Had the gift,
By fatherige, motherige,
And by brotherige,
To come from Gotherige,
But now is spoil'd clean,
And an Irish dean:
In this church he has put
A stone of two foot,
With a cup and a can, sir,
In respect to his grandsire;
So, Ireland, change thy tone,
And cry, O hone! O hone!
For England hath its own.

ON SEEING THE LADIES AT CRUX-EASTON WALK IN THE WOODS BY THE GROTTO.[2]

EXTEMPORE BY MR. POPE.

AUTHORS the world and their dull brains have traced
To fix the ground where Paradise was placed;
Mind not their learned whims and idle talk;
Here, here's the place where these bright angels walk.

leaves of paper on which Pope had written some verses. Perhaps John Overton, her servant, had been called to remove the litter, and hence had helped to "overthrow the arts."

[1] Swift set up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich or Gotheridge, in Herefordshire. He sent a pencilled elevation of the monument (a simple tablet) to Mr. Howard, who returned it with the following lines inscribed on the drawing by Pope. The paper is endorsed, in Swift's hand: "Model of a Monument for my Grandfather, with Pope's roguery."—SCOTT'S Life of Swift.

[2] From "The Student," Oxford Miscellany, 1750. See note to ver. 2 of the next piece.

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO, THE WORK OF NINE LADIES.[1]

Here, skreening illness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters[2] raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul and shining as her frame;
Beauty which nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces art;
But Fate disposed them in this humble sort,
And hid in deserts what would charm a Court.

LINES WRITTEN IN EVELYN'S BOOK ON COINS.[3]

Tom Wood of Chiswick, deep divine,[4]
To painter Kent gave all this coin.
'Tis the first coin, I'm bold to say,
That ever churchman gave to lay.

[1] From Dodsley's Miscellany.

[2] The nine ladies were sisters of Dr. Thomas Lisle, who, Warton says, was chaplain at Smyrna, and all of them were the children of Edward Lisle, of Crux Easton. They were of the same family as Lisle the regicide, and Lady Alicia Lisle, beheaded after Monmouth's rebellion. From information in the possession of the Earl of Carnarvon, to whom Crux Easton now belongs, it appears that the nine ladies used to amuse themselves by standing on niches in the Grotto, as the Nine Muses; Pope being placed in the midst, as Apollo. Lord Carnarvon informs me that the Grotto was standing within his memory. I may as well mention here that I learn from the same source that the lines in Moral Essay ii., on "Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye," were written by Pope under a picture of the Countess of Suffolk as a Magdalen, at Highclere.

[3] In the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1735, these lines appear with the following inscription: "Wrote by Mr. P. in a volume of 'Evelyn on Coins,' presented to a painter by a parson."

[4] The Rev. Thomas Wood was Rector of Chiswick from 1716 to 1734. Pope no doubt made Wood's acquaintance when he removed to Chiswick in 1716 with his father and mother.

BISHOP HOUGH.[1]

A BISHOP, by his neighbours hated,
Has cause to wish himself translated;
But why should Hough desire translation,
Loved and esteemed by all the nation?
Yet if it be the old man's case,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF OXFORD,[2]

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN MIST (MIST'S JOURNAL), THAT THE REV. MR. W. REFUS'D TO WRITE AGAINST MR. POPE BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID P.

WESLEY, if Wesley 'tis they mean,[3]
They say on Pope would fall,
Would his best patron let his pen
Discharge his inward gall.[4]

What patron this, a doubt must be,
Which none but you can clear,

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727. For Hough see Epilogue to Satires, ii. 240, and note.

[2] A facsimile of Pope's MS. of these verses is published in Nichols' Literary Anecdotes, vol. ix., fronting p. 798.

[3] Samuel Wesley, eldest brother of John Wesley, was born in 1690, and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. He was long head usher at Westminster School, in which capacity he enjoyed the friendship of Pope and Prior. In 1732 he was made Head Master of Tiverton School, and retained the appointment till his death, which happened in 1739.

[4] Wesley's irritation against Pope doubtless arose in consequence of the mention of his father's name in Dunciad, Book i. 146, in which line the names were originally "Wesley, Watts, and Blome." We may suppose that Wesley's name was removed at the instance of his son. These lines were therefore probably written in 1728.

Or Father Francis, cross the sea,[1]
Or else Earl Edward here.[2]

That both were good must be confess'd,
And much to both he owes;
But which to Him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows.[3]

ON RECEIVING FROM THE

RIGHT HON. THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.[4]

Yes, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms;
"And take," (she said, and smil'd serene,)
"Take at this hand celestial arms:

[1] Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

Samuel Wesley was a strong Tory and High Churchman, and was supposed to be more or less implicated in Atterbury's plot. He had come under the influence of the latter at Christ Church.

[2] Edward, Earl of Oxford.

[3] Pope evidently wished to learn from Lord Oxford whether the report in Mist was true, and took this very ingenious way of finding out. His point seems to be: "If this report is true, the patron referred to must be either Atterbury or Lord Oxford; whichever it was is the best patron of Wesley, because he has done him the best possible service in preventing him from coming into collision with me; Lord Oxford knows whether he prevented Wesley from writing; and if he did not do so himself he must now know from Mist that Atterbury is Wesley's best patron."

[4] To enter into the spirit of this address, it is necessary to premise that the poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two poems entitled the Epilogue to the Satires. On which with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between—

"Grave Epistles bringing vice to light,

and licentious libels, he began a Third Dialogue, more severe and sublime than the first and second: which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the Third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this beautiful little poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas.—WARBURTON.

"Secure the radiant weapons wield;
"This golden lance shall guard Desert,
"And if a vice dares keep the field,
"This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
And dipt them in the sable well,
The fount of fame or infamy.

"What *well?* what *weapons?*" (Flavia cries,)
"A standish, steel and golden pen!
"It came from Bertrand's,[1] not the skies;
"I gave it you to write again.

"But friend, take heed whom you attack;
"You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
"Red, blue, and green, nay white and black,
"L.... and all about your ears.[2]

"You'd write as smooth again on glass,
"And run, on ivory, so glib,
"As not to stick at fool or ass,
"Nor stop at flattery or fib.

"*Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!*
"I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
"'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;
"In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

well-known toy-shop at Bath. re Horace Walpole's Letter rge Montagu, 18 May, 1749.
. Carruthers suggests "Lam- and thinks that the allusion er. 121 of Epilogue to Satires, Dialogue 1. But Wake, the Archbishop of Canterbury there referred to, died in 1737, and Potter, his successor, was scarcely a man who would have undertaken the defence of his reputation.

"Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,
"That dares tell neither truth nor lies,
"I'll lift you in the harmless roll
"Of those that sing of these poor eyes."[1]

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.[2]

At length, my friend, (while Time, with still career,
Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year,)
Sees his past days safe out of Fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching Fate's uncertain hour;
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he could wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day.
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race;
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy.

[1] Lady Frances Shirley was the fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers, and a celebrated beauty of the day. Sir C. H. Williams' lines on the "eternal whisper," that was constantly passing between her and Lord Chesterfield, are well known. She died unmarried, however, in 1778, having previously joined the Methodists. Walpole writes to Mason on 16th July in that year: "'Fanny blooming fair' died here yesterday of a stroke of palsy. She had lost her memory for some years, and remembered nothing but her beauty and not her Methodism. Being confined with only servants, she was continually lamenting, 'I to be abandoned that all the world used to adore.' She was seventy-two."

[2] Sir W. Trumbal writes to Pope, 19th Jan., 1716: "On occasion of my being obliged to congratulate the birthday of a friend of mine, finding I had no materials of my own, I very frankly sent him your imitation of Martial's epigram on Antonius Primus:

"Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo."

The epigram referred to is the twenty third of the tenth book.

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS.[1]

HERE, stopt by hasty death, Alexis lies,
Who crossed half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.[2]

THE TRANSLATOR.[3]

OZELL, at Sanger's call,[4] invoked his muse—
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use.
Reviving Perrault, murdering Boileau,[5] he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger raised,
Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell praised.
Nor had the gentle satire caus'd complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounced it entertaining:
How great must be the judgment of that writer
Who the *Plain-dealer* damns, and prints the *Biter!*[6]

[1] Sent to Lady M. W. Montagu in a letter dated 10th November, 1716. The epitaph of Tibullus is:

Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam, terra, dum sequiturque mari.

[2] Compare Epistle to Jervas and Swift in "The Capon's Tale:"

With eyes so piercing and so pleasant.

[3] First published in Supplement to Pope's Works, 1757.

[4] Egbert Sanger served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street.

[5] Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perrault's Characters, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's Lutrin, which was recommended by Rowe, in 1709.

[6] The "Plain-Dealer" of Wycherley, and the "Biter," an unsuccessful comedy of Rowe's.

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.[1]

Of gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell and with gentle Carey.[2]
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell:
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.[3]

"*Un Jour dit un Auteur*," *&c.*

Once (says an author: where, I need not say)
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;
Both hungry, both resolved to dine,
While scale in hand Dame Justice past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
"There take" (says Justice) "take ye each a shell.
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:
'Twas a fat oyster—live in peace—Adieu."

[1] First published in Curll's Miscellanies, 1727.

[2] The person here satirised has been generally supposed to be Henry Carey, author of "Sally in our Alley." But it appears that by his character of "Umbra," Pope meant Walter Carey, who is represented in those lines as a hanger-on of Addison. And Spence says in his Anecdotes, that Budgell, Philips, Carey, and Davenant, were Addison's chief companions. Pope may therefore have meant to satirise the Little Senate of his rival in these lines.

[3] First published by Warburton in his edition of 1751.

CHARACTERS.

CHARACTERS.

MACER: A CHARACTER.[1]

When simple Macer, now of high renown,
First sought a poet's fortune in the town,
'Twas all th' ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings,[2] and to dine with Steele.
Some ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.[3]
Set up with these he ventur'd on the town,
And with a borrow'd play, out-did poor Crown.[4]
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little;
Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.

[1] Macer was intended to be a character of Ambrose Philips. The lines first appeared in the Miscellanies, 1727.

[2] Ambrose Philips seems to have been notorious for his red stockings. Pope, in his 'Account of the Condition of E. Curll,' assigns this characteristic as the mark by which he may be identified among Curll's authors: "At a Blacksmith's shop in the Friars, a Pindarick writer in red stockings."

[3] In the Miscellanies there is the following note. He requested by public advertisements the aid of the ingenious, to make up a Miscellany in 1713. Mr. Peter Cunningham produces an advertisement from the London Gazette of 4th January, 1714-15, which shows conclusively that "Macer" was intended for A. Philips. "There is now preparing for the Press a collection of original Poems and Translations by the most Eminent Hands, to be published by Mr. Philips. Such gentlemen, therefore, who are willing to appear in this Miscellany, are desired to communicate the same, directed to Jacob Tonson, bookseller in the Strand."

[4] Philips' borrowed play was "The Distrest Mother," taken from Racine's Andromaque. John Crowne, a dramatist in the latter half of the seventeenth century, was notorious or plagiarism.

Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
Not as the wits his foes, but fools his friends.
So some coarse country wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honest, tho' of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her simplicity:
In a translated suit, then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own:
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

UMBRA.[1]

Close to the best known author Umbra sits,
The constant index to all Button's wits.
"Who's here?" cries Umbra: "only Johnson,"—"Oh!
Your slave," and exit; but returns with Rowe:
"Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies:"
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his heel,
And in a moment fastens upon Steele;
But cries as soon, "Dear Dick, I must be gone,
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison."
Says Addison to Steele, "'Tis time to go;"
Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe.

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727. "Characters of the Times," which Pope included in the collection of "Libels" against him, which he bound in four volumes, says that "Umbra" was Walter Carey, for whom see Second Versification of Donne, 177, and note.

Poor Umbra left in this abandoned pickle,
E'en sits him down and writes to honest T—.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, sense, like charity, begins at home.

SYLVIA. A FRAGMENT.[1]

Sylvia, my heart in wondrous wise alarmed,
Awed without sense, and without beauty charmed:
But some odd graces and some flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad:
Her tongue still ran on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise:
Good nature, she declared it, was her scorn:
Though 'twas by that alone she could be borne:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now coy, now studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D—y at a ball:[2]
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.[3]
Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake,
Frail feverish sex; their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheism and superstition rule by turns;
And a mere heathen in her carnal part,
Is still a sad good Christian in her heart.

[1] First published in the Miscellanies, 1727. It will be seen by comparing these lines with verses 65–68 of the Second Moral Essay, that the poet afterwards divided the character into two, and developed into the portraits of Calypso and Narcissa.

[2] *i.e.*, Durfey.

[3] The Duke of Wharton and Francis Chartres, for whom see Moral Essay iii. 20.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ,
DEVOTIONAL POEMS, ETC.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ, ETC.

THE BASSET-TABLE.[1]

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE Basset-table spread, the tallier [2] come;
Why stays Smilinda in the dressing-room?
Rise, pensive nymph, the tallier waits for you:

SMILINDA.

Ah, madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd alpeu.[3]
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning fair.

[1] This Eclogue was first published as Pope's in Warburton's edition of 1751. Warburton says it is the only one of the Court Poems that was written by the poet. The game of Basset was played thus: Each punter, or player, had thirteen cards, upon each of which he placed his stake, according to his fancy. The tallier then, taking the whole pack in his hand, turned up the bottom card, which was called the Fasse, and each player had to pay him half of the sum which had been staked on that particular card. He then proceeded with his deal, and the next card won for the player whatever he had put upon it. After this, two cards being taken together, the first that appeared was a winning, and the second a losing one for the punters.

[2] *i.e.* the keeper of the Bank, who laid down a sum of money before the players, to answer to every winning card that appeared in the course of his dealing.

[3] Alpeu, or Paroli, was when the punter having won the couch, or money staked on the first card, declined to take the stake from the tallier, but crooked the corner of his card, and let his money lie on it, to show that he intended to go on to the sept-et-le-va, for which see note to ver. 12.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As you by love, so I by fortune cross'd;
One, one bad deal, three septleva's[1] have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
And prudent nymphs against that change prepare:
The knave of clubs thrice lost: oh! who could guess
This fatal stroke, this unforeseen distress?

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à propos,
She all the cares of love and play does know:
Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By cards' ill usage, or by lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' time is precious, and I want some tea.

[1] i.e., the first great chance in the game, when the punter, having won the first stake, and made a paroli by crooking the corner of his card, won again on the second card, when the stake due to him was called "Sept-et-le-va," being seven times the amount he had laid upon his card.

CARDELIA.

Behold this equipage, by Mathers wrought,
With fifty guineas (a great pen'worth) bought.
See, on the toothpick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the queen's bright face;
A myrtle foliage round the thimble-case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the scissors shine;
The metal, and the workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
When rival beauties for the present strove;
At Corticelli's he the raffle won;
Then first his passion was in public shown:
Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This snuff-box,—on the hinge see brilliants shine:
This snuff-box will I stake; the prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a soldier sigh, a lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own lord that drew the fatal card.
In complaisance, I took the queen he gave;
Tho' my own secret wish was for the knave.
The knave won sonica,[1] which I had chose;
And, the next pull, my septleva I lose.

[1] Cotton, who gives in his Booke of Games (1709) the only account of Basset that I have met with in English, does not mention this term.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Cardelia, this undoing fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An awkward thing, when first she came to town;
Her shape unfashion'd, and her face unknown:
She was my friend; I taught her feet to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks caliv'ning red:
I introduc'd her to the park and plays;
And, by my int'rest, Cocoa made her stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my fav'rite lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more?
I know the bite, yet to my ruin run;
And see the folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a maid in love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on Basset, and remain unwarm'd?
When kings, queens, knaves are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting bank,

Guineas, half-guineas, all the shining train;
The winner's pleasure, and the loser's pain:
In bright confusion open rouleaux lie,
They strike the soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
My passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon Basset, you who reason boast;
And see if reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's vows?
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful Love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin cravat moves:
"He loves,"—I whisper to myself, "He loves!"
Such unfeign'd passion in his looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms;
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who prudence boast;
For such a moment, prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd bullies play,[1]
Some dukes at Mary-bone bowl time away.[2]
But who the bowl, or rattling dice compares
To Basset's heav'nly joys, and pleasing cares?

[1] Compare Dunciad, i. 309, and note.

[2] "The Duke of Buckingham is humorously said to have lived at Marybone, as he was almost every day on the bowling-green there, and seldom left it till he could see no longer." (Note to Tatler, 18. By J. Nichols.) The bowling-green belonged to the Rose Tavern, Marylebone. Mr. Timbs, in his "Romance of London," 3, 46, says: "At the end of the season, the Duke gave a dinner to the chief frequenters of the place, drinking the toast, 'May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring, meet here again.'"

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a beau;
Prudina likes a man, and laughs at show.
Their several graces in my Sharper meet;
Strong as the footman, as the master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The equipage shall grace Smilinda's side:
The snuff-box to Cardelia I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your tea.

THE CHALLENGE.[1]

A COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of "To all you Ladies now on Land," &c. [By Dorset.]

WRITTEN ANNO 1717.

I.

To one fair lady out of Court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk[2] and Pope[3] a sport,
And wit and love no sin!

[1] First published as Pope's by Curll in the third vol. of Pope's Correspondence, 1735. The date is furnished by Curll in a note to the lines as printed in the volume above referred to. The lines had, however, appeared anonymously in a folio sheet, dated 1716, with the title of "A Court Ballad."

[2] Ulric, the little Turk.—CURLL. He is mentioned again in "It cannot Rain but it Pours."

[3] The author.—CURLL.

Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.[1]
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to Courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?[2]
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And every speech with "Zounds!" end;
To hear them rail at honest Sunderland,[3]
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.[4]
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,[5]
Like Grafton[6] court the Germans;

[1] Ladies of the Court of Princess Caroline.—CURLL. Mary Bellenden married Colonel Campbell, who afterwards became Duke of Argyle. For Mary Lepell, see note to last line of the Lines addressed to Mrs. Howe. Miss Griffin was daughter of Colonel Griffin, and sister to Lady Rich, mentioned in stanza vii.

[2] This ballad must have been written in Dec. 1716, or Jan. 1716-17. Lord Townshend was dismissed from the post of Secretary of State in Dec., 1716, while the king was absent from England; and the king "landed" (see stanza viii.) in Jan., 1717.

[3] Townshend and Stanhope were replaced by Sunderland and Addison.

[4] Ireland. — CURLL. Townshend was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

[5] Either Baron Schutz, German Ambassador under Queen Anne, or his son, Augustus Schutz, for whom see Imitation of Horace, Ep. i., B. i., 112, and note.

[6] Charles, second Duke of Grafton.

Tell Pickenbourg[1] how slim she's grown,
  Like Meadows[2] run to sermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' stay at home.
  With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
  Of courtiers, 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
  From Court, than Gay or me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
  With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester Fields, a house full high,[3]
  With door all painted green,
Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
  (A milliner, I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of me.[4]
  With a fa, la, la.

VII.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
  And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,[5]
  And sometimes mistress Howard;[6]

[1] One of the Maids of Honour.

[2] See note 3 on p. 447.

[3] The Prince of Wales did not remove to Leicester House till 23rd Jan., 1718. See Historical Register under that date. But preparations may have been made a year before, and Pope may have selected the empty house as a fitting place for an assignation.

[4] In a print by Hogarth, representing Pope and Gay together, the latter appears a large, fat man.

[5] Wife of Sir Robert Rich, Lady M. W. Montagu's correspondent.

[6] Afterwards Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George II. She was one of the Maids of Honour to the Princess Caroline.

For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God send the king safe landing;[1]
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of these[2] nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON.

IN THE YEAR 1715.[3]

Dear, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B——[4] and rough C——s[5] adieu,
Earl Warwick[6] make your moan,
The lively H——k[7] and you
May knock up whores alone.

[1] See note (2) stanza iii.

[2] Curll's reading, which seems preferable to "those," as given in the Addition to Pope's Works, 1776.

[3] First published in Additions to Pope's Works, 1776.

[4] Perhaps "Brocas." Compare Pope's rhymed letter to Cromwell, ver. 9.

[5] Craggs the younger.

[6] Son of the Countess of Warwick, afterwards wife to Addison.

[7] Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbroke. He is frequently referrod to in the Tatler under the name of "Cynthio." He was Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and represented Huntingdonshire in Parliament. He married Lady Elizabeth Popham, and died 3rd Octobor, 1722.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
  Till the third watchman's toll;[1]
Let Jervas gratis paint, and Frowde
  Save threepence and his soul.[2]

Farewell, Arbuthnot's raillery
  On every learned sot;[3]
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
  Although he knows it not.[4]

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;[5]
  Farewell, unhappy Tonson![6]
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,[7]
  Lean Philips and fat Johnson.[8]

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
  My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage:
  And Homer (damn him!) calls.

[1] *i.e.*, the watchman who came round with his bell, calling the hours of the night. The watch were first furnished with bells in the reign of Queen Mary (January, 1556); and these were rung to warn the occupants of houses, if called upon, to put lights outside their windows.

[2] An anecdote in Spence seems to illustrate the allusions both to Rowe and Frowd: "The following epigram was made by Rowe upon Phil. Frowd's uncle, when he was writing a tragedy of Cinna:

"Frowd for his precious soul cares not a pin-a;
For he can now do nothing else but Cin-na."

"I thought Rowe had been too grave to write such things? He!—why he would laugh all day long! he would do nothing else but laugh!"—Anecdotes, p. 284.

[3] Especially on Dr. Woodward, the "Cornelius" of the Memoirs of Scribblerus.

[4] "He is accused of voluptuousness and irreligion; and Pope, who says that, 'If ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth,' seems not able to deny what he is angry to hear and loth to confess."—JOHNSON, Life of Garth.

[5] He had just undertaken the Translation of the Iliad for Bernard Lintot.

[6] Jacob Tonson the Younger.

[7] Rowe had been recently made one of the land surveyors of the Port of London.

[8] Ambrose Philips ("Macer") and Charles Johnson, for whose obesity see Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 186, and note.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
  In Halifax's urn:[1]
And not one Muse of all he fed[2]
  Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
  Betray, and are betrayed:
Poor Y——r's sold for fifty pound,
  And B——ll is a jade.[3]

Why make I friendships with the great,
  When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls, seven hours in eight?
  I us'd but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
  Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
  Most thinking rake, alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
  Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
  And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
  For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
  For salads, tarts, and pease!

[1] Halifax died 19th May, 1715. This poem must, it would seem, have been written soon after.

[2] Compare the character of Bufo in Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 242, and note.

[3] No doubt Mrs. Bicknell and Mrs. Younger, two actresses, and friends of Pope, as appears from Gay's 'Welcome,' where they are coupled together as: "The frolic Bicknell, and her sister young," *i.e.*, "Younger."

Adieu to all, but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER,[1]

How much, egregious Moore,[2] are we
Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.[3]

That woman is a worm, we find
E'er since our grandam's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the Devil.

[1] First published in a folio form in 1716 without the name of the author. It was reprinted in the Miscellanies, but was never acknowledged by Pope as his work, though there is little doubt it was really his. Horace Walpole, in a MS. note to Additions to Pope's Works, published in 1776, says it was not by Pope but Dodington.

[2] John Moore, of Abchurch, or Upchurch Lane, was a well-known apothecary of the day. He is mentioned in Spectator, No. 547. "A man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the Spectator the same compliment that it often made in our public prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. Moore the apothecary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual for the patients to publish the cures which have been made upon them, and the several distempers under which they laboured." Moore died 12th of April, 1737.

[3] Suggested by Homer, whom he thus renders in his Translation of Iliad, v. 533.

O Son of Tydeus cease, be wise and see
How vast the difference of the gods and thee;
Distance immense between the powers that shine
Above, eternal, deathless and divine,
And mortal man! a wretch of humble birth,
A short-lived reptile in the dust of earth.

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name,
The blockhead is a slow-worm;
The nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows;
Thus worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaux,
And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen,
By all their winding play;
Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free,
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's wits to worms shall turn,[1]
Who maggots were before.

[1] Addison's favourite coffee-house in Covent Garden.

SANDYS' GHOST;[1]

OR,

A PROPER NEW BALLAD ON THE NEW OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS,

[illegible][2]

Ye Lords and Commons, men of wit,
And pleasure about town;
Read this ere you translate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verses sterling,
Though with a golden pen you scrawl,
And scribble in a Berlin:

For not the desk with silver nails,
Nor bureau of expense,
Nor standish well japann'd avails
To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
With saucer eyes of fire,
In woeful wise did sore affright
A wit and courtly 'squire.

[1] First published in Miscellanies, 1727.

[2] In 1713 Sir Samuel Garth engaged a number of persons on the translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses. His idea was, apparently, to complete the translation which Dryden had begun on a principle of greater freedom in translation than Sandys had allowed himself. He says in his preface: "Where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a hasty brevity, I think the translator may be excused for doing what the author upon revising would have done himself. If Mr. Sandys had been of this opinion, perhaps other translations of the Metamorphoses had not been attempted. A critic has observed that in his version of this book, he has scrupulously confined the number of his lines to those of the original. 'Tis fit I should take the sum upon content, and be better bred than to count after him."

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth
Like puppy tame that uses
To fetch and carry, in his mouth,
The works of all the Muses.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was so civil;
And sell his soul for vanity,
To rhyming and the Devil?

A desk he had of curious work,
With glittering studs about;
Within the same did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the sprite so thin;
And from the key-hole bolted out,
All upright as a pin.

With whiskers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff composed most duly;
This 'squire he dropp'd his pen full soon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

"Ho! Master Sam," quoth Sandys' sprite,
"Write on, nor let me scare ye;
Forsooth, if rhymes fall in not right,
To Budgell seek, or Carey.[1]

"I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,[2]
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See first the merry P——[3] comes
In haste, without his garter.

[1] Eustace Budgell and Walter Carey (Addenbrooke).

[2] The volume was published by Jacob Tonson.

[3] Probably Thomas, eighth Earl of Pembroke, K.G., for whom see Moral Essay iv. 8. The Collection of Translations was afterwards dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke.

"Then lords and lordlings, 'squires, and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers!
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

"What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,[1]
Tom B——t[2] or Tom D'Urfey may,
John Dunton,[3] Steele, or any one.

"If Justice Philips'[4] costive head
Some frigid rhymes disburses;
They shall like Persian Tales be read,[5]
And glad both babes and nurses.[6]

"Let W—rw—k's muse with Ash—t[7] join,
And Ozell's[8] with Lord Hervey's:
Tickell and Addison[9] combine,
And P—pe translate with Jervas."[10]

"L——"[11] himself, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F——[12] in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

[1] Temple Stanyan was a scholar and historian in the early part of the eighteenth century. He wrote a history of Greece, and also one of Switzerland. Pope alludes to him in his correspondence with Lady M. W. Montagu as a common friend.

[2] Thomas Burnet, third son of the bishop, who had attacked Pope in his Homerides.

[3] The mad bookseller. See Dunciad, Book ii. 144.

[4] Ambrose Philips was made a justice of the peace in 1717.

[5] Compare Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 179–184 and notes.

[6] Alluding to his poem on Miss Carteret. See Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 179—184, and notes.

[7] Mr. Carruthers says "*Dr.* Ash. urst." I do not find any contemporary author of that name, nor does the name appear in Garth's collection.

[8] Ozell translated the Transformation of Hyacinth, and of the Cerastæ and Propætides in Book the Tenth.

[9] Addison translated the Second and Third Books. He alludes also to the old grievance about the translation of the Iliad.

[10] Jervas the painter translated "Don Quixote."

[11] Mr. Carruthers suggests Lansdowne, but this name would make an inharmonious verse.

[12] Perhaps Frowde, who appears from Pope's "Farewell to London" to have been of a serious disposition.

"Ye ladies too draw forth your pen,
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witness Lady W—l—y.'

"Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
Review them, and tell Noses;
For to poor Ovid shall befall
A strange metamorphosis.

"A metamorphosis more strange
Than all his books can vapour;"
'To what' (quoth 'squire) 'shall Ovid change?'
Quoth Sandys: "To waste paper."

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.[2]

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle *Cupid*, o'er my heart;
I a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

[1] Lady M. W. Montagu, who had written some of the Court Poems published in 1716.

[2] First published in Warburton's edition, 1751. The idea seems to have been suggested by a Song à la Mode, written by Sedley:

"O'er the deserts I cross the meadows,
Hunter blow the merry horn,
Phœbus chased the flying shadows,
Echo she replied in scorn."

Wakefield, supposing the verses to be serious, asks gravely, with reference to the fourth verse, "What is the propriety of this observation? and what its application to the present subject?"

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling youth:
Him the boar in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mæander*,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela* drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.[1]

I.

In beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared:
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

[1] First printed in Hammond's Miscellany, 1720.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume[1] the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who, tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

TO MR. GAY,

WHO HAD CONGRATULATED MR. POPE ON FINISHING HIS HOUSE AND GARDENS.[2]

Ah, friend! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow;

[1] In Hammond's Miscellany, "Renew."

[2] These lines must have been written in the early part of 1722. In April or May of that year (see Moy Thomas's edition of Lady M. W. Montagu's Works, vol. i., p. 461), Lady M. W. Montagu writes to Lady Mar: "I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glass, and they tell me it has a very good effect I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet." Verses 7 to the end were published in the London Magazine for March, 1737, after some lines of blank verse, attributed to Dr. Young. The verses in the text are "said to be added by Mr. Pope."

In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens:
Joy lives not here,—to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley [1] casts her eyes.
What are [2] the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequester'd [3] part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
He,[4] stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.

EXTEMPORANEOUS LINES
ON THE PICTURE OF LADY M. W. MONTAGU,
BY KNELLER.[5]

The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,
That happy air of majesty and truth;
So would I draw (but oh! 'tis vain to try,
My narrow genius does the power deny;)
The equal lustre of the heav'nly mind,
Where ev'ry grace with every virtue's join'd;
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe,
With greatness easy, and with wit sincere;
With just description show the work divine,
And the whole princess in my work should shine.

[1] In Lady M. W. Montagu's letter, "W——."
[2] In Lady M. W. Montagu's letter: "is."
[3] In Lady M. W. Montagu's letter: "sequestrate."
[4] In Lady M. W. Montagu's letter: "There."
[5] First published in Dallaway's Life of Lady M. W. Montagu.

ON HIS GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,[1]

COMPOSED OF MINERALS, SPARS, ORES, GEMS, AND METALS.

Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror thro' the shadowy cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
And latent metals innocently glow:
Approach! Great Nature studiously behold;
And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
Approach; but awful! Lo! th' Egerian grot,[2]
Where, nobly-pensive, St. John sate and thought;
Where *British* sighs from dying Wyndham stole,[3]
And the bright flame was shot thro' Marchmont's soul.

[1] These lines were enclosed in a letter to Bolingbroke, dated 2nd September, 1740. They were first published in the Gentleman's Magazine for January, 1741. Warburton says, as if explaining the origin of the verses: "The improvement and finishing his grott was the favourite amusement of his declining years." But his grotto had been finished, as we see from Pope's letter to Blount, *before* the 2nd June, 1725. And the feeling which gave birth to these lines was evidently a political one.

[2] Alluding to Numa's projecting his system of politics in this Grot, assisted as he gave out by the nymph *Egeria*.—WARBURTON.

It may be assumed that Pope, who never wrote without point, if he gave this information to Warburton, meant more by the words than appears on the surface. We know that the Opposition met at Pope's villa for consultation in the year 1740. We know also that their policy was to set up the Prince of Wales against his father (see Introduction to the Epilogue to the Satires, and "1740"). It is highly probable that this scheme may have been dignified by Pope with the term "System of Politics;" the Numa of the occasion would have been Bolingbroke, and Egeria may have been the Princess of Wales. The Marchmont Papers (i. 3) show that "the Prince always made the Princess be present at all their conversations, and that she showed her approbation always in the right place; that she desired to be informed, and had a great deal to say with the Prince." Further, Lord Chesterfield writes to Lyttelton in November, 1737: "If the Prince would play the Rising Sun, he would gild it finely; if not he will be under a cloud which he will never hereafter be able to shine through. Instil this into the *Woman*." Sir G. Rose, the editor, adds, "The *Woman* is clearly the Princess."

[3] This line stood in the original MS.:

"To Wyndham's breast the patriot passion stole,"

Let such, such only tread this sacred floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTHDAY.[1]

1723.

Oh be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:

and in the Gentleman's Magazine:

"Here, Wyndham, thy last sighs for Liberty."

The point of printing the word "*British*," in italics, is illustrated in a very curious and interesting manner by the Marchmont Papers, which show that in the years 1743 and 1744 the Opposition seriously contemplated a separation between Great Britain and Hanover. See Marchmont Papers, i., pp. 11, 38, 52, 63, 73. It is of course highly probable that this idea formed part of the "System of Politics" discussed in the Grotto in 1740, before Wyndham's death. Compare "1740," v. 93. Wyndham died 17th June, 1740.

[1] The history of these verses is extremely curious. They first appeared in print in the Miscellany Poems of Pope, published by Lintot in 1726. But they were then quite different in form, and ran as follows: "The Wish, sent to Mrs. M. B. on her birthday, June 15th:

"Oh be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend:
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
I aided days of life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every pleasure through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain some pensive notion more;
Is this a birth-day? ah! 'tis sadly clear
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
If there's no hope with kind, tho' fainter ray.
To gild the evening of our future day;
If every page of life's long volume tell
The same dull story—Mordaunt! thou didst well."

The allusion in the last line is to the suicide of Colonel Harry Mordaunt, nephew of the Earl of Peterborough, who shot himself on the 7th of May, 1724. It is obvious, therefore, that the verses cannot have been sent to Martha Blount on her 33rd birthday in 1723. Pope says in a letter to Gay, that ver. 5—10 were written on *his own* birthday; and this seems probable enough, though he may afterwards have determined to expand them into the birthday compliment to Martha Blount in the form given above. In 1727 the verses appear in Pope's and Swift's Miscellanies in their present form, except that after the fourth line are introduced the six verses, beginning, "Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards," which now stand, with a slight variation, in Moral Essay, ii. 243—248. These were obviously inserted in order to pave the way for the explanation as to the authorship of the verses, after-

Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and honours that tire.
With added years if life bring nothing new,
But, like a sieve, let every blessing thro',
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;
Is that a birthday? 'tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.

Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream, or extasy of joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.[1]

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but poetry,
This day Tom's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;[2]

wards given in the "Testimonies" prefixed to the "Dunciad." See note to v. 248 of Second Moral Essay. In Dodsley's edition of Pope's works, 1738, these six verses were removed, and the poem first appears in its present form.

[1] First published in Warburton's edition, 1751. For Southern, see Epistle to Augustus, v. 86, and note.

[2] Mr. Southern was invited to dine on his birthday with this nobleman (Lord Orrery), who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down.—Warton.

And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.[1]
The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild goose and the larks!
The mushrooms show his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, altho' a bard, devout.
May Tom, whom heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,[2]
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

LINES WRITTEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.[3]

All hail, once pleasing, once inspiring shade!
Scene of my youthful loves and happier hours!
Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd,
And gently press'd my hand, and said "Be ours!—
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:
At Court thou may'st be liked, but nothing gain:
Stock thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose,
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain."

[1] The harp is generally wove on the Irish linen; such as table-cloths, &c.—WARBURTON.

[2] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told of Mr. Dryden, about the same time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W. When Southern wrote for the stage, Dryden was so famous for his prologues that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas, but when Southern came to him for the prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which," said he, "young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the players have had my goods too cheap."

[3] These lines were sent in a letter (undated) to Martha Blount.

VERSES TO MR. C.[1]

ST. JAMES'S PALACE. LONDON, OCT. 22.

FEW words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here;
Some morning walks along the Mall,
And ev'ning friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam Green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host:

For three whole days you here may rest
From office business, news and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

VERSES LEFT BY MR. POPE.[2]

ON HIS LYING IN THE SAME BED WHICH WILMOT, THE CELEBRATED EARL OF ROCHESTER, SLEPT IN AT ADDERBURY, THEN BELONGING TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLE, JULY 9TH, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour[3] fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd,[4] or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave or gay.

[1] Mr. Cleveland, who had chambers in St. James's Palace. — CARRUTHERS. First published in Aldine Edition, 1831.

[2] These verses were first published in the Scot's Magazine, Aug., 1739. The name of the writer is not given. They were afterwards included among the "Additions" published in 1776. The style is sufficient evidence that they are by Pope.

[3] In Scot's Magazine: "ardors."

[4] In Scot's Magazine: "lived."

Beneath [1] thy roof, Argyle, are bred
  Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out [2] in honour's nobler bed,
  Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
  Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
  When freedom is more dear than life.[3]

PRAYER OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.[4]

Thou art my God, sole object of my love;
Not for the hope of endless joys above;

[1] In Scot's Magazine: "But 'neath."

[2] In Scot's Magazine: "forth."

[3] Argyle had at the date when these verses were written seceded from the Ministerial ranks.

[4] First published in Gentleman's Magazine, Oct., 1791, with the following letter:

"Mr. Urban,

"The perusal of a small book lately printed by you has revived an intention which I have often formed of communicating to the public an original composition of the celebrated Mr. Pope, with which I became acquainted near forty years ago. I was a student at that time in a foreign college, and had the happiness of conversing often with a most respectable clergyman of the name of Brown, who died soon after, aged about ninety. This venerable man had lived in England as domestic chaplain in the family of the Mr. Caryl, to whom Mr. Pope inscribes the Rape of the Lock, in the beginning of that poem, and at whose house he spent so much of his time in the early and gay part of his life. I was informed by Mr. Brown that seeing the poet often amuse the family with verses of gallantry, he took the liberty one day of requesting him to change the subject of his composition, and to devote his talents to the translating of the Latin hymn, or *rhythmus*, which I find in the 227th page of a 'Collection of Prayers and Hymns' lately printed. The hymn begins with these words: 'O Deus! ego amo te," &c., and was composed by the famous missionary Francis Xavier, whose apostolical and successful labours in the East, united with his eminent sanctity of life, procured him the title of 'Apostle of the Indies.' Mr. Pope appeared to receive this proposition with indifference; but the next morning when he came down to breakfast, he handed Mr. Brown a paper, with the following lines, of which I took a copy, and have since retained them in my memory.—Senex."

But for the fear of endless pains below,
Which they who love Thee not must undergo.

For me, and such as me, Thou deign'st to bear
An ignominious cross, the nails, the spear:
A thorny crown transpierc'd Thy sacred brow,
While bloody sweats from ev'ry member flow.

For me in tortures Thou resign'dst Thy breath,
Redeem'd me on the cross, and sav'd me by Thy death.
And can these sufferings fail my heart to move?
What but Thyself can now deserve my love?

Such as then was, and is, Thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still, my love to Thee—
To Thee, Redeemer! mercy's sacred spring!
My God, my Father, Maker, and my King!

A PARAPHRASE[1]

[illegible] THOMAS À KEMPIS, L. III. c. 2).

Speak, gracious Lord, oh, speak; thy servant hears:
For I'm Thy servant and I'll still be so:
Speak words of comfort in my willing ears;
And since my tongue is in Thy praises slow,
And since that Thine all rhetoric exceeds:
Speak Thou in words, but let me speak in deeds!

Nor speak alone, but give me grace to hear
What Thy celestial sweetness does impart;
Let it not stop when entered at the ear,
But sink, and take deep rooting in my heart.
As the parch'd earth drinks rain (but grace afford)
With such a gust will I receive thy word.

[1] First published from the Caryll Papers in the Athenæum, 15th July, 1854.

Nor with the Israelites shall I desire
Thy heav'nly word by Moses to receive,
Lest I should die: but Thou who didst inspire
Moses himself, speak Thou, that I may live.
Rather with Samuel I beseech with tears,
Speak, gracious Lord, oh, speak, thy servant hears.

Moses, indeed, may say the words, but Thou
Must give the Spirit, and the life inspire;
Our love to Thee his fervent breath may blow,
But 'tis Thyself alone can give the fire:
Thou without them may'st speak and profit too;
But without Thee what could the prophets do?

They preach the doctrine, but Thou mak'st us do't;
They teach the mysteries Thou dost open lay;
The trees they water, but Thou giv'st the fruit;
They to salvation show the arduous way,
But none but You can give us strength to walk;
You give the practice, they but give the talk.

Let them be silent then; and Thou alone,
My God! speak comfort to my ravish'd ears;
Light of my eyes, my consolation,
Speak when Thou wilt, for still Thy servant hears.
Whate'er Thou speak'st, let this be understood:
Thy greater glory, and my greater good!

TRANSLATION OF A PRAYER OF BRUTUS.[1]

Goddess of woods, tremendous in the chase,
To mountain wolves and all the savage race,

[1] The Rev. Aaron Thompson, of Queen's College, Oxon, translated the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth. He submitted the translation to Pope, 1717, who gave him the following lines, being a Translation of a Prayer of Brutus. —Carruthers.

While o'er the aerial vault extend thy sway,
And o'er the infernal regions void of day.
On thy third reign look down; disclose our fate,
In what new station shall we fix our seat?
When shall we next thy hallow'd altars raise,
And choirs of virgins celebrate thy praise?

ARGUS[1]

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests toss'd,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends and ev'n his Queen unknown;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew:
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew!
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay,
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay;
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient Lord again.
Him when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could) and fawn'd, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning lord, look'd up, and died!

[1] The lines were sent in a letter to Cromwell, dated Oct. 19, 1711.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED "SUCCESSIO.[1]"

BEGONE, ye critics, and restrain your spite,
Codrus writes on, and will for ever write.
The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As clocks run fastest when most lead is on;
What tho' no bees around your cradle flew,
Nor on your lips distill'd their golden dew;
Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead
A swarm of drones that buzz'd about your head.
When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling lyre,
Attentive blocks stand round you and admire.
Wit pass'd through thee no longer is the same,
As meat digested takes a diff'rent name;
But sense must sure thy safest plunder be,
Since no reprisals can be made on thee.
Thus thou may'st rise, and in thy daring flight
(Though ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height.
So, forced from engines, lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous slugs move nimbly through the sky.
Sure Bavius copied Mævius to the full,
And Chærilus taught Codrus to be dull;
Therefore, dear friend, at my advice give o'er
This needless labour; and contend no more
To prove a *dull succession* to be true,
Since 'tis enough we find it so in you.

[1] First published in Lintot's Miscellany of 1712. The authorship is avowed in the note to v. 181 of the Dunciad, i. ver. 17, 18, are repeated in the Dunciad. The author of "Successio" was Elkanah Settle. It was written against the Jacobites.

LINES SUNG BY DURASTANTI WHEN SHE TOOK LEAVE OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.[1]

THE WORDS WERE IN HASTE PUT TOGETHER BY MR. POPE, AT THE REQUEST OF THE EARL OF PETERBOROUGH.

Gen'rous, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

Let old charmers yield to new;
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new.
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

OCCASIONED BY READING THE TRAVELS OF CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.[2]

I.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

AN ODE BY TILLY-TIT, POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF LILLIPUT.

Translated into English.

In amaze,
Lost I gaze,

[1] First published in Warburton's Edition, 1751. Margarita Durastanti was brought to England by Handel in 1719, the same year as Senesino. She left the country in 1723, Sir John Hawkins says because she dreaded the rivalry of Cuzzoni.

[2] The following pieces, with the

Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire,
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propp'd the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!
See him stride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake:
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

exception of iii., were printed in the late editions of the Miscellanies, 1727. They appear to have been also published separately. Pope writes to Swift, March 8, 1726-7: "You received, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian to Gulliver; and an heroic epistle to Mr. Gulliver. The bookseller would fain have printed them before the second edition of the book, but I would not permit it without your approbation, nor do I much like them." They are certainly very poor productions.

[illegible]
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[illegible],
[illegible]
[illegible];
[illegible],
[illegible] [illegible].

II.

THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG.

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.
No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:

Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears,
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this" (she cry'd) "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar!
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd;
Where twined the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook.
Sure in that lake he dropp'd; my Grilly's drown'd."
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast;
But little creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew;
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth?
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Versed in court tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How, then, thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie grov'lling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?

Within the king-cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O show me, Flora, midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower.
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
Thy baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms,
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventured from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box, now bounding on the main,
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? Of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seamen at a capstern anchors weigh?
How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea like milk-pail on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said, but broken accents stopp'd her voice,
Soft as the speaking-trumpet's mellow noise:
She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies.
O squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

III.

TO MR. LEMUEL GULLIVER,

THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS, NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND.

To thee, we wretches of the Houyhnhnm band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barbarous land,
Return our thanks. Accept our humble lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy praise.

O happy Yahoo, purg'd from human crimes,
By thy sweet sojourn in those virtuous climes,
Where reign our sires; there, to thy country's shame,
Reason, you found, and virtue were the same.
Their precepts raz'd the prejudice of youth,
And even a Yahoo learn'd the love of truth.

Art thou the first who did the coast explore;
Did never Yahoo tread that ground before?
Yes, thousands! But in pity to their kind,
Or sway'd by envy, or through pride of mind,
They hid their knowledge of a nobler race,
Which own'd, would all their sires and sons disgrace.

You, like the Samian, visit lands unknown,
And by their wiser morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his kind,
Came back, and tamed the brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard: with virtue fought,
Then spread those morals which the Houyhnhnms taught.
Our labours here must touch thy generous heart,
To see us strain before the coach and cart;
Compell'd to run each knavish jockey's heat!
Subservient to Newmarket's annual cheat!

[illegible]

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And wak'd, and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose inconstancy betray;
Your nose you stop; your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st cleave unto thy wife;
Once thou did'st cleave, and I could cleave for life.

Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan;
Be kind at least to these: they are thy own;
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws:
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these, they are thy own.
Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove;
He changed his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pennell, absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet Pennell's wife is brown, compared to me;
And Mrs. Biddel sure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! Never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's dame more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage bed?
Some say the devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad, some think you are possess'd;
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this frenzy to appease,
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys,)
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand, no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house,—my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the street I rush with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours rise;

"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare."
At early morn, I to the market haste
(Studious in everything to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and sparagrass I chose
(For I remember you were fond of those);
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!
These for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleased remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble, when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod, I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze
Full in my view how all my husband came,
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have giv'n a thousand pound.
Lord! when the giant-babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!

When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd;
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too—with thee I mourn her case:
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear proved death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-loved name!
Whether the style of Grildrig please the most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you looked down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title soothe thy ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm through the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name;
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse of course
Endu'd with all the virtues of a horse.

THE END OF VOL. IV.

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